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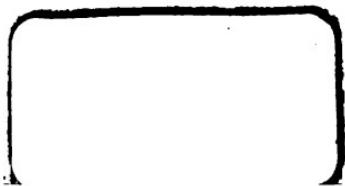
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BUST OF HERCULES FROM GENASNO, NOW IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM

HISTORIC SIDE-LIGHTS

By

HOWARD PAYSON ARNOLD

ILLUSTRATED WITH PORTraits
DIAGRAMS, AND FAC-SIMILES



HARPER & BROTHERS
PUBLISHERS
NEW YORK AND LONDON
1899

THE MUGINSANG, NOW IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM

HISTORIC SIDE-LIGHTS

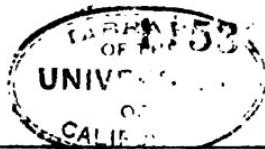


By

HOWARD PAYSON ARNOLD

ILLUSTRATED WITH PORTRAITS

DIAGRAMS, AND FAC-SIMILES



HARPER & BROTHERS PUBLISHERS
NEW YORK AND LONDON
1899

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TO

C. M. A.

A BELOVED MEMORY

Τὴν σαντοῦ φρένα τίρπε· δυσηλεγίων δὲ πολιτῶν
Ἄλλος τις τε κακῶς, ἄλλος ἀμεινον ἔρει.

MIMNERMUS.

"Heart, take thine ease,
Men hard to please
Thou haply mightst offend.
Though one speak ill
Of thee, some will
Say better ; there's an end."

Translation of Dr. PETER HEYLYN.

CONTENTS

PART I

Franklin and the Continental Congress.—Franklin's Degree of LL.D. —St. Andrews and its Students.—Mr. George Monck Berkeley.— The Scotch and their Country.—King George and his English.— <u>His Life and Peculiarities.</u> —The Duke of Sussex.—The Georges en masse .—Franklin and his Soap.—The " Bay Psalm Book " and New England Rum.—Franklin and his Bath.—The Bag- pipe.—The Prophet Daniel.—Scotch Claret.—St. Andrew, the Patron Saint of Scotland.—Sir John Bowring.—Franklin in Edin- burgh.....	Page 1
---	--------

PART II

Franklin's Diploma.—Electricity in Scotland.—Franklin at St. An- drews.—Gift to the University.—Experiments of Rev. Mr. Kin- nersley and Franklin's Debt thereto.—Franklin's Degree in America.—Benjamin Mecom and his Magazine.—E Pluribus Unum.—Baskerville's Virgil.—Yale Degree.—Harvard Degree.— Mr. Sibley and J. U. D.—Canon Law.—Meaning of LL.D. at St. Andrews and at Cambridge.—At Oxford.—Dr. Johnson's Degree from Oxford.—Present Insignificance of all Degrees.—A Beatified Lawyer.....	50
--	----

PART III

Oxford in 1762.—Oxford Degrees.—Dr. Johnson at Oxford.—Lord North and Gibbon.—Records at Oxford.—Franklin's D. C. L.— His Treatment by the University Authorities.—Franklin's " His- torical Review."—Style of the Work.—Presented by Franklin to Dr. Birch.—Gibbon and his Attitude toward Franklin.—His Capacity for Sitting.—Gibbon and the Colonists.—Franklin and Truth.—Adams and Franklin.—Untruthfulness as treated in the Old Testament.—Franklin's Liberality in Religious Matters.— Louisbourg taken by Prayer.—Franklin's Management of the

CONTENTS

- Liquor Question.—Polly Baker.—The “Gentleman’s Magazine” gives her a Warm Reception.—Spurious Letter of William Smith.—Polly Baker and the Abbé Raynal.—Search for the Birthplace of Polly..... Page 80

PART IV

- Adams and the Great Seal of the United States.—The Committee thereon and its Action.—Du Simitiere and his Sketches.—Designs proposed by Adams, Jefferson, and Franklin.—Hengist and Horsa.—Moses and his Early Domination.—Moses in Massachusetts.—Moses and Adams.—John Quincy Adams and Moses.—Randolph of Roanoke and the Bible.—John Quincy Adams on Expansion.—The Pilgrim Fathers and the Swine.—Senator Depew and the American Hog.—The Swine of New England.—Pork and Beans..... 153

PART V

- Hercules, Adams, and Franklin.—Judgment of Hercules.—Lord Shaftesbury.—Bishop Lowth.—Hercules and the Continental Congress.—Hercules and Prodicus—Career of the Hero.—Gladstone.—Robert le Diable.—Professor Müller.—David Sears and his Fourth God.—Hercules in Art.—The Greek Sculptors.—The Lansdowne Hercules..... 184

PART VI

- Lord Shaftesbury and his Painting of the “Judgment of Hercules.”—His Preparations for the Evolution of a *Chef d’Œuvre*.—Letters to his Friends.—Pierre Coste.—Philology.—Lord Shaftesbury’s “Notion.”—Final Edition of his “Characteristicks.”—Paolo di Matthaeis.—The Young Milo.—Hercules between Virtue and Pleasure.—Lord Shaftesbury’s Engagement and Marriage.—Virtue on Canvas.—Virtue and her Hill.—Pleasure and her Traits.—Raphael, “the sociab’ spirit.”..... 216

PART VII

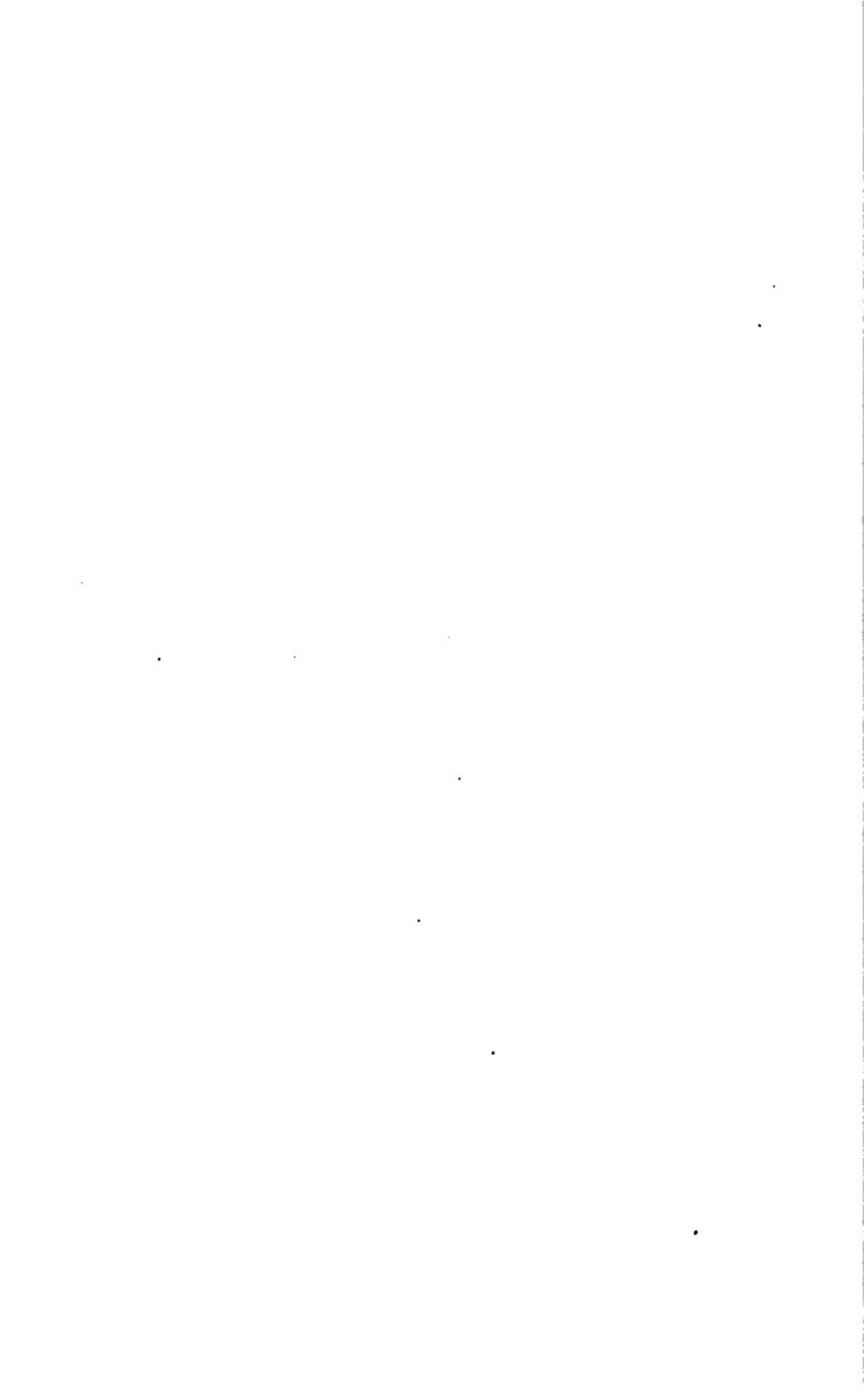
- Franklin and “Rebellion to Tyrants is Obedience to God.”—Bradshaw’s Epitaph.—Bradshaw and Hancock.—Bradshaw’s Execution.—Franklin’s Hand in the Epitaph.—Edwards’s History of Jamaica.—Rev. George W. Bridges and his Letter.—Bradshaw’s Family and Estate.—Memoir of Thomas Hollis.—Thomas Brand Hollis and his Fantastic Escapades.—The Idiosyncrasies of Thomas Hollis.—Franklin and Hollis.—John Adams and his Dissertation.—The various Tributes of Thomas Hollis to Human

C O N T E N T S

Worth.—Mr. and Mrs. Adams and Thomas Brand Hollis.—Style and Peculiarities of the Epitaph.—Jefferson and the Epitaph.—Great Seal of Virginia.—Prof. Girardin and the Epitaph.—Virginia Coat of Arms.—The Hauteur of Virginia.—Wythe and the Seal of that State.—Jefferson and the Emperor Augustus.— <i>Sic Semper Tyrannis</i> , the Great Seal of Virginia.—Wythe its Author.—Wythe and Adams.—Dr. Stiles and the Epitaph.—Franklin and Dr. Stiles.—The Doctor's Fandangoes, Historical and Other.—His "History of the Three Judges.".....	Page 287
--	----------

PART VIII

Committee on Great Seal of the United States.—Vestige of Debate.—Report of Committee.—Coat of Arms Devised by Du Simitiere.—Mr. Lossing's Vagaries.—Handwriting of Du Simitiere.—The "Gentleman's Journal."—Motteux.— <i>E Pluribus Unum</i> .—Mrs. Priscilla Sherman.—Mrs. Charles Spencer Cowper.—Cave and the "Gentleman's Magazine."—His Peculiar Management.—Rev. J. Sackette.—Barabbas Cave.—Résumé of his Labors.—Diareputable Character.—Prophecy about the new Republic.—Washington in the "Gentleman's Magazine."—True Character of our Motto. — Louis XIV.—Mottoes of other Nations.—Motto of Massachusetts.....	279
SUPPLEMENT	816
INDEX	831



ILLUSTRATIONS

BUST OF HERCULES FROM GENSANO, NOW IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM	<i>Frontispiece</i>
PRIVATE NOTEBOOK OF GEORGE THE THIRD, NOW IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM—TWO LEAVES	Facing p. 14
COVERS OF PRIVATE NOTEBOOK OF GEORGE THE THIRD, NOW IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM	" 16
FACSIMILE OF THE TITLEPAGE OF THE "NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE OF KNOWLEDGE AND PLEASURE"	" 64
GIBSON IN SILHOUETTE	" 114
GIBDON, BY SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS	" 116
DESIGN BY DU SIMITIERE FOR A MEDAL TO COMMEMORATE THE SURRENDER OF BOSTON	" 154
ALLEGED DESIGN FOR THE REVERSE OF SAME MEDAL	" 156
HERCULES, BY POLYKLEITOS	" 208
THE LANSDOWNE HERCULES	" 212
THE CHOICE OF HERCULES, BY POUSSIN	" 214
LORD SHAFESBURY, BY CLOSTERMAN	" 280
REPORT OF THE COMMITTEE ON THE GREAT SEAL OF THE UNITED STATES	" 290
FACSIMILE OF A VESTIGE OF THE DEBATES OF THE COMMITTEE	" 290
DESIGN FOR SEAL, BY DU SIMITIERE	" 282
DESCRIPTION OF HIS DESIGN BY DU SIMITIERE	" 284
FACSIMILE OF DU SIMITIERE'S NOTEBOOK	" 286
FACSIMILE OF DU SIMITIERE'S MANUSCRIPT	" 286
TITLEPAGE OF THE "GENTLEMAN'S JOURNAL"	" 288
SPECIMEN PAGE OF THE "GENTLEMAN'S JOURNAL"	" 288
TITLEPAGE OF THE "GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE"	" 292
SECOND TITLEPAGE OF THE "GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE"	" 294



HISTORIC SIDE-LIGHTS

PART I

Franklin and the Continental Congress.—Franklin's Degree of LL.D.—St. Andrews and its Students.—Mr. George Monck Berkeley.—The Scotch and their Country.—King George and his English.—His Life and Peculiarities.—The Duke of Sussex.—The Georges *en masse*.—Franklin and his Soap.—The "Bay Psalm Book" and New England Rum.—Franklin and his Bath.—The Bagpipe.—The Prophet Daniel.—Scotch Claret.—St. Andrew, the Patron Saint of Scotland.—Sir John Bowring.—Franklin in Edinburgh.

ON the 7th of June, 1776, Richard Henry Lee offered in the Continental Congress¹ his famous resolution "That these United Colonies are, and of right ought to be, free and independent states, and that they are absolved from all allegiance to the British crown, and that all political connection between them and the state of Great Britain is, and ought to be, totally dissolved."

After a reference of this resolution, which was seconded by John Adams, than whom no member was more eminently worthy of that function, or more rarely fitted to invigorate the fortunes of a rising nation, to a committee

¹ That illustrious assembly of which the Earl of Chatham declared, with equal justice and generosity, from his seat in Parliament, that "for solidity and reasoning, force of sagacity and wisdom of conclusion, under such a complication of circumstances, no nation, or body of men can stand in preference to the general Congress at Philadelphia."

HISTORIC SIDE-LIGHTS

of the whole Congress, and after much subsequent debate, it was farther resolved on the 10th of June that a committee be appointed to prepare a declaration in accordance with the resolution. On the next day this trust was confided to five members, Mr. Jefferson, Mr. J. Adams, Mr. Franklin, Mr. Sherman, and Mr. R. R. Livingston, who on the fourth of the ensuing July announced the result of their conference. Their report was promptly accepted and the Continental Congress forthwith published to the world that Declaration of Independence¹ which proclaimed the birth of a new republic and at the same time affirmed the great principles on which it was to rest.

On that epoch-making day, after the discussion of some matters of minor interest, the following resolution was passed:—

“Resolved, that Dr. Franklin, Mr. J. Adams, and Mr. Jefferson be a committee to prepare a device for a seal for the United States of America.”

It was most fit in every way that Franklin should be placed at the head of this committee; and no one of its members was more worthy than he of the distinctive title attached to his name in this resolution. At that period, though he bore his threescore and ten lightly, and was leading a life of endless activity, which included every form of mental strain and of physical endurance, he was the patriarch of Congress and by far the oldest of its body. As the average age of its members was but forty-five, he naturally impressed them as a fine type of well-preserved vigor; and none could look upon his features without regarding them as the transparent symbols of a wise, earnest, and benignant

¹ Bancroft says, “Jefferson drafted the declaration and submitted it separately to Franklin and John Adams. It was the genuine effusion of the soul of the country at that time.”

FRANKLIN AND HIS DEGREE

soul, lit as with the inner light of genial goodness and high endeavor.

None begrimed Franklin his solitary title, though no other member is thus honored on the records, and this in spite of the fact that the collective wisdom and patriotism of '76 were well endowed with honorary epithets, notwithstanding their comparative youth. The fifty-six signers of the Declaration of Independence included seven judges, four M.D.'s, one clergyman, and four colonels among them, while Matthew Thornton, of New Hampshire, was M.D., colonel, and Chief Justice of the Court of Common Pleas at one and the same time. Yet the Congressional records disclose the fact that all these titles were carefully ignored by the members in their public transactions, while that of Franklin, like "a star, when only one is shining in the sky," shone the more brightly from the contrast, and seemed the proper tribute to his bright and inspiring presence.

For this honor Franklin was originally indebted, not to his own country, or to any of its institutions, unhappily, but to the University of St. Andrews¹ in Scotland, which in February, 1759, conferred on him the degree of LL.D.² Though tracing its origin back to a

¹ St. Andrews was founded in 1413 and was the offspring of six bulls under the auspices of Benedict XIII., one of three competitive pontiffs, each of whom cursed and excommunicated his rivals as anti-Christians. Mr. Andrew Lang terms it "the child of many bulls, written in wonderfully bad Latin."

² This degree is represented in Franklin's diploma, and that correctly, by the words: "Juris Utriusque Doctor," or Doctor of the Canon and of the Civil Law.

Of late years there has been much discussion at Oxford and Cambridge in regard to the actual meaning of this symbol, LL.D., but the custom of St. Andrews in this matter is of such remote antiquity and has been so persistently practised without molestation from any sovereign or other power, as in the case of Henry VIII. and the two English universities, that the identity of J.U.D. and LL.D. ought to be set forever at rest. It was certainly so regarded at St. Andrews

HISTORIC SIDE-LIGHTS

remote antiquity, St. Andrews had at that time reached the very lowest point of its whole career. "Pining in decay and struggling for life," it was a ruinous and poverty-stricken institution, attended by about seventy lads and young men, the great majority of whom were the sons of farmers or of butchers, bakers, or other tradesmen who would have done far better to pursue their fathers' occupations, or to emigrate to America. Already familiar with the cruel exactions of penury under every shape,¹ they found at St. Andrews a still

from its earliest foundation, as appears from the records, and this view undoubtedly was derived from the practice of the continental universities, on which its organization was based. Most assuredly, its authorities never regarded LL.D. as signifying a Doctor of the Laws of Justinian, as Professor Clarke asserts it to be. The absurdity of this is sufficiently shown by the form of their degree. This appears in the entry of the book given by Franklin to the Bodleian in 1762 (v. page 100), to which the sub-librarian appended the words "now LL.D.," obviously in reference to the honor received from St. Andrews and in distinction from the D.C.L. of Oxford. Professor Clarke's view seems to be contradicted by his own words. See

Cambridge Legal Studies, by E. C. Clarke, LL.D., F.S.A., Regius Professor of Civil Law in the University of Cambridge.

P. 47. "In 1852 the degrees [of Cambridge] are spoken of as *in jure civili, canonico or utroque*," i. e. in the civil law, the canonical, or in both."

P. 57. "Jus was apparently a general term applicable to Canon or Civil Law, and, perhaps, when used without a distinctive official epithet, including the two."

P. 58. "The Oxford official styles were nearly identical with our own. Legum or *in legibus* occurs little, if at all, the regular phrase being *in jure civili* (rarely *cesario*), or *canonico*, sometimes *in jure utroque*, instead of *in jure civili et canonico*."

¹ Many of the facts contained in this description of St. Andrews the writer has gathered from the contemporary reminiscences of the Rev. Percival Stockdale. He was a needy bursar on the Wilkie foundation at St. Andrews from 1754 to 1756, and one of the more notable productions of that university. As student, tutor, soldier, clergyman, naval chaplain, essayist, translator, historian, reviewer, traveller, linguist, bookseller's hack, diarist, and poet, he achieved a marvellous mediocrity in each of these specialties.

POVERTY OF THE STUDENTS

lower deep. Overworked and underfed, living chiefly on oatmeal, herrings, potatoes, and buttermilk, they often drudged—and that gladly—for threepence an hour at manual labor outside the walls. Since few could afford even such dim radiance as might come from a tallow-dip, they were fain, during the long winter evenings of that high latitude, to absorb their Greek and Latin by the aid of the still duller emanations of smouldering peat.¹ Their academic garb was red and of coarse material, which at times was thinly underlaid by the cotton decencies of life, to soothe cutaneous irritation.

The establishment was under the supervision of the Rev. Thomas Tullideph—in his youth a private dragoon—and, as Dr. Alexander Carlyle says, “in bad health and low spirits,” who received for his services as principal sixty pounds per annum, and Scotch pounds at that, being assisted by a staff of ten professors, whose stipends were even more meagre than his own. It is thus apparent that the size of St. Andrews was by no means in proportion to its years. Like Washington’s famous wine-glass, it was the smallest for its age that had ever been seen.

Never were the demands of the stomach narrowed down to a finer point than at St. Andrews. To use the graphic expression of Dr. Johnson, “Every one got a mouthful, but no one a bellyful!” Meat the students

¹ At 56 degrees north the sun in winter hardly rises at all from its thick environment of mist before ten o’clock and the evenings are fearfully long.

A writer in the “Cornhill Magazine,” vol. i. p. 306, gives an interesting description of St. Andrews in the eighteenth century. According to him, though “fully one-half of the students were steeped in poverty,” there was no reason to dread actual starvation, as “one hundred fresh herrings could be got for sixpence and a splendid dinner of fish might be purchased for a penny.” It was apparently the small fishes and the loaves that saved the multitude then, as in the days of their patron saint.

HISTORIC SIDE-LIGHTS

seldom or never saw, and even the cheap and nauseous conglomeration of a haggis, so seductive to the average Scotch palate, was mostly beyond their means, yet never did Mr. Froude's allusion to "the stern discipline of poverty" have less to show as the result of its workings, for the roll of the alumni of St. Andrews during the eighteenth century reveals few men of talent or distinction, and the only apparent lesson to be learned therefrom is an illustration of the wisdom of Solomon's saying, "The destruction of the poor is their poverty." Had Mr. Froude's apothegm been of universal application, the graduates of St. Andrews ought to have numbered in their ranks not a few mammoths of triumphal success; after all is said, the dictum of Frederick the Great that "the belly is the source and foundation of all operations" still remains true, and it will not be thought remarkable that the only really great "operation" of the University of St. Andrews during the eighteenth century was the bestowal of its degree upon Benjamin Franklin.

The latent savagery and boyishness of the students — those children of the soil, those crude types of the domestic zoölogy of their native land — sought a characteristic vent at the end of each term by breaking every window in the University buildings. This custom, which had existed far beyond the memory of man, had long passed into a precedent and so acquired the force and tenacity of a prescriptive right, like numberless other evils in their little island. The inevitable destruction thus achieved the authorities were quite powerless to prevent, and they had long been wont to compromise the outrage and to forestall the impending damage by an annual assessment of five shillings, *i. e.* a crown, on the students. In this way, one precedent had established another, and the students seem never to have had the

REV. JOHN WESLEY

wit to see that an hour's noisy and destructive hilarity cost them a sum that few could afford. This barbaric and senseless caprice was continued till after the year 1780.

The famous John Wesley was an indignant witness of the effects of this peculiar custom, and gives a description thereof in his Journal under date of May 27th, 1776, when he was visiting the place.

"What is left of St. Leonard's College," he writes, "is only a heap of ruins. Two colleges remain. One of them has a tolerable square, but all the windows are broken, like those of a brothel. We were informed the students do this before they leave the college. Where are their blessed governors in the mean time? Are they all fast asleep? The other college is a mean building, but has a handsome library, newly erected. In the two colleges, we learned, are about seventy students."

"They come to their colleges in November and return home in May, so that they may study six months in the year. Oh! where was the common sense of those who instituted such colleges?"

Mr. George Monck Berkeley, the author of sundry poems, was a student at St. Andrews for three years and a half, having begun his career there in 1781, when he was eighteen years of age. In 1797 his writings, under the title of "Poems by the late George Monck Berkeley," were published in London.¹ They were edited by his mother, Mrs. E. Berkeley, who in a preface gives a long and minute account of her son's life at the University. The allusions this contains to the extreme poverty of some of the students and to their semi-barbarity are very interesting, while her description of the window-breaking and its consequences is quite

¹ Of this book there is but one copy now existing, so far as I can discover, and that is in the library of the British Museum.

HISTORIC SIDE-LIGHTS

pathetic. I venture to make a rather long extract from her narrative, beginning on page cccxlviij.

"When Mr. Berkeley entered at the University of St. Andrews, one of the college officers called upon him to deposit a crown to pay for the windows he might break. Mr. Berkeley said that, 'as he should reside in his father's house, it was little likely he should break any windows, having never that he remembered broke one in his whole life.' He was answered that he *would* do it at St. Andrews. He therefore made the deposit, the cause of which he sometime after learned. On the rising of the session, several of the students said: 'Now for the windows! Come, it is time to set off; let us sally forth!' Mr. Berkeley, being inquired for, asked what was to be done? They with one voice replied, 'Why, to break every window in college.' 'For what reason?' 'Oh, no reason, but that it has always been done from time immemorial.' Mr. Berkeley sedately replied that he begged to be excused joining the party; having never, when a boy at Eton, and sometimes with more wine in his head than was good for him, performed such a *valiant* feat, he should feel himself exceedingly ashamed to be guilty of it as a young man. He spoke so sensibly on the subject that the practice was from that time entirely given up, and has probably never been revived.

"The money, however, continued to be collected, as the following little anecdote will show. A very good kind of man, formerly coachman at Lord Balcarra's, the college porter, was the collector. He one day told a very intimate friend of Mr. Berkeley's, the young Laird of Kincaldrum, 'I am just come from a poor student indeed. I went for the window *croon*; he cried, begged, and prayed not to pay it, saying he had brought but a croon to keep him all the session, and he had spent sixpence of it; so I have got only four-and-six. How he is to live, I can't tell, for they are very poor.' Away flew the amiable young Laird, saying, 'I must make a collection for him.' Amongst the students

FRANKLIN'S FAME AT ST. ANDREWS

he first met Mr. Halket, eldest son of Sir J. Halket, a beloved Scotch friend of Mr. Monck Berkeley. This charming youth said, ‘Here, take these few shillings; it is all I have till I hear from home again.’ The young Laird said, ‘Such an one will give a shilling, and such an one half a crown, and I will *make* my dear Berkeley give a crown.’ The idea of his saying ‘make’ diverted the whole University, who all knew Mr. Berkeley’s wonderful liberality to the poor. He soon met Mr. Berkeley, who not only tossed out the crown, but said, ‘We will make a *good* collection; go you, Bower (the young Laird’s name), to the Scotch and I to the English!’ Mr. Berkeley posted home and made his father, mother, and aunt subscribe largely, as also all the English students. The subscription when closed was a very noble one. This poor youth was the son of a laborer, who having two fields about eight miles from St. Andrews, kept three cows. One cow was sold to dress him for the University and to put the lamented *croon* in his pocket to purchase coals. All the lower students study by firelight. He brought with him a large tub of oatmeal and a pot of salted butter, on which he was to subsist from the 20th of October till the 20th of May, the space of seven months, but for the lucky affair of the *croon* and the lovely nature of the young Laird of Kincaidrum, as accomplished as amiable. In what is called in Scotland ‘an *high dance*’ this young gentleman could keep himself more than half a minute, near a minute, in air. No one who has not seen a company of Highland soldiers dance can form *any* idea of it, more than our great grandsires could of electricity before Dr. Franklin’s time.”

The last sentence is especially interesting as showing how widely spread was Franklin’s fame in 1797, and how it still tenaciously lingered in the purlieus of St. Andrews.

Much allowance should be made for the uncouth roughness of the students at St. Andrews, as well as

HISTORIC SIDE-LIGHTS

for their poverty, since both were the natural outcome of the general state of the country at that time, which, one would think, would have made it, as in the days of Macbeth, "almost afraid to know itself." The university was in a measure an epitome of the whole land, the condition of which has been well described by the industrious and accurate pen of Mr. Smiles: —

"At the middle of the last century, Scotland was a very poor country. It consisted mostly of mountain and moorland; and the little arable land it contained was badly cultivated. Agriculture was almost a lost art. 'Except in a few instances,' says a writer in the '*Farmers' Magazine*' of 1803, 'Scotland was little better than a barren waste.' Cattle could with difficulty be kept alive; and the people in some parts of the country were often on the brink of starvation. The people were hopeless, miserable, and without spirit, like the Irish in their very worst times. After the wreck of the Darien expedition, there seemed to be neither skill, enterprise, nor money left in the country. What resources it contained were altogether undeveloped. There was little communication between one place and another, and such roads as existed were for the greater part simply impassable."¹

The truth appears to be that in 1759 the greater part of Scotland was in a state but slightly removed from barbarism, and, in fact, there was not to be found within its limits a wheeled conveyance of any sort, except the rough-and-tumble carts that bore the mails. All Franklin's travels were on horseback.² Such money

¹ *Men of Invention and Industry*, by Samuel Smiles, 1884, chap. v.

² As late as May 5, 1799, Sydney Smith wrote of the Scotch vehicles as "in so mutilated a state that it is not only discreditable and inconvenient, but positively unsafe to ride in them. We were put into chaises with half a bottom, with no glasses to the windows and fastenings to the door," etc. — *Life of Sydney Smith*, by STUART J. REID, p. 90.

In 1761 the Scotch spoke English with such a rude and uncouth

SCOTCH BARBARISM

and culture as existed were apparently only in the University towns, like Edinburgh, Glasgow, and Aberdeen, but even in these savagery was not lacking and pestiferous slums reeked with the condensed corruption of the past and the daily accessions of the present. Odors the reverse of those of sanctity pervaded the best streets of Edinburgh, and when Bozzy preceded Dr. Johnson along the High Street, the latter "grumbled in my ear, 'I smell you in the dark.'" In 1761 Wesley was also in Edinburgh. "How can it be suffered," he writes in his journal, "that all manner of filth should still be thrown into this street continually? How long shall the capital city of Scotland, yea, and the chief street of it, stink worse than a common sewer?"

In those days the Scotch were generally considered outside barbarians, and their names in this country were generally supposed to be "Norval." In the original draft of the Declaration of Independence, Jefferson wrote, "At this very time, too, they are permitting their Chief Magistrate to send over not only soldiers of our common Blood but Scotch and foreign mercenaries to

pronunciation that they could not be understood south of the Tweed. Yet they were very anxious to learn, with the land of promise lying so amply spread out before them, and the father of Sheridan went to Edinburgh, when his fortunes were at a very low ebb, and taught hundreds of ladies and gentlemen how to speak English, so that it need not resemble the notes of their own bagpipes.

When Hume, in 1765, after the publication of his history, went to London, "with his corpulent body, his imbecile, fat face and his broad Scotch accent," Horace Walpole wrote, "I defy them to understand any language he speaks."

Tom Moore in his Diary gives a typical instance of those *jeux d'esprit* which Fox was wont to fire off with such quick-springing wit for the benefit of his guests. In this case it was also for the benefit of the Scotch, as it shows how much the English thought of them especially during the latter half of the eighteenth century.

"I would not be my first for all of my second that is contained in my third." *Ans.* Scotland.

HISTORIC SIDE-LIGHTS

invade and deluge us with Blood." There was one action, however, which Sandy and his friends had the wit, or the luck, to keep out of, though it was afterwards immortalized by Burns, like Washington and Franklin: a tribute, by the way, that these both richly deserved from their possession of such a large measure of that quality, so peculiarly Scotch, called common sense, which gave us the final victory,—thanks to Washington,—and this was the Battle of Bunker Hill. No Scots officiated at that ceremony, and if they had, they would have found no "fragments to gather up," but the empty pods of General Howe's scarlet runners.¹

In 1776 Dr. Johnson was induced by Boswell to dine at his rooms in company with the obnoxious Wilkes and the still more obnoxious Arthur Lee, a rebel and an American. The latter mentioned some Scotch who had taken possession of a barren part of America and wondered why they should choose it. "Why, sir," said Johnson, "barrenness is comparative, and the Scotch would not know it to be barren."

Johnson. "If one man in Scotland gets possession of £2,000, what remains for the rest of the nation?"

Wilkes. "Thurot plundered the seven Scotch isles and embarked with three-and-sixpence."

"Wilkes remarked that among all the bold flights of Shakespeare's imagination, the boldest was making Birnam Wood come to Dunsinane, creating a wood where there never was a shrub."

Franklin, like Johnson, and in truth like almost every one else, had a sort of reserved admiration for Wilkes in his heart of hearts, especially as a contrast to

¹ I am informed by the English War Office that not a single company in all the fourteen regiments that were represented at Bunker Hill, or "Charles Town Heights," as it is termed in the despatches of General Gage, was enlisted in Scotland.

GEORGE III. AND WILKES

George III. whom he hated with all the hate of which he was capable, and said that "he believed if the king had had a bad character and John Wilkes a good one, the latter might have turned the former out of his kingdom."¹

This view of Franklin's was hardly justifiable under the circumstances, for King George's throne was based on a great many solid and deeply laid foundations in the hearts of his people. What revolution could hope to succeed in England against a monarch who could name every ship in his navy; had the articles of war at his fingers' ends; paid his bills every quarter; wore none but clothes of English manufacture; was careful to attend church every Sunday, prayer-book in hand, sleeping devoutly and decorously through the sermon without even a snore, serenely confident that the Lord and the English nation knew that the king could do no wrong and could n't go astray; and who, to cap the climax of his subjects' esteem, had a teeming wife and fifteen children of his own begetting that went to church with him, *i. e.* as long as he was able to compel them to do so.²

To these tactful and popular accomplishments the monarch added a truly royal faculty for distorting the king's English into shapes peculiar to himself and before un-

¹ Private Diary of Lord Fitzmaurice, July 27, 1784.

² How could Wilkes ever have expected to dethrone a sovereign so regally endowed and who had been thus exalted to the skies in the "Gentleman's Magazine"?

"Greatest, sure, of kings is he,
Glorious in sublime decree,
Whom smiling liberty obeys."

A ruler to whose refined sensibilities the same magazine was so obsequious that when it felt constrained to print our Declaration of Independence, the word "tyrant" was invariably replaced by "t—," which signified no more than a comet without a tail.

HISTORIC SIDE-LIGHTS

known. He spelled like Mrs. Franklin and her Parisian substitute, Madame Helvetius,¹ and had as great a disdain for punctuation points as Lord Timothy Dexter. At his hands "bottles" became "botills," "champagne" masqueraded as "shannipane," with many other orthographic twists *ad infinitum*, of a number of which illustrations are given on the opposite page from a private note-book of George the Third himself and in his own august hand, which is now in the Library of the British Museum. For the privilege of copying this memorial, and for many other courtesies most kindly and freely granted, I take this opportunity to express my sincere thanks to Sir Edward Maunde Thompson, the Principal Librarian of the British Museum. By this it is evident that he had been careful to conciliate his Scotch subjects, then so largely in the ascendant, by looking after the "fragments," — to wit, the cord, the packing, etc., — and also by the purchase, according to his well-known custom, of claret and other wines that had gone into liquidation; all which shows how many things are necessary for the composition of a truly great English potentate.

This wine-card may easily be thought genuine by those who know of George's unkingly frugality. Though, according to Burke, in "Present Discontents," his Majesty had an annual income of one million pounds, he often dined on chops and a pudding and ordered but four pounds of soup meat at a time. Such a thrifty potentate would naturally look after the twine and the packing. Thus the king's subjects could "read their monarch in his port," to quote Dr. Young's eulogy of

¹ Each of these charmers seems to have cast a spell over Franklin, both the original and the semi-detached one, though he was always true to the former, — that is, according to his idea of the word, — and nothing ever came between them but the Atlantic Ocean.

2 doz of Clerks

Dec 4 12 9 : 9 = 0

" bottles = 0 = 12 = 0

Stampers card 0 = 1 - 6

for packing 0 = 1 = 0

3 7 4 = 0

= 27

4 lbs of spirit

2 lbs of Clerks

2 lbs of starch

2 Burgessay

2 white vell

1 lb madder

1 Stampers

3 of salt





THE KING'S ENGLISH

George II., no less than in his spelling, as they "looked upon the wine when it was *read*."

This memorandum book bears marks of long usage, and was evidently for years his Majesty's constant pocket companion. It is four inches by two in size, bound in crimson morocco and profusely covered with devices in gold, wherever any space could be found, including the rose, thistle, and shamrock. It is fastened by a silver stylus, passing through loops projecting from four circular bosses of massive silver, the stylus being for the purpose of making upon the leaves of asses' skin characters that could be afterwards erased. But two pages now bear any writing and this in ink, though the others still show signs, quite illegible, of former characters.

Apropos of George III.'s English, a good story is told in Mrs. Delany's entertaining "Life and Correspondence." In June, 1787, Mrs. Delany was occupying an apartment at Windsor Castle, as the guest of the royal family, and was receiving a visit from her friend, Miss Port. "One day during Mrs. Delany's absence Miss Port heard a knock at her door. 'Who is there?' A voice replied, 'It is me!' Then said she, 'Me may stay where he is.' Knocked again, and she again said, 'Who is there?' The voice answered, 'It is me.' Then said she, 'Me is impertinent and may go about his business.' Upon the knocking being repeated the third time, some person who was with her advised her to open the door and *see* who it could be. When, to her great astonishment, who should it be but the K. himself? All she could utter was, 'What shall I say?' 'Nothing at all,' said H. M. 'You was very right to be cautious who you admitted.'¹

¹ There is one curious resemblance between George III. and Walt Whitman: each was "supra grammaticam," like the Emperor Sigis-

HISTORIC SIDE-LIGHTS

It was only late in life that George III. began to betray incipient symptoms of acquiring some little knowledge of his mother tongue, but the effort was too much for him, his mind was upset, and insanity set in.¹ Lord Eldon said: "On one occasion his Majesty, when he came out of the House of Lords after opening the Session of Parliament, inquired, 'Did I deliver the speech well ?' 'Very well, Sir,' was Lord Eldon's answer. 'I am glad of it,' replied the king, 'for there was nothing in it.'"² His speech was like his wig, and the *tout ensemble* must have been very harmonious. His Majesty had at least one virtue, and that was candor.

When the king in 1789, had begun to show signs of his — temporary — recovery, he proposed to go in procession to St. Paul's, to offer up devout thanks in his own behalf and in that of the nation. Upon this his grateful subjects burst into song :—

"God bless me ! what a thing !
Have you heard that the king
Goes to St. Paul's ?
Good Lord ! and when he 's there,
He 'll roll his eyes in prayer,
To make poor Johnny stare
At this fine thing."

mund. Witness this choice *morceau* of futile imbecility from the latter's pen :—

"O Camarado close !
O you and me at last — and us two only !"

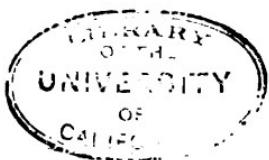
Luckily, however, there is always "a lower deep to which the hell we suffer seems a heaven." In Dorsetshire they say: "Her ain't a callin' o' we; us don't belong to she." This is a comfort to sinners and a warning to saints to "keep off the grass."

¹ As Mr. Dooley says, "Wanst a king, always a king. An', if he don't do anything, he 's a dummy, an', if he does do anything, he 's crazy."

² As may be inferred from this incident, which took place on Nov. 23, 1802, the king was both confidential and intimate with his Lord Chancellor, and during the latter's short tenure of office even displayed decided affection for him.



COVERS OF PRIVATE NOTEBOOK OF GEORGE THE THIRD, NOW IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM



THE QUEEN AND BISHOP BROOKS

The church-going business was generally obnoxious to all the royal offspring. Princess Elizabeth with her fluent and graphic pen writes to Lady Harcourt, "Windsor, Oct. 3, 1792. We began going to Chapel this morning; it must be wholesome, it is so disagreeable. However, this is a life of trials. God knows it is, so I hope to be rewarded in the next."¹

Even at the present day there seems to be very little hilarity in the life of the English Court. When Bishop Brooks was the guest of the Queen he wrote, "I am staying with a very respectable, but very dull family." No wonder her Majesty thought him "too fast" in his preaching. In such an atmosphere as always envelope her, she naturally found it hard to "catch on" to an avalanche. She thought she had gone quite far enough, and had met him at least half-way, when she sent a message that he was "excused from tights." The advent at dinner in the royal entourage of an American bishop "too fast" and without "tights" must have set her Majesty's teeth on edge and have recalled the appearance of Minister Roland before Louis XVI. in shoe-strings. However, after the poet Longfellow shook hands with her *avec empressement*, she might have been supposed to be prepared for anything from over the water, where "nought but suffers a sea change

¹ The poor thing's reward in *this* world, alas! was to be married at the age of forty-eight to the Landgrave of Hesse Hombourg, "a gross corpulent person of enormous dimensions, forever smoking and smelling of tobacco in days when tobacco was detestable to most persons. He snored at the theatres *à toute outrance*. You never saw such a disgusting object." Our minister, Richard Rush, was a guest at her wedding, and saw her thrown away, as he relates in his "Memoranda." She wrote to Lady Harcourt, "I do not find Windsor a Paradise," but when she reached Homburg and found herself linked for life to her great brute of a husband in his dismal, forlorn little schloss, she discovered that there were worse places in the world than Windsor.

HISTORIC SIDE-LIGHTS

into something rich and strange.”¹ Even American poets have a way of becoming deferentially kind to the potentates of other lands not so greatly favored as our own, like another of our *littérateurs*, who took the hand of Pius IX. with still warmer fervor, doubtless prompted by a courteous concession that though only a Pope, his host ought to be welcomed with a genial air and not to be subjected to a chilling sense of republican superiority. Sad to say, he was allowed to adjourn *sine die*, from sheer lack of papal appreciation.

Even Queen Charlotte, who would never allow her own children to sit in her presence, but kept them standing during her long and tiresome whist parties till they actually fell asleep from fatigue, — even she admits the portentous dulness of the life about her in a very confidential note to one of her intimates in 1789.

“ You may apply our stile of life to this, —

‘ They Eat, they Drank, they Slept ; what then ?
They Slept, they Eat, they Drank again.’ ”

From this it appears that the queen knew about as much English as her sovereign lord and master.

George III. had a son whom he named Augustus Frederick, afterwards Duke of Sussex. He was the sixth son and the ninth child of his prolific father. He was also a decided liberal, or even radical, for that day,

¹ Her Majesty, as usual, was able to hold her own on this occasion and had the last word, like her sex in general, even at their marriage ceremony. As the author of “Excelsior” backed out, she availed herself of the opportunity to say, “Your works are very popular with my servants, Mr. Longfellow.” Thus she indemnified herself for the liberty, the poetic license, that had been taken with her sacred person. And yet at a later date her Majesty did her best to seem flattered when Tennyson said to her, “What an excellent king Prince Albert would have made!” Her interview with Carlyle was still more unsatisfactory. Really, on the whole, when poetry rises, royalty had better prepare to set as quietly as possible.

THE DUKE AND THE COMPASS

with a healthy and creditable distaste for his malodorous brothers and an aversion to royalty in general.¹ Being thus affected, he developed a natural liking for Franklin, all the more so from a knowledge of his royal father's hatred for him. The British Museum has many of the Bibles and other works from his fine library. Among these is the "Memoirs of the Life and Writings of Benjamin Franklin," large paper, published in London, in 1818, by his grandson, William Temple Franklin. This book is embellished with marginal notes in the duke's own hand, very much of the same value as the promissory notes which Daniel Webster was wont to lavish upon his loyal and devoted constituents, when he had got into the den of lions and could find no way out except by the help of a high protective tariff. They are not worth publishing, but one of them is so exquisitely original, characteristic, and *recherché* that I venture to give it here, as it has never been in print. Franklin writes, vol. i. p. 31, "Passy, May 7, 1781. To M. Count de Gebelin. The compass appears to have been long known in China before it was known in Europe." The ducal comment on these words of Franklin is this serious and weighty reflection: "Whether the translation be correct or not, I cannot say, but in the last chapter of the Acts of the Apostles the word Compass is made use of."

If the reader will turn to the chapter cited he will find the thirteenth verse to begin thus: "And from thence we fetched a compass and came to Rhegium."² This is

¹ Our minister, Mr. Rush, saw the duke in 1820 and was much astonished at his liberal ideas and the ardor for constitutional liberty that pervaded his conversation, which "rose sometimes to eloquent boldness."

² It is not often that Saint Paul, Franklin, the Duke of Sussex, and Miss Martineau are found in the same pew, but the following anecdote of the last-named brings them all together for the moment in a

HISTORIC SIDE-LIGHTS

clearly a case of heredity, and its quality recalls the familiar interview of the Duke's illustrious father with an apple-dumpling, on which his comment was "how, how the devil got the apple in ?"¹ The duke considered

jolly quartette. Mr. James Payn, in "Some Literary Recollections," says, "We were once caught in a mountain mist above the Duddon valley, and, after much wandering round and round, found ourselves in the same place from which we started. 'I wish we had brought a compass,' cried Miss Martineau, and when somebody suggested that we had 'fetched' one, I never saw an elderly lady more moved to mirth."

The compass of Lablache, the famous basso profondo, was two full octaves, and thus far more "fetching," than even that of Saint Paul.

N. B. This note is from the author and not from the Duke of Sussex.

¹ " 'Very astonishing indeed! — strange thing!'
(Turning the dumpling round, rejoin'd the King.)
" 'T is most extraordinary then, all this is—
It beats Pinetti's conjuring all to pieces—
Strange I should never of a dumpling dream!
But, Goody, tell me where, where, where 's the seam?'

" 'Sir, there 's no seam,' (quoth she); 'I never knew
That folks did apple dumplings sew.'
'No!' (cry'd the stareing Monarch with a grin)
'How, how the devil got the apple in?'''

Thus it seems but natural that the king should have preferred the dumpling-shaped knobs of Franklin's rival, Dr. Wilson, to the pointed ones designed by Franklin himself. His Majesty never could see the point of anything but a bayonet.

The apple-dumpling of George III. long served as a link to draw him closer to the hearts of his people as an endearing symbol and a type of his true quality. It bore the same relation to him as the cherry-tree to Washington, being full of personal suggestion and rich with revelation of royal character. It is interesting to notice the tenacity with which this simple idyl still clings to the English heart and the interest displayed in it even in our own day. In 1840 the brother of Prince Albert, Ernest II., Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, was travelling in Portugal and writing long letters to the prince and Queen Victoria, whose radiant honeymoon was still at the full, though they had been married nearly a year and a half. In one of those from Lisbon, on the sixth of June, he says, "The cooking is

A CLERICAL OPIATE

himself a great expert in Biblical literature, and had over one thousand different editions of the Bible in his library of fifty thousand volumes. If these were endowed with many notes like the above, their pages must have been as full of freaks as a dime museum. As a commentator, the duke would probably have distinctly resembled Dr. Young, the author of "Night Thoughts," who used "to explain a thing till all men doubted it." Dr. Young left instructions that all his sermons should be burned after his death, being perhaps apprehensive that they might be buried with him so that he would never rise again. The author of these thin and tedious elaborations had, however, one very decided attribute of the Deity, for it is said in the Psalms that "so he giveth his beloved sleep." He often reduced George II. to a state of complete insensibility, though this is not saying much to one who knows how little sense of any sort that potentate ever possessed.

I may here add that George III. certainly had "the courage of his opinions," with the single exception of his own private views in regard to Shakespeare. When he confidentially observed to Miss Burney, "Was there ever such stuff as great part of Shakespeare? only one must not say so,"¹ one is conscious of a little royal ap-

particularly good, as it bears a great resemblance to our beloved household fare; I have already been surprised to see dumplings."

Eager as Duke Ernest must have been to ingratiate himself with the bride, he could hardly have chosen a subject that would form a closer bond of union than the dumpling of her fathers, which revealed such an intimate knowledge of her family affairs and of the peculiar tastes and attributes of her illustrious ancestor. It was all the more effective in that he took occasion to suggest his own interest in the same delicacy and thus betokened a sympathetic interchange of gift.

¹ How different from this royal shuffling was the attitude of Mrs. John Adams towards Shakespeare! With her uncompromising and plucky independence, she had no idea of hiding her light under a

HISTORIC SIDE-LIGHTS

prehension, as if his Majesty felt that he had stepped outside of his prerogatives and was trying to dam up the Falls of Niagara, or some other on-rushing grandeur. As to all the "tithes of mint, anise and cummin," however, he was every inch a king, and Saint Paul himself could not have taken more pains that all things should be done "decently and in order," as one whose greatness was yearly sung by his laureate, Poet Pye. If any courtier blew his nose, instead of wiping it; or laughed, except in his sleeve; or coughed, except in his stomach, — the royal precincts speedily knew him no more. The monarch might not be able to "sweat out" the inner mystery of an apple dumpling, even though he gave his whole mind to it, but he was quick to detect any flaw in the foundation of the structure on which British majesty was reared. There are kings and kings, but not many at present "after the high Roman fashion," like Vespasian, who thought it his duty to die standing.

The aspect of royalty has greatly changed since the good old times. Queen Elizabeth, the "good Queen Bess," who was born childless that her country might

bushel, and was quite ready to "have it out" with any human being, male or female, alive or dead. Though she did go so far as to sign herself "Portia" in her letters, she had no idea of suffering the shade of Shakespeare to take any advantage of that weakness. She tackled the poet in the same way that the Duke of Wellington attacked the French language, which he said he "spoke with the greatest intrepidity." When she and her husband in 1786 were representing this country in England, where they were grounded, — in the republican faith, — "remote, unfriended, melancholy, slow," like a pair of stranded icebergs, Mrs. Adams wrote to her sister, Mrs. Shaw: "Much of Shakespeare's language is so uncouth that it sounds very harsh. He has beauties which are unequalled, but I should suppose they might be rendered much more agreeable for the stage by alterations. I saw Mrs. Siddons a few evenings ago in 'Macbeth,' a play, you recollect, full of horror. She supported her part with great propriety, but she is too great to be put in so detestable a character."

QUEEN ELIZABETH

call her mother, and who “dared do all that might become a man,” but was often obliged by the force of circumstances beyond her control to refrain from gratifying her inclinations, and this notwithstanding the fact that some years ago the Prince of Wales, naturally eager to exploiter the connection, in one of his bursts of post-prandial eloquence, did warmly eulogize her as “my ancestor,”—Queen Elizabeth, who wrote to James VI. “Think me, I pray you, not ignorant what becometh a king [*i. e.* herself] to do,” was wont to ride in august state and say, “God save my people.” Nowadays monarchs wander to and fro in a furtive, elusive, and deprecatory fashion, and when they feel impelled to utterance, merely intimate, “Please don’t handle,” or “Kindly refrain from expectorating on my crown.”

As Pope wrote, “A king may be a tool, a thing of straw; but if he serves to frighten our enemies and secure our property, it’s well enough; a scarecrow is a thing of straw, but it protects the corn.” This was written of the second George, for whom and for royalty in general, the poet in his heart of hearts felt about as much respect as Virgil really did for Augustus.¹ It is not in the forests, as Franklin and Jefferson believed, that liberty mostly abides and thence comes forth from age to age for the encouragement and regeneration of man so persistently. It is rather in the heart of the true poet; of those

“Who utter wisdom from the central deep,
And, listening to the inner flow of things,
Speak to the age out of eternity.”

¹ In the first canto of the Inferno, Virgil is made to call Augustus “il buon Augusto” (the good Augustus), which, to those who appreciate the utter depravity of that emperor, serves to prove that even a great genius may fail at times to take in the situation.

HISTORIC SIDE-LIGHTS

The Georges were a lovely lot from many points of view, and exchanged the most charming amenities. George II., who burnt his father's will that he might not be bothered with carrying out its conditions, remarked of his son, Frederick, the father of George III., "My dear first-born is the greatest ass and the greatest liar and the greatest *canaille* and the greatest beast in the whole world, and I heartily wish he was out of it." His amiable mother followed in the same strain, and so did his sister Amelia, who both "wished a hundred times a day that he was dead."

In regard to the career of this insignificant source of parental exasperation, various facts exist to show that there was much to be said on both sides. His death drew forth this graphic—and for once truthful—epitaph, which served as a comprehensive broadside to reveal the general estimate of George II. and his family among his subjects. It was composed by Richard Rawlinson, the famous topographer.

"Here lies Fred, down among the dead ;
Had it been his Father, Most had much rather ;
Had it been his Brother,¹ Better than any other ;
Had it been a Sister, none would have mist her ;
Wer't the whole generation, Happy for the nation ;
But since it is only Fred, There is no more to be said."

For fear lest their memories should perish, Landor embalmed the whole Hanover quartette in an epigram, a withering epitome of a century of kingly infamy, which the world will not willingly let die.

"George the First was reckoned vile,
Viler George the Second ;
And what mortal ever heard
Any good of George the Third ?
When from earth the Fourth descended,
God be praised, the Georges ended."

¹ The Duke of Cumberland. V. "Annals of the Bodleian Library," by Rev. Wm. D. Macray, p. 22.

LANDOR AND SHELLEY

And yet there are some persons who coolly assert that royalty has a soporific influence on the poets, and invariably quenches the divine afflatus, as clapping a turf on the top of a chimney stops the draught and checks "the inner flow of things."

Landor, whose distaste for royalty in general had the true poetic ring, entertained a peculiar aversion for George III. The sight of the clumsy statue of his Majesty, with its characteristic pig-tail, in Pall Mall East once drew from him another effusion for the exclusive behoof of royalty.

"What is its genus, none can doubt
Who looks but at its brow and snout."¹

To Andrew Jackson, on the contrary, the poet was nobly gracious and full of the most liberal appreciation.

"How rare the sight! How grand!
Behold the golden scales of Justice stand
Well balanced in a mailed hand!"

Landor evidently had the same admiration for Jackson that Shelley, his fellow poet, displayed for Washington. "As a warrior and statesman," said Shelley, "he was righteous in all he did, unlike all who lived before or since; he never used his power but for the benefit of his fellow-creatures: —

¹ As this statue is eminently suited to its subject, it has always been held in light esteem. A young officer once saw Major Dyer on his horse and said, —

"Major, do you know what you remind me of?"

"No."

"Why, of the statue of George the Third."

"And do you know what *you* remind *me* of?" was the brusque reply.

"No."

"Well, then, of a dirty little Arab looking at it." For once in a way, the practical and the poetic mind ran in the same grooves and took the same point of view.

HISTORIC SIDE-LIGHTS

“‘He fought,
For truth and wisdom, foremost of the brave;
Him glory’s idle glances dazzled not;
‘T was his ambition, generous and great,
A life to life’s great end to consecrate.’”

“Stranger,” said the Yankee, “truer words were never spoken; there is dry rot in all the main timbers of the Old World, and none of you will do any good till you are docked, refitted, and annexed to the New. You must log that song you sang: there ain’t many Britishers that will say as much of the man that whipped them; so just set those lines down in the log, or it won’t go for nothing.”¹

To return to the subject from which I have so exuberantly digressed: the students of St. Andrews were put to no expense for bathing, though they and all their relations seem to have needed it, for we learn that after the battle of Culloden, when the Duke of Cumberland was urged to march on into Scotland and “scour the country,” his gruff reply was, “Better scour the natives.” At that time Pears’ Soap and Liberty had not begun to enlighten the world, the Highlanders were “half-naked banditti,” and no Scot took a bath, properly speaking, but the eccentric Lord Monboddo, and he only à toutes réserves. He was wont to walk to and fro for a limited season like Cincinnatus with his plough, “nudus plenusque pulveris etiamnum ore” (like his lordship’s own works),—in other words, “naked and covered with dust even to his mouth.”² This

¹ Trelawney’s Records of Shelley, Byron, and the Author, p. 86.

² This was “the kindred sympathy of dust for dust.” Lord Monboddo was the author of various learned works of the Dryasdust type, so dusty, so musty, and so rusty that their very titles have long since become the stuff that nightmares are made of. His air-bath was probably a reminiscence of an early stage of that evolution in which he was a “survigorous” believer, when his ancestors had nothing on

THE FRANKLIN SOAP

grande exposition, by a sort of compromise with propriety, he called an air-bath. This habit of his was soon approved by the economical Franklin, in spite of the fact that soap and water are so closely connected,—almost as much so as the Siamese Twins, in fact,—and that his father was a soap-maker, and that he himself had sold the article at a good profit for years. He had soap on his brain to the last; and shortly before his death, when on the verge of a soapless world, he wrote two letters to Mrs. Mecom about keeping up the reputation of the family symphony, and about the wisdom of instructing her grandson in the art of making it, that it might be transmitted untarnished to a grateful posterity with “not a stripe erased or polluted, nor a single star obscured.” On his part it was simply a case of ancestral devotion. Soap was epidemic in his family, and he died in the belief that the recipe was as immortal as the Iliad, that “children’s children yet unborn should teach it to their heirs,” and that it should glow forever in the Pilgrim firmament, with bright though homely radiance, in the same trinity with the “Bay Psalm Book” and New England rum. Happily the future was hidden from his eyes, and he failed to foresee the advent of an age to which the Franklin combination was to be as unknown, even to the “Gospel of Soap,” as the music of the spheres; when gigantic saponaceous trusts were to be formed, representing millions, wherein the soap of Franklin was not even mentioned, and his very name was utterly ignored; when alien mixtures were totally to supplant the original composition, under the fostering enterprise

their persons but the tails with which his scientific enterprise provided them, and when they roamed the forests of Borneo or Botany Bay, garbed merely in “the presartorial simplicity of Adam,” and guiltless even of “breeks,” or any other troublesome disguises.

HISTORIC SIDE-LIGHTS

of men who became the intimate friends and patrons of first-class prime donne, tenore robusti, masters of genre, and other artists of exceptional note; of republican presidents, of cotton kings, of kerosene queens, and other "highest prominentes" whose overflowing pockets enabled them vividly to realize the close communion between Anglo-Saxon enterprise and the divinity of cleanliness.

Alas for the Franklin Soap! Alas for Franklin's hope! Ay de mi! That has forever disappeared, but the great spirit of New England still keeps its ground, while the "Bay Psalm Book" continues to pay a most ample tribute to the enterprise and forethought of those who thus sang the Lord's song in a strange land, and originated an investment that has proved in a way far more profitable even than its spiritual rival. A few verses may not come amiss for our learning.

PSALME 10.

- 9 Downe doth he crowtch, & to the dust
 humbly he bowes *with-all*:
 that so a multitude of poore
 in his strong pawes may fall.
10 He saith in heart, God hath forgot:
 he hides his face away,
 so that he will not see this thing
 unto eternall aye.

37. A PSALME OF DAVID.

- 35 The wicked men I have behold
 in mighty pow'r to bee;
 also himselfe spreading abroad
 like to a green-bay-tree.
36 Nevertheless he past away,
 and loe, then was not hee,
 moreover I did seek for him,
 but found hee could not bee.

HYMNS OF LOFTY CHEER

PSALME 64. *To the chief musician, a psalme of David.*

- 3 Who have their tongue now sharpened
like as it were a sword;
and bend their bowes to shoot their shafts
ev'n a most bitter word:
- 4 That they in secrecie may shoot
the perfect man to hitt,
suddenly doe they shoot at him,
& never feare a whitt."

PSALME 128. *A song of degrees.*

O Lord be mercifull to us,
mercifull to uss bee:
Because that filled with contempt
exceedingly are wee.
With scorne of those that be at ease,
our soul's filled very much:
Also of those that great ones are,
ev'n with contempt of such.

Such were the "hymns of lofty cheer" with which, according to Mrs. Hemans, "the sounding aisles of the dim woods rang." Such were the melodious strains with which the Pilgrim Fathers were wont to dulcify their worship and frighten the aborigines on the Lord's Day. No wonder "the rocking pines of the forest roared at these anthems of the free." When the world is eager to pay twelve hundred dollars a volume for such poetry as that,¹ it is quite plain that, in the long run, psalms, though of indifferent quality, pay better

¹ At the sale of the library of Mr. George Brinley, of New York, in March, 1878, a perfect copy of the "Bay Psalm Book" was bought by Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt for \$1200. This had formerly been in the possession of Mr. Edward A. Crowninshield, of Boston, Mass., a collector of rare taste and learning, after whose death it passed into the hands of Mr. Henry Stevens, the well-known bibliographer. This whole matter forms the substance of chapter vii. of Mr. Stevens's piquant and edifying "Recollections of Mr. James Lenox."

HISTORIC SIDE-LIGHTS

than rum, even than the time-honored effusion of New England. From what has been said we may infer, firstly, that neither David nor the Pilgrims lived in vain, and, secondly, that the latter builded even better than their Concord descendants, "the embattled farmers," for the ancestral and nasal makers of the "Psalm Book" made even a louder report than "the shot heard round the world."

The prominent part taken by the Apostle Eliot in the "Bay Psalm Book" must have been a valuable aid towards enabling him to achieve the translation of the Bible for the Indians. It is easy to recognize his hand in each of these *chefs d'œuvre*,¹ and one can readily see how the same pen that wrote, for example,

"For of his heart's desire
The wicked boasts, and covetous
Blesseth, stirring God's ire" (PSALM x. 3),

"for the use, edification and comfort of the saints in New England," could soon soar to the same verse in the Indian tongue, which is as follows from the very last edition: —

"Ne boutche matcheron muikoau tohanahtag wuttah
neueh: kah wunnanumaniahchewontomwon utliyeus
Jehovah ohguaceumonche."

Every discriminating and unbiased mind must admit this. After all, the difference between these two unique and indigenous abnormities is one of degree rather than

¹ Quaritch has now on hand a copy of "Eliot's Indian Bible," for which he asks £450. It is dedicated by "The Commissioners of the United Colonies in New England" to "The High and Mighty Prince Charles the Second, Defender of the Faith," etc., etc. It purports to have been printed at "Nuppoquohwussuaeneumun," which is curiously and irreverently styled "Cambridge" by this degenerate generation. It is pleasant to recognize the fact that our domestic Scripture still has a financial pull and holds its own even with the "Bay Psalm Book."

THE BACTRIAN CAMEL

of quality, like that between the gorilla and the missing link. "Sound them. They do become the mouth as well." And if one attempts to "conjure with 'em," one will "start a spirit" as soon as the other. Of course there are certain discrepancies, and one cannot help reflecting how much wiser and more considerate it would have been if the saintly Eliot had decided to meet his converts half-way and by teaching them to read the "Bay Psalm Book" had killed two birds with one stone, as it were, for there must have been quantities of that work which they would have recognized at a glance, and thus have all the more easily become "partakers of the inheritance of the saints in light," like the Colossians and the Pilgrim Fathers. In addition to this there would have been a great saving of expense, since words as long and as monotonous as the Erie canal would have been avoided, and a whole chapter could have been read at once without stopping for refreshments or resorting to the dentist, to say nothing of the cruelty of making the Indians "eat their own words." However, we should reflect that in those old Bunyan days the way to Heaven was thought to lead through the Slough of Despond, where the Pilgrim sank in the mire "through the burden that was on his back;" and to the Puritan mind two burdens would naturally seem to promise a richer inheritance than one, for every saint that "endured to the end." It is the Bactrian camel, the one with two humps, for whom there is no "last straw," and who lives and thrives on privations and obstacles that would reduce a mere dromedary to dishevelled shreds and patches.¹

¹ As the camel has long been killed off in this country, to judge from the results of Professor Marsh's discoveries in the far West, and as many of my readers have never even seen the animal or heard him warble, and so must be unfamiliar with his chaste, expressive

HISTORIC SIDE-LIGHTS

As for New England rum, though I cannot speak from experience, I have learned from the best authority that it is still true to the purity of its origin, and is translated from the best material, and that it is the safest medium now known for any one who seeks to see double. When it first saw the light in the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, it evidently "made a good landing," like the Pilgrims and John Brown. Doubtless, far away on the verge of the horizon, its first patrons detected the rising of that self-amplification peculiar to their Boston descendants, who were finally to glow like those double stars which revolve perpetually round each other,

"Forever singing as they shine,
The hand that made us is divine."

"Thus you see of how much more use a superiority of knowledge is frequently capable of making individuals," to quote the sentiment of the good and wise Mr. Barlow.

"Dies erit praegelida,
Sinistra quum Bostonia."

features, his lambent smile, and his graceful figure, I venture to fortify my imagery by an extract from a well-known authority on natural history:—

"'The camel,' answered Mr. Barlow, 'is chiefly found in those burning climates which you have heard described. His height is very great, rising to fourteen or fifteen feet, reckoning to the top of his head: his legs are long and slender, his body not large, and his neck of an amazing length. This animal is found in no part of the world that we are acquainted with, wild or free; but the whole race is enslaved by man and brought up to drudgery from the first moment of their existence.'

"Here the interest and concern which had been long visible in Tommy's face could no longer be repressed, and tears began to trickle down his face." — *Sandford and Merton.*

BOSTON AND EXPANSION

Franklin¹ kept up his patronage of aerated nudity in London, though one would imagine that his air-bath

¹ "Clad only in his own complete perfection," like Eve and the pair of undressed kids on the richly embroidered façade of the Public Library of his native city, who symbolize the progress of his birthplace since the days of his own boyhood and show that they have merely followed his lead, and have begun where he left off. As the far-glancing, wide-ranging, philosophic Emerson so well said, "Boston still commands attention as the town which was appointed in the destiny of nations to lead the civilization of North America," and the twins, thus taking so conspicuous and perpetual an air-bath, seem to be making the most of the city motto and saying, "What the Lord did for our fathers, he is now doing for us." Like Franklin, we are "renude day by day."

This is an age of expansion, and the "Veritas" of Harvard has gradually blossomed into the "nuda veritas" of Boston. Crossing the Charles, like Washington crossing the Delaware, has broadened the area of freedom. "Sicut patribus, sit Deus nobis." With His aid our Pilgrim fathers Philippined the Pequots, the Narragansetts, and "the praying Indians" as well, even those that had mastered the "Bay Psalm Book.". We have gone steadily on from that day to this, and it is our duty eventually to carry out their heaven-sent mission and Phillipine the whole world. We shall certainly do it. If other races and peoples fail to appreciate our efforts and sacrifices in their behalf, so much the worse for them. They must take the consequences. Truth lies at the bottom of a well, and the sooner the Filipinos get there, the better for themselves and for mankind. Let us hope and pray that the two bloodthirsty tyrants, Aguinaldo, King of the Filipinos, and Phillip, King of the Wampanoags, may go down to posterity together in the same sarcophagus, and that soon. Our soldiers are fighting in a righteous cause, if ever there was one.

"The Lord will have mercy on Jacob yet,
And again in his borders see Israel set,"

in spite of all the mutinous, traitorous, unpatriotic, and sentimental shrikers.

"The Lord our God be with us as he was with our fathers; let him not leave us, nor forsake us," 1 Kings viii. 57, a well-chosen motto, for which Solomon ought to receive the freedom of the city at least.

As the patriotic and far-sighted Adams wrote in 1765, "I always consider the settlement of America with reverence and wonder, as the opening of a grand scene and design in Providence for the

HISTORIC SIDE-LIGHTS

must quickly have degenerated into a soot-bath, in the dingy, coal-laden, mephitic atmosphere of that city, the exhalations of which obstruct the lungs, clog the pores, and blacken the shirt-bosoms,—or “shirt-fronts,” as the euphuistic Britons call them.¹

In a letter to Mr. Dubourg, dated “London, 28 July, 1768,” Franklin says, “You know the cold bath had long been in vogue here as a tonic; but the shock of the cold water has always appeared to me, generally speaking, as too violent, and I have found it much more agreeable to my constitution to bathe in another element. I mean cold air. With this view I rise almost every morning and”—but a regard for decency constrains me to draw a decorous veil over the fantastic antics of a cranky philosopher *in puris naturalibus*.²

To follow the example of these two models came very easy to the students of St. Andrews, who generally

illumination of the ignorant and the emancipation of the slavish part of mankind *all over the earth.*”

These lines were written as a part of Adams’ “Dissertation on the Canon and Feudal Law,” but, as his grandson, Charles Francis Adams, says in the edition of his works, were “perhaps omitted, from an impression that they might be thought to savor, not merely of enthusiasm, but of extravagance.”

Charles Francis Adams in 1850 comments on them thus, “Who now would deny that this magnificent anticipation has already been to a great extent realized? Who does not see that the accomplishment of this great object is already placed beyond all possibility of failure?”

Oh for an hour of Adams now! *Mais ça ira.*

¹ Franklin writes to his wife, Feb. 19, 1758: “The whole town is one great smoky house and every street a chimney; the air full of floating sea-coal soot, and you never get a sweet breath of what is pure without riding for it some miles into the country.”

² What a contrast was the bath of George the Third to this republican Cincinnatus-Franklin simplicity! Miss Burney writes from Weymouth in 1789, “The King bathes, and with great success: a machine follows the royal one into the sea, filled with fiddlers, who play ‘God save the King’ as his Majesty takes his plunge.”

AIR AND WATER IN SCOTLAND

went about in a semi-nude state, with trousers,¹ like "oppositions of science falsely so called," seriously curtailed at either end, and so termed by courtesy in the same way that Dr. Johnson denominated his exiguous "schule" an academy. As they were only half clothed, they naturally got their air-baths at half-price, and when the function was over, they could keep the air that was left for the next one. This use of the atmosphere did not come from the scarcity of water in Scotland, whose climate consists of rain with showers between, and whose land was so poor that the people could not even raise an umbrella, but, chemically, water is a metal holding in solution gold, microbes, and other richness not to be lightly squandered by a truly saving people, and no conscientious Scot would have consented for a moment to waste it on his thrifty person, even though seeming thereby to riot in temporary opulence, when he could, without the least risk, get an ample supply of air, which was mostly gas lying about loose in ample quantities, having been carefully impoverished and sterilized by sympathetic nature for the use of the aborigines, and was moreover the cheapest thing going, as it was to be had merely for the taking.

This windy sympathy will easily account for the choice by the Scotch of their national instrument of music, the bagpipe, which, with no capital but wind, will grind out more barbaric dissonance to the cubic acre, and at less expense, than any other machine yet invented since the days of Jubal. A fantasia by a fog-horn and two tin pans would be a midsummer night's

¹ "Boswell. We supped that evening at his house. I showed him some lines I had made upon a pair of breeches.

"Johnson. Sir, the lines are good, but where could you find such a subject in your country?

"Boswell. Therefore it is a proof of invention, which is a characteristic of poetry."

HISTORIC SIDE-LIGHTS

dream in comparison. It well illustrates the truth of Congreve's well-known couplet: —

“Music hath charms to soothe the savage breast,
To soften rocks, or rend a knotted oak.”

Its effect on the Scotch has most naturally always been very great, and no wonder that the attempt to extort Luther's Psalm from the bagpipe has ever excited them to a wild frenzy of enthusiasm, and even drawn tears from other auditors, as they assisted at the performance of this air “in the Ercles' vein; a part to tear a cat in and make all split.”

If “God rights those who keep silence,” what is to be the ultimate fate of those who play on the bagpipe?

“Scotus est, piper in naso.” This venerable proverb, “the heir of all the ages,” which had a wide European range in its day, and is quoted by Scott in “Rob Roy,” suggests both the antiquity of the bagpipe and the nasal clangor that it was always wont to manufacture, — a wind-bag with an *Æolian attachment ab imo pectore, world without end.*

The bagpipe is mentioned in Daniel, as Jonah is cited in the whale, though Jonah was really an interpolation. It there figures as one of the implements of music in the crazy orchestra of Nebuchadnezzar, where it is facetiously termed a “dulcimer,” probably on the “lucus a non lucendo” principle, because there is nothing dulcet about it. In later days, sad to say, it has been chiefly used by the German critics as a convincing historic and philological proof that Daniel never existed at all, or at least was changed at birth, and thus was really some one else, who took his name and so became the progenitor of the wildest exegetical anarchy that ever was known since the famous disputation of Michael the archangel and Satan about the body of Moses.

DANIEL AND SIR ISAAC NEWTON

This includes the thousand pages of elaborate and exhaustive confusion on the subject by Father Pusey, the Romano-Anglican, whom no amount of misinformation and misapplied conjecture could ever bring to a head. On the whole it would seem ~~that~~ have been better for Daniel if he had never been born again, or even once. This ought really to impel the Scotch to look askance at the bagpipe and to cling the closer to Saint Andrew, who has never been exposed by the critics. As holy George Herbert wrote, "Bibles laid open; millions of surprises." If he had lived in our day, he never could have told "where he was at."

An ingenious and earnest effort has been made by various critics (not the least of whom was Sir Isaac Newton, who, so far as the Old Testament was concerned, had all the elements of a comet in his intellectual make-up¹) to elucidate the intricacies of Daniel by the aid of the Apocalypse, the result being that the prophet seems to have come entirely apart and resembles a skeleton shaken up in a bag with not one bone more closely related to another than General Shafter to Napoleon. It was thus that in old times the Boston doctors used to try to elucidate epileptic fits from the system by

¹ So long as the illustrious Newton confined himself to the laws that regulate the government of the universe, he was in his element, like the sea-serpent in the Atlantic. Nothing could exceed the easy and natural grace with which he disported himself among his transcendental curves, his hydrostatics, dynamics, and trajectories, his parabolas and hypercycloids, but he really did not comprehend his own limitations. It has been well said that when a great man has a dark spot, it is terribly dark; and anything darker than Newton's explanation of the "ram with two horns that pushed westward and northward and southward," and "the goat that had a notable horn between his eyes," and "the fourth beast, dreadful and terrible, that had ten horns," and, in short, of Daniel's whole cornucopia, it would be hard to discover, unless it were his diagnosis of the four beasts in the Revelation of St. John that were "full of eyes before and behind."

HISTORIC SIDE-LIGHTS

a prescription of cantharides, ipecacuanha, glauber salts, and nux vomica, taken as hot as the patient could bear, like *odium theologicum*, though we must admit that they often failed to discover what was really the matter with the subject till *post mortem* had set in. And so it seems to have fared with Daniel, and the immortality which was supposed to have come to him because he preferred the roar of the lions to the uproar of the bag-pipe. With all his limitations, the prophet evidently had a musical ear.

The only case of the unstinted use of water by the Scotch in the eighteenth century, except to help them to leave their country and cross the ocean, was in the dilution of their claret, of which, as it was very cheap, the upper and middle classes drank a great deal. In this matter they often revealed a marvellous liberality and a lavish self-denial, which they were perfectly willing to share, even with their guests, by whom it was not always appreciated, though it was offered with genuine *épanchement de cœur*. Dr. Johnson had occasion to experience this on his famous journey to Scotland with his appendix, Boswell; and when the latter urgently insisted in defence of his countrymen that they did get dead drunk on the wine thus expanded, in spite of the doctor's assertion to the contrary, the latter shrewdly replied, on the *crede experto* principle, "No, sir, there were people who died of dropsies, which they contracted in trying to get drunk."

In their bitter fight against the introduction of an insidious and demoralizing civilization, the Scotch waged a pertinacious conflict against tea, as ruinous to the health, heretical, and full of pagan depravity. Dr. Cunningham, in his "Church History of Scotland," gives an interesting account of the general uprising against it, "as sure to enervate the human constitution and ruin

SYMPATHETIC THRIFT

the state. Resolutions against its use were entered into by many counties and towns. Total abstinence societies were formed. A body of farmers declared it a consumptive luxury, but only for those who could afford to be weak, indolent, and useless. Even President Forbes, one of the most enlightened and patriotic men of his time, attributes almost all the misfortunes of the day to the ‘villanous practice,’ and mourns over the degeneracy of a people who could give up their wholesome beer for such a vile drug.”

From one point of view Franklin must have been pleased and interested by an honor that came forth from such conditions as those which prevailed at St. Andrews. That display of grinding poverty and hard experience would naturally have been rather a commendation in his eyes, since it undoubtedly served to remind him of his own contracted and indigent youth, when he “used often to dine or sup on a biscuit or a slice of bread, a handful of raisins or a tart from the pastry-cook’s,” washed down with a glass of water. The frugal habits and enforced parsimony of the students would excite a lively sympathy in his breast, and the author of “‘T is a well-spent penny that saves a groat,” would feel a responsive thrill at their incessant repetition of “A bawbee saved is a bawbee got,” and their necessary and instinctive application of it on all occasions.¹ The very name of the institution was suggestive of a thrifty air and origin, since it came from the apostle who was the first to detect the lad that had the “five barley loaves and two small fishes,” — a miracle, by the way, that must have been peculiarly to the taste of the canny Scotch, because it covers more ground than

¹ “*Virtus* (properly manliness, the chief duty of man) meant in old Rome *power of fighting*; means, in modern Rome, *connoisseurship*; in Scotland, *thrift*.” — CARLYLE, *Review of Diderot*.

HISTORIC SIDE-LIGHTS

any other, and they got more for their money, since it is the only one which the four Evangelists all mention, and as to the essential details of which they all agree.¹ Surely no "title to mansions in the skies" could be clearer than this, or pan out better. It is as ubiquitous² as the Scotch themselves; and no better choice of a saint, either as the guardian genius of Scotland, or as the patron of its oldest and poorest university, could have been made than Saint Andrew, for wherever a loaf or a fish was to be found, there would likewise be found plenty of Scotchmen not only ready to eat and be filled, —at least for the moment,—but with baskets to "gather up the fragments that remain, that nothing be lost." It was ever thus, and the true Scot cares not who throws the bomb, if he only gets the scoop. He keeps the faith and everything else he can contrive to lay his

¹ "The Scotch keep no holidays, nor acknowledge any patron saint but Saint Andrew, who, they say, got that honor by presenting Christ with an oaten cake after his forty days' fast."—WILKES in the *North Briton*, Aug. 28, 1763.

This is merely the malicious invention of "James Howell, Gent.," who in 1649 published "A Perfect Description of the People and Country of Scotland,"—a work professedly written to abuse a poor and honest nation who were doing their best to get on in the world by economy and self-denial.

² Old English proverb, "Scotchmen, rats, and red herrings travel all the world over."

A *bon-mot* of Lord Monk, the former Governor-General of Canada, was this: "The Englishman is never happy unless he is miserable; the Irishman is never at peace unless he is fighting; the Scotchman is never at home unless he is abroad." This is the natural issue of what in old times they used to style the "praefervidum ingenium Scotorum," a quality which as yet shows few signs of dying out. The Scot still burns to go somewhere and do something. He is not one to stay in his den and suck his own paws or anybody else's. When he sees anything of value in the hands of another, his first instinct, like that of Hotspur, is to say to himself,—

"I am on fire
To hear this rich reprisal is so nigh,
And yet not mine."

FLIGHT OF THE DOMESTIC SAINTS

hands on, and, "like seasoned timber, never gives." M. de Circourt was wont to say, "If it had pleased the Almighty to create not two, but twenty, millions of Scotchmen, they would have conquered the world, and uncommonly hardly they'd have used it, too."

This national characteristic has continued to hold its own even to the present day; and it is quite natural that over a hundred savings-banks, to say nothing of many other moneyed institutions, in Scotland are dedicated to Saint Andrew,—a suggestive and stimulating title which clearly reveals the popular connection between thrift and religion.

The enthronement of Saint Andrew was a veritable *coup d'église* and the source of "a rich amendment of life" to all the votaries of the Church in Scotland.

As soon as the new saint appeared above the horizon, his superior claims to the patronage of that country were instantly recognized, and Saint Columba, Saint Kentigern, Saint Ninian, and all the rest of the aboriginal pretenders fled amain and vanished like spirits at cock-crow. Their flimsy claims were seen to have been based on pure assumption, and they became forthwith as dead as Saint Mortuus Natus, of blessed memory. In fact, they would never have been heard of again, had it not been for the efforts of the Scottish Antiquarian Society to galvanize them into a momentary and fictitious life. In the records of this body they can still be dimly materialized by the eye of faith, like ghosts scuffling in a fog, or shirts that have been translated from the wash-tub and hung out for transient and suggestive inflation by the passing breeze,—a row of Spiritualists on their last legs and spasmodically yearning to be born again.

As might perhaps have been expected, Voltaire, though fully appreciating the prehensile tenacity of the

HISTORIC SIDE-LIGHTS

Scotch temperament,¹ betrayed a woful lack of reverence for the miracle wrought for their benefit. This appears from the following *feu d'artifice* in his "Sottisier," which proves conclusively that its author was not made for a bishop and could never have hoped to officiate in one of the Scotch churches.

"‘Messieurs,’ said the assistant, ‘le curé will preach on Sunday concerning the miracle by which five people ate and were filled with three thousand loaves and five thousand small fishes.’ At this announcement all the congregation burst into laughter. ‘Petit malheureux,’ cried the curé, ‘c'est tout le contraire. Go back and tell them that it was three thousand people that were fed with five loaves and three fishes.’ ‘Ah! Monsieur, if I told them that, they would laugh a great deal more.’”²

There is one thing to be said in favor of the Scotch, they generally profess high ideals, though they are not always so very squeamish as to the means by which they contrive to bring them to perfection. They have now got to styling themselves “the Yankees of Europe,” in order to insure them a welcome wherever they go, though that would not necessarily follow. As Sir Thomas Browne says in his description of the phoenix, “There may be probably a mistake in the compute.”

¹ Voltaire, in his “Siècle de Louis XV.,” says of the Scotch that in 1745 “ils étaient toujours prêts à se précipiter dans les entreprises qui les flattalent de l’espérance de quelque butin” (They were always eager to rush into enterprises that flattered them with the hope of plunder).

² Thus wrote the wicked Voltaire, whose “sting and stench” the broadly philanthropic Ruskin likens to “a comet wagging its tail of phosphorescent nothing across the steadfast stars.” This may be true from the writer’s point of view, but more magnanimity and toleration for the weaknesses of a fellow-author might well have been expected from one of such force and eloquence,—one who could describe a heap of gravel with such winged words as to draw tears even from such a virago, such a *pietra dura*, as Mrs. Fanny Kemble Butler.

SANDY'S AMBITION

The Scotch have ever been more or less jealous of Plymouth Rock and are perpetually striving to put their own Bass Rock on top of it, though they will never succeed for various reasons, to say nothing of the fact that Bass is not half so great a name in this country as in Great Britain. Of course, "Parting" (from their own country) "is such sweet sorrow" that they can never get enough of it, but it is useless for them to attempt to bring any of their own rocks with them. We have quite enough of them in New England already. If the Scotch don't take kindly to the corner-stone of the United States, they had better stay at home with their own rock and "exploiter le cadavre." The martyrs of Bass Rock, moreover, would be completely thrown away in New England. They would be an *embarras de richesses*, — a superfluous addition to our already overflowing *répertoire*, what with the martyrs now in process of manufacture all over the land, and those of the past, including the Baptists, the Quakers, the witches, the wizards, and other seeds of liberty that have so amply marked our advance towards freedom of thought, word, and deed. No, thank you, we will not, for the present at least, try to add the Covenanters to our "Acta Sanctorum." We will see them later. Such allegiance as we owe them is merely collateral, as it were, and *à toutes réserves*.

From a reminiscence of the Right Honorable Sir Mountstuart Elphinstone Grant Duff (where will you find a greater name than that?) it seems clear that the Scotch yet retain that tenacious sense of the covenanted mercies of the Bible and that stern and uncompromising devotion thereto which have descended to them from the seventeenth century. As late as 1840, when Sir John Bowring was canvassing the electors at Kircaldy, one of them said to him, "We *will* have a religious man

HISTORIC SIDE-LIGHTS

to represent us, if we have to go to hell to find him ;” and another added, “ If you don’t believe in the Trinity and wish us to vote for you, we must have ten shillings a head instead of five ”¹ (“ Notes from a Diary,” 1879.) I have also taken the liberty of abstracting two other anecdotes from this most amusing and instructive thesaurus.

These stories are confirmed by Sir John himself in his own account of his “ Election Experiences.” He says of these devotees of Saint Andrew, “ They fancied, no doubt, that they ran some additional risk to their souls’ salvation and were therefore entitled to get some premium for the perils they incurred.” He also says, “ I have seen myself placarded in Scotland as an atheist, an unbeliever, an unfaithful husband, and a disreputable head of a family.” Pretty well for him who had already written “ Watchman ! tell us of the night,” and “ In the Cross of Christ I glory.” However, he had also written,—

“ The age for damning, dogmatizing creeds,
Thanks to the power of Truth, has passed away,
For man hath nobler thoughts and higher needs,
And more exalted purposes to-day.”

Perhaps these lines were too much for the zealous voters of Kircaldy. At any rate, he lost his election, though

¹ The Scotch still stand fast by their ancient landmarks. As Scotia says to her mother in Mrs. Barr’s admirable novel, “ A Sister to Esau,” “ I think we do Gallio great injustice. He was really nothing worse than a good magistrate who refused to take part in a theological fight.” This is the whole thing in a nut-shell.

Gallio, as all my readers may perhaps not be aware, was the Roman “ deputy of Achaea,” who sat on the judgment seat, while the Jews beat Sosthenes, “ the chief ruler of the synagogue,” and calmly dominated the situation, without taking part with either side. “ And Gallio cared for none of these things.” If, however, he could have foreseen the persistent and overwhelming abuse he was eventually to receive for centuries, both in Scotland and in New England, simply for doing nothing, his conduct would doubtless have been different.

VICTORIA IN SCOTLAND

he did profess to be "a religious man" and did "believe in the Trinity."

Though even now many of the Scotch cannot, or do not care to, distinguish the difference between Queen Victoria and the Duke of Argyle, her Majesty, with her usual tact and good judgment, moves serenely on, like the moon, and does her best to conciliate her northern annex. The result is a display of loyal respect and esteem on their part, Presbyterian sermons by the acre, when she is at Balmoral and attends Crathie Church, and unlimited prayers in her behalf from the Scotch ministers, like the following, which was submitted to her Majesty on approval, and presumably, for the edification of the Scotch Deity also, at Crathie Church some years ago: "Grant that as she grows to be an old woman, she may be made a new man, and that in all righteous causes she may go forth before her people, like a he-goat on the mountains."

Placed in the midst of these and other conditions quite as sympathetic, it is no wonder that Poor Richard found himself very much at home in Scotland in the summer and autumn of 1759, and that in his letter to Lord Kames, dated Jan. 8, 1760, he termed his stay there "six weeks of the densest happiness," and expressed a wish to pass the rest of his days in a retreat so blissful. This was his only visit to Scotland; and though the greater part of his time was allotted to Edinburgh, he and his son managed to make a short stay at St. Andrews and another at Glasgow. He has left but an incidental reference to the former and none at all to the latter.

The suggestion of a visit to Glasgow is based solely on a letter from Adam Smith to William Strahan, which was written from Glasgow, April 4, 1760. It is printed in the "Life of Adam Smith," by John Rae, published in 1895, p. 150:—

HISTORIC SIDE-LIGHTS

"Remember me to the Franklins. I hope I shall have the grace to write to the youngest by next post to thank him, in the name both of the College and of myself, for his very agreeable present."

As neither the Library nor the Records of the College show any vestige of a donation from William Franklin, the nature of his "present" can only be left to conjecture.

To the letter in question, Mr. Rae adds these comments in support of the claim that Franklin and his son were at Glasgow.

"The Franklins mentioned in this letter are Benjamin Franklin and his son, who had spent six weeks in Scotland in the spring¹ of the previous year — 'six weeks,' wrote Franklin, 'of the densest happiness I have met with in any part of my life.' We know from Dr. Carlyle² that during this visit Franklin met Smith one evening at supper at Robertson's in Edinburgh, but it seems from this letter highly probable that he had gone through to Glasgow and possibly stayed with Smith at the college. Why otherwise should the younger, or, as Smith says, the youngest, Franklin have thought of making a presentation to Glasgow College, or Smith of thanking him, not merely in the name of the college, but in his own?"

This argument must strike every one as conclusive.

Naturally this general beatitude was largely increased by the intellectual atmosphere of the Scottish Athens, — all the more seductive to a mind rendered flexible by

¹ "The spring" should be "the summer and autumn." The spring of 1759 Franklin spent in London.

² "In the middle of September this year (1759) we supped one night in Edinburgh with the celebrated Dr. Franklin at Dr. Robertson's house. Dr. Franklin had his son with him; and besides Wright and me there were David Hume, Dr. Cullen, Adam Smith, and two or three more." — *Autobiography of Rev. Alex. Carlyle, Minister of Inverness*, 1860.

THE EDINBURGH AURORA

constant comparison and ready observation,—by the brightness of those northern lights, Hume,¹ Robertson, Adam Smith, and others, that were then shining in the zenith. As Sainte-Beuve well remarks, “We can well understand Franklin’s liking for the lettered society of Edinburgh. He was endowed with a philosophy at once penetrating and circumspect, subtle and practical, with patient and elevated observation; as author of moral essays and also as experimenter and natural philosopher; as so lucid and natural an expositor of his own methods and results, it seems that Scotland was truly his intellectual country.”

There were other strong bonds of attraction between Franklin and his free-thinking and learned friends in Scotland,—“friends whose conversation has been so agreeable and so improving to me,” as he writes to Hume in 1752. In support of this remark I am tempted to quote a short passage from “The Future Civil Policy of America” by Professor Draper: —

“But of all meteorological phenomena undoubtedly the most surprising are the displays of atmospheric electricity. What can be more beautiful than the fantastic, the ever changing movements of the Aurora? What more imposing than the flash of lightning? Not without reason have men in all ages looked upon the former as glimpses of the movements of angels and upon the latter as being the weapon of God.

¹ Hume was ever an especial friend of Franklin and of his cause, and the latter made him a most enjoyable visit in Scotland. He always maintained that it was impossible to conquer America. It is very odd that in all the numerous letters of Hume that are now preserved, in print or in manuscript, except, of course, the two he wrote to Franklin and which have been often printed, the name of the latter does not once occur. There is a large collection of Hume’s correspondence in the British Museum, which I have carefully examined.

HISTORIC SIDE-LIGHTS

"Scientific discovery not only removed these prodigies from the domain of the supernatural, it has also made the agent concerned in their production available for the purposes of man. When Franklin, with a boy's kite, drew down the lightning from heaven, there was a great moral, as well as physical result. Human opinions were modified; the power of man was increased."

He who had done so much towards this mighty and glorious consummation, and had, as it were, inscribed his name in letters of living light on the great dome of heaven, might well feel himself in broad and kindred sympathy with other minds of equal scope and aim with his own, which in other domains of intellectual research had made such steady progress towards magnifying and strengthening the contracted ideas of their age, and, like that fair handmaid of God, Saint Cecilia, had

"Enlarged the former narrow bounds
And added length to solemn sounds,
With Nature's mother-wit and arts unknown before."

To this "diapason closing full in man," Franklin was conscious of having contributed his own share, and with this sense of worthy endeavor and high attainment he must have felt himself serenely at rest in the society of those who had mounted to the same heights as himself: with the teeming intellects of "those who know" and who in past ages have done so much to elevate our race and, like music, to arch over our trivial existence with another and a diviner life,—a life that has neither end nor limit. It is thus that the utterance of the truly great has ever typified the singing of the morning stars which glorified a new creation, and gave it fit connection with its divine origin, and thus have "those master souls to whom God has given power over others" ever revealed that potent influence, which, even though unsung,

FRANKLIN AND ADAM SMITH

is a silent inspiration, like a swelling and lustrous tide, that fills the soul with light and ever broadening and expanding influence.

The writings and the opinions of Hume and Adam Smith were of great interest and attraction to Franklin, and it was a matter of both pride and sympathetic devotion that at a later date he gave to the latter most valuable aid in his great work. In his opinion they were, no less than himself, the pioneers of a new era and had already done as much in their way to enlighten with their brilliant thought-flashes the realm of chaos and old night as he had done by enticing from the skies the rays that illuminated the vault of darkness.¹

¹ It seems strange and, to tell the truth, ungracious in Adam Smith that he gives no credit in any of his works to Franklin for the help he received from him, though he finds much to say about soap and the taxes thereon, and about "the Economical Table of M. Quesnai," and the Post Office as a source of revenue, and the exports of pig-iron from America, and a hundred other subjects of colonial and domestic concern, as to which Franklin was an expert of peculiar worth.

As to the value and amount of Franklin's contributions to Smith's "Wealth of Nations," see an account of his own statements to Logan in Watson's "Annals of Philadelphia," vol. i. p. 533.

In fact, Smith never even mentions the name of Franklin but once, and then only to contradict him. Referring to "the propagation of sound by vibrations of the air" (in his "Essay on the External Senses," p. 215), the author observes, "Dr. Franklin has made objections to this doctrine, but I think without success."

Smith had but one of Franklin's works in his library, and that was "Experiments and Observations on Electricity," published in 1769.

PART II

Franklin's Diploma. — Electricity in Scotland. — Franklin at St. Andrews. — Gift to the University. — Experiments of Rev. Mr. Kinnersley and Franklin's Debt thereto. — Franklin's Degree in America. — Benjamin Mecom and his Magazine. — E Pluribus Unum. — Baskerville's Virgil. — Yale Degree. — Harvard Degree. — Mr. Sibley and J. U. D. — Canon Law. — Meaning of LL.D. at St. Andrews and at Cambridge. — At Oxford. — Dr. Johnson's Degree from Oxford. — Present Insignificance of all Degrees. — A Beatified Lawyer.

I GIVE herewith a copy of the diploma by which the University of St. Andrews conferred its degree upon Franklin. This copy is now in the library of Yale University, and for the privilege of printing it I am indebted to the peculiar courtesy of the President and of Mr. Franklin B. Dexter, the affable and accomplished Secretary and Librarian of the Corporation. It is in the handwriting of President Stiles, of Yale, a life-long friend of Franklin, who appears to have made it at Newport, July 11, 1763. The original can nowhere be found, nor is there even a copy thereof at St. Andrew, either among the various archives in the muniment room, or elsewhere. As the recipient was not obliged to come for it in person, as at Oxford, the diploma was probably sent by mail.

FRANKLIN'S DIPLOMA

COPIES OF PAPERS TAKEN BY THE LEAVE OF DR.
BENJAMIN FRANKLIN OF PHILADA IN NEW PORT,
JULY 11, 1763.

*His Diploma from the University of St. Andrews, the
oldest University in Scotland.*

Nos Universitatis Sti. Andreeae apud Scotos Rector, Promotor, Collegiorum Praefecti, Facultatis Artium Decanus, caeterique Professorum Ordinis, Lectoribus Salutem.

Quandoquidem aequum et Rationi congruens, ut qui magno studio bonas deduerunt Artes, iidem referant Proemium studiis suis dignum, ac prae inerti hominum Vulgo propriis quibusdam fulgerant honoribus et Privilegiis, unde et ipsis benefit, atque aliorum provocetur Industria; quando etiam eo praesertim spectant amplissima illa Jura Universitatis Andreanae antiquitus commissa ut, quoties Res postulat, idoneos quosque in quavis Facultate viros, vel summis qui ad eam Facultatem pertinent, Honoribus amplificare queat; quumque ingenuus et honestus Vir, Benjaminus Franklin, Artium Magister, non solum Jurisprudentiae cognitione, Morum Integritate, suavique Vitae Consuetudine nobis fit commendatus, verum etiam acute inventis et Exitu felici factis Experimentis, quibus Rerum naturalium et imprimis Rei Electriæ parum hactenus exploratae, Scientiam locupletavit, tantam sibi conciliaverit per orbem Terrarum Laudem, ut summos in Republica Literaria mereatur Honores; Hisce nos adducti et Proemia Virtuti debita, quantum in nobis est, tribuere volentes, Magistrum Benjaminum Franklin supra nominatum Utriusque Juris Doctorem creamus, constituimus et renunciamus, Eumque deinceps ab universis pro Doctore dignissimum haberi volumus; adjicimusque ei, plena manu quaecumque uspiam Gentium, Juris Utriusque Doctoribus competunt Privilegia et Ornamenta. In cuius Rei Testimonium, hasce nostras Privilegii Literas, Chirographis Singulorum confirmatas et communis almae Universitatis Sigillo munitas dedimus Andreapoli duodecimo Die Mensis Februarii Anno Domino Millesimo Septingentesimo quinquagessimo nono.

HISTORIC SIDE-LIGHTS

AND. SHAW, S. T. P. UNIVERS. RECTOR ET PROMOTOR.¹
THO. TULLIDEPH, COLL. ST¹. SALVAT. ET ST¹. LEONARD
PRAEFECTUS.

JA. MURRISON, COL. MAV. PRAEFECTUS.

ROBERTUS WATSON, P. P. FAC. ART. DEC.

THOMAS SIMSON, MED. ET ANAT. CANDOSENSIS.

DAVID YOUNG, P. P.

JOANNES YOUNG, P. P.

DAVID GREGORIE, MATH. P.

GULIEL. BROWNE, S. T. & H. EV. P.

ALEX. MORTON, H. L. P.

GUAL. WILSON, G. L. P.

GEOR. HADON, M.D. LING. HEB. P.

TRANSLATION.

We, the Rector, Promotor, Prefects of the Colleges, Dean of the Faculty of Arts, and the rest of the order of professors, of the University of St. Andrew in Scotland, to the readers Greeting.

Whereas it is just and reasonable that those who have studied the liberal arts with great assiduity should receive therefor a reward worthy of their pursuits, and should be conspicuous above the common throng of men through certain becoming honors and privileges, whence arises a benefit to themselves and the diligence of others is advanced; since that end is especially indicated by those most ample statutes of the University of St. Andrew anciently entrusted to it, so that as often as the event requires, it may be able to magnify men of talent in any department of learning, even with the greatest honors that pertain to that department.

And since that worthy and distinguished man, Benjamin Franklin, Master of Arts, seems to have been recommended not only by his knowledge of jurisprudence, by his integrity

¹ The office of promotor is now abolished. He promoted, or presented, to the Chancellor or Vice-Chancellor, the successful candidates for degrees. This is now done by the Dean of Faculties.

THE SIGNERS THEREOF

and good morals, and by the agreeable companionship of his life, but likewise by his experiments ingeniously devised and carried to a happy conclusion, by which he has enriched the knowledge of natural things and especially of Electricity hitherto but little explored, and has won for himself such great fame throughout all the earth that he deserves the highest honors in the republic of letters.

Impelled by these considerations and desiring to proffer, so far as in us lies, the rewards due to manly talent and capacity, we create, constitute, and declare the above named Master Benjamin Franklin, Doctor of the Civil and the Canon Law, and wish him to be held hereafter by all as a most worthy Doctor and further add with a full hand whatever privileges and adornments are anywhere proper for Doctors of the Civil and the Canon Law.

In Testimony whereof, we have published these our Letters of Privilege, confirmed by the signatures of each and by the common seal of the bountiful University of St. Andrews on the Twelfth of February in the year of our Lord, 1759.

ANDREW SHAW, Professor of Sacred Theology, Rector and Promotor.

THOMAS TULLIDEPH, Principal of the Colleges of St. Salvator and St. Leonard.

JAMES MORISSON, Principal of St. Mary's.

ROBERT WATSON, Professor of Philosophy and Dean of the Faculty of Arts.

THOMAS SIMSON, Chandos Professor of Medicine and Anatomy.

DAVID YOUNG, Professor of Philosophy.

JOANNES YOUNG, " " "

DAVID GREGORIE, " " Mathematics.

WILLIAM BROWNE, Evangelical Professor of Sacred Theology and of History.

ALEXANDER MORTON, Professor of the Humanities.

WALTER WILSON, Professor of Greek.

GEORGE HADON, M. D., Professor of Hebrew.

HISTORIC SIDE-LIGHTS

As the University, notwithstanding its poverty, "appointed his Diploma to be given to him gratis, the Clerk and Arch-Beadle's fees to be paid by the Library Quæstor," it is evident that its officers sought to do Franklin every possible honor.

The degree is thus recorded in the "Minute Book of the Senatus Academicus":—

"**St. ANDREWS, Feb. 12, 1759.**

"Conferred the Degree of Doctor in Laws on Mr. Benjamin Franklin, famous for his writings in Electricity, and appoint his Diploma to be given him gratis, the Clerk and Arch-Beadle's fees to be paid by the Library Quæstor."

For this, and for many other courtesies most kindly tendered, I desire to tender my sincere thanks to Mr. J. Maitland Anderson, Secretary and Librarian, who has composed an historical sketch of his alma mater.

Mr. Anderson writes: "I am afraid it is not possible to find out what induced the University to honor Benjamin Franklin. I cannot think that any of the professors could have known him personally or been greatly interested in his work. Most likely the suggestion came from without, as so often happens, and some one who knew Franklin and had influence at St. Andrews probably originated the idea of conferring upon him a degree. So far as I can discover, however, there is nothing to prove this or any other theory."

Very few persons of eminence were ever connected with St. Andrews, either as instructors or graduates; and though some attention may have been paid to natural science in Franklin's time, it could hardly have come from men of great erudition. Lord Campbell in his life of Erskine says that in 1762-3, when the latter was thirteen years old, he attended the mathematical and natural philosophy classes of St. Andrews, "taught by

ELECTRICITY IN SCOTLAND

professors of considerable prominence, and from them he imbibed the small portion of science of which he could ever boast." His lordship does not reveal the source of his information as to the "professors of considerable prominence," but if any such there were, their very names have long since vanished from human ken.

The exact source of the bit of enterprise, seemingly inspired, that led the authorities of this remote, inconspicuous, and unprosperous seat of learning to bestow its honors upon Franklin will in all likelihood never be known. Though the records show that the dignity was offered in consequence of "his writings in Electricity," there is no reason to believe that any one connected with St. Andrews was especially interested in that branch of research, or was closely in touch with the outer world and its study of such pursuits.

Some attention, however, must have been paid to electrical research in Scotland even before Franklin gave it such renewed life and impetus, for he tells us in his autobiography that the first electrical experiments which came under his notice and awakened his interest were performed in Boston in 1746 by "Dr. Spence, who was lately arrived from Scotland." The identity of this person seems to be utterly lost, and I can find no trace of him whatever. This origin of Franklin's devotion to electricity renders the distinction offered by St. Andrews eminently appropriate.

At an earlier date than this, to wit, in 1727, Franklin was indebted to an appreciative son of Scotland for no slight stimulus and support. In 1727 he and one Meredith started a printing-press in Philadelphia. "The general opinion," he states in his Autobiography, "was that it must fall, but Dr. Baird (whom you [*i.e.* his son William] and I saw many years after at his native

HISTORIC SIDE-LIGHTS

place, St. Andrews in Scotland),¹ gave a contrary opinion. ‘For the industry of that Franklin,’ says he, ‘is superior to anything of the kind I ever saw,’ etc.” This praise must have made a deep and abiding impression, for the above was written in 1771, forty-four years after the incident occurred,—years well crammed with hard work and all the mental and physical wear and tear and continual friction that tend to benumb the memory and belittle the past.

During the eighteenth century St. Andrews bestowed its LL.D. upon very few persons and these mostly of local or limited distinction. From 1754 to 1764,—that is, five years before and five years after the date of Franklin’s degree,—the “Minute Book” reveals none but the following that were so favored:—

¹ This is the only proof to be found in the writings of Franklin that he ever went to St. Andrews, though, of course, he would naturally have gone there, as it is but forty miles from Edinburgh by land and much less by water.

Dr. Patrick Baird, “chirurgeon,” was a man of considerable note in his day, both professionally and socially. He is often mentioned in the Colonial records of Pennsylvania. He held an office in Philadelphia analogous to that now termed Port Physician, and in 1723 was Secretary of the Colonial Council, holding the office till 1743, when failing health prompted his resignation. Soon after this he returned to Scotland, and all further trace of him was lost. He was not, in all probability, alive at the time of Franklin’s visit. These facts are mostly taken from “The Early History of Medicine in Philadelphia,” by George W. Norris. He must have lived a very retired life in St. Andrews, for I have not been able to find his name in any documents or records whatever, not even on a tombstone or in any deed or will.

In Philadelphia there was a “Noble Town House, or Guild Hall, built in 1698.”

“The Hall attracted to itself everything; in 1730 the vendue room in the northwest corner was rented to Patrick Baird, Chirurgeon. His name is on the First Dancing Assembly List and there exists a portrait of him, both tending to prove that he was a person of some importance.”

Penn. Mag. of Hist. and Biog. 1890. No. 2, p. 165, art. by Townsend Ward.

FRANKLIN'S ACKNOWLEDGMENT

- 1758. Thomas McDowell.
- 1759. George Stewart, Professor at Edinburgh.
- “ Benjamin Franklin.
- 1763. Sir James Gray, Minister at Naples.
- “ Archibald Menzies —

only four degrees in the shade — names which have thus for a moment come to the surface solely by reason of their collateral connection with Benjamin Franklin, and which will now pass forever into the depths of that profound oblivion from which they would otherwise never have emerged.

No evidence appears on the records of the University of any acknowledgment by Franklin of the dignity he received, but its library still contains a small volume presented by him April 19, 1759. It is entitled “*New Experiments and Observations on Electricity made at Philadelphia in America, By Benjamin Franklin, Esq., and communicated in several letters to Peter Collinson, Esq., of London, F. R. S. Part I. The Second Edition, London, Printed and sold by D. Henry and R. Cave at St. John’s Gate, 1754.*” There is no autograph of the donor, and nothing to connect it with his name as such except these words in the handwriting of Mr. John Young, who was then Librarian : “*Bibliothecae publicae Universitatis Sti. Andreæ donum dedit Author.*” A gift to the public Library of the University of St. Andrew from the author.¹

This book is apparently the only visible memento now existing in Scotland of Franklin’s stay there. It

¹ It is a remarkable coincidence that it was on Nov. 30, 1753, St. Andrew’s day, — “festum Sancti Andreæ,” — the anniversary of the foundation of the Royal Society, that the Earl of Macclesfield, its President, delivered an oration in which he warmly eulogized the discoveries of Franklin and at the same time presented the Copley gold medal which had been voted him.

HISTORIC SIDE-LIGHTS

must surely have been designed as a recognition of the honor received from St. Andrews, as he gave no books to the University of Edinburgh or Glasgow, at least, none from him are now to be found in their libraries, and this though their officers treated him with peculiar deference and hospitality. Since they tendered him no degree, he did not think fit to offer any more substantial return for their kindness than his society and his thanks.

As the work was merely a pamphlet published at two and sixpence and cost the donor nothing whatever but the postage; as he had no fees to pay and was not the actual author thereof in spite of the claims of its title-page,—it might seem that Franklin got his degree at a very cheap rate, but in the long run honors were easy, and the University realized a good return for its outlay, since, though perchance unwittingly, it “hitched its wagon to a star,” and among all its laureati of the eighteenth century, Benjamin Franklin, “*Juris Utriusque Doctor*,” is the only name that will be to St. Andrews an eternal endowment and keep its name in the minds of men as long as the lightning flashes and the thunder rolls.

Though there is no evidence on the records that the University authorities ever acknowledged the receipt of the work I have mentioned, they might have felt perfectly easy on that score if they had known that, though published in Franklin's name, it was largely composed of the reports of experiments that he never performed and of observations that he never made. But this was the truth, and it still remains to serve as an example of that easy-going diplomatic irresponsibility so characteristic of Franklin and which steadily increased with advancing years. Though Franklin was undoubtedly the originator and dominating spirit of the

REV. MR. KINNERSLEY

whole enterprise, though his broad, penetrating, and philosophic grasp of the infant science and of its grand possibilities and his ingenious suggestions as to its development and application to many forms of profit and utility through various tests, were far superior to the efforts of any other mind of his time, the fact remains,—and it was admitted by himself,—that three-fourths of the experiments and observations were originated and performed by his “ingenious neighbor,” as he describes him, Ebenezer Kinnersley,¹ who was fully his equal in the novelty, comprehension, and intelligence of his electrical studies, and most of the others by Philip Syng and Thomas Hopkinson, though he never named them in his letters or other scientific communications, and though he allowed the results of their

¹ Rev. Mr. Kinnersley was in Boston during the winter of 1751-2 and gave numerous lectures on Electricity in Faneuil Hall. James Bowdoin writes to Franklin, Dec. 21, 1751, in praise of these as “greatly pleasing to all sorts of people,” to which he adds, “I think they prove most effectually your doctrine of electricity.”

Mr. Kinnersley’s experiments, to judge from his prospectus, must have been very ingenious and entertaining, especially in an age so barren of amusing novelties. No. 10 was “An artificial spider, animated by the electric fire, so as to appear like a live one.

“No. 13. A leaf of the most weighty of metals suspended in the air, as is said of Mahomet’s tomb.

“No. 18. The salute repulsed by the ladies’ fire; or fire darting from a lady’s lips, so that she may defy any person to salute her.”

In the second lecture we have,—

“A piece of money drawn out of a person’s mouth in spite of his teeth, yet without touching it, or offering him the least violence.”

“Spirits kindled by fire darting from a lady’s eyes (without a metaphor).”

There were many others no less exciting and mirth-provoking.

Kinnersley’s advertisement appeared first in the “Pennsylvania Gazette” of April 11, 1751. He afterwards published a pamphlet, giving an account of his two lectures, which is similar to his advertisement but not precisely identical. The pamphlet was evidently designed to serve as a sort of announcement, or synopsis, of his lectures.

HISTORIC SIDE-LIGHTS

investigations to be published as his own.¹ The experiments are occasionally referred to as "*our experiments*,"¹ and it is stated that "*We* had observed" some particular phenomena, but these pronouns might mean anything or nothing, and, moreover, Dr. Fothergill, in his preface to the above work (which Franklin must have seen), praises Franklin and no one else as "the ingenious author," and also asserts that "the experiments which our author relates are most of them peculiar to himself," which was, and is, the exact opposite of the truth.

In Franklin's own copy of the work he has, however, redeemed his disingenuousness so far as to note the initials of the discoverer against each experiment, as appears in the Franklin Bibliography, by Paul Leicester Ford, page 41.²

Dr. Priestley, in his "History of Electricity," which appeared in 1767, remarks of Franklin's letters: "It is not easy to say whether we are most pleased with the

¹ In a letter from Franklin published by Bigelow in his edition of Franklin's works and written to Peter Collinson, "11 July, 1747," certain notes appear that were presumably added by Franklin some years after. These notes are in moderate praise of Mr. Hopkinson and Mr. Kinnersley. The letter itself was not printed till some years after the publication of the third edition of "Experiments and Observations."

John Bigelow, in his edition of the "Complete Works of Benjamin Franklin," refers to the continuation of Franklin's life published in 1790 by Dr. Stuber, of Philadelphia, "who seems to have enjoyed peculiar opportunities of obtaining full and authentic information upon Franklin's electric discoveries." The doctor does not mention one of the latter's assistants except Mr. Kinnersley, and then but indirectly, so as to "damn him with faint [and uncertain] praise."

² I take occasion to state here that the above "Franklin's own copy," which was published in 1751, has mysteriously disappeared, since Mr. Ford claims to have seen it, and that I can find no trace of it after a diligent and exhaustive search, including an application to Mr. Ford himself, who seems to have forgotten where he saw it, though he says he consulted it at the Philadelphia Atheneum.

ELECTRICAL QUERIES

simplicity and perspicuity with which they are written, the wording with which the author proposes every hypothesis of his own, or the noble frankness with which he relates his mistakes, when they were corrected by subsequent experiments." Franklin's "noble frankness" would have been more obvious, if he had given credit where credit was due. As it is, the part taken by Kinnersley and his associates resembles the "story of Bel and the Dragon cut off from the end of Daniel," which was relegated to the Apocrypha because the prophet never took the trouble to mention it, even indirectly.

Certain queries naturally occur under this aspect of the case.

Firstly. If Franklin did not perform the experiments, why did he tacitly claim them entirely as his own and allow them to be printed with no credit to his assistants and thus assume all the responsibility therefor?

Secondly. If he did not perform them, why did he afterwards attribute them to Kinnersley and the rest?

Thirdly. As he says in his autobiography, written in 1784, that he "added a number of new ones" to the experiments that he had seen in Boston, why did he not publish these, or some of them, instead of those he did publish?

Was it because they were less important, striking, and original than those of his assistants? If so, Mr. Kinnersley and his friends should receive more credit therefor than has ever been awarded them.

Was it because they were more important, striking, or original? Then why did he not assert his peculiar and distinctive claim to them?

These queries are easier to propound than to answer.

As Franklin never made use of his St. Andrews degree himself and nowhere refers to it in his letters or

HISTORIC SIDE-LIGHTS

other writings ; and as a diligent search fails to detect all editorial mention of it in any of the papers of that period, even in the " Pennsylvania Gazette," of which he was then joint editor and proprietor with David Hall, — one is justified in the inference that Franklin cared little for this new dignity and was not particularly desirous that it should be generally known. And apparently, it might have remained hidden for a long time,¹ had it not been for the expeditious smartness of his nephew, Benjamin Mecom, the son of his favorite sister, Jane, with whom he was in familiar correspondence and to whom he probably confided it at an early date.

In April, 1760, a pamphlet of fifty-seven pages was published in London with this title : "The Interest of Great Britain Considered with Regard to her Colonies and the Acquisitions of Canada and Guadaloupe." It bore the name of no writer, though subsequently acknowledged by Franklin as "my pamphlet." In the ensuing September this was republished in Boston by Mecom, to whom Franklin had probably sent a copy of it. The new printer, with an eye to the glory of his family and

¹ Harvard College seems to have awakened to a conception of this honor conferred upon her benefactor about seventeen years after its bestowal; at least, it was in 1778 that President Langdon first experienced a realizing sense thereof and caused it to be inserted in the Catalogue issued in that year.

In the " Pennsylvania Gazette" for March 12, 1761, is to be found a most entertaining and original advertisement of "A course of Electrical Experiments accompanied with Lectures on the Nature and Properties of Lightning," to be delivered by Ebenezer Kinnersley, A. M.," the "ingenious neighbor aforesaid." It is too long for full quotation, but the lecturer mentions "the ingenious and worthy Dr. Franklin." This is the only time he is so called in his own paper, which is rather strange when one reflects that Franklin was for years not only editor and proprietor, but a constant contributor to its columns, and that it was the greatest paper in the Colonies, as far as regards circulation and advertising patronage.

NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE

to his own profits, added to the London title the following paragraph:—

“As the very ingenious, useful and worthy Author of this Pamphlet [B——n F——n, LL. D.] is well-known and much esteemed by the principal Gentlemen in England and America; and seeing that his other works have been received with universal Applause; the present Production needs no further Recommendation to a generous, a free, and intelligent and publick-spirited People.” This was the first instance in which Franklin’s new degree was publicly announced on this side of the Atlantic. The work was advertised in the “Boston Gazette and Country Journal” for Sept. 22, 1760.

The mention of Benjamin Mecom and his agency in the introduction of his uncle’s degree to the notice of the Colonies leads me to call attention to the fact that it was he who first printed and published on this side of the Atlantic our present national motto. I give here-with a short account of this incident, which is the more interesting by reason of its having taken place in Boston.

On the 31st of August, 1758, Mecom brought out at “The New Printing Office” the first number of “The New England Magazine of Knowledge and Pleasure,” of which he was both editor and publisher. It existed for a few months only, and then passed into general forgetfulness. Two solitary copies, however, in a rather imperfect state, have survived to this day, one having found a fit and final harbor in the Public Library of its place of birth, and the other being now in the library of the American Antiquarian Society at Worcester, Mass., to which it was bequeathed by Isaiah Thomas, author of the well-known “History of Printing.” The former copy was one of the first edition for the month of August, the latter for the succeeding

HISTORIC SIDE-LIGHTS

October. It was a small affair at best, six inches by four in size, and was sold for eight pence. It contained about sixty pages, poorly and dimly printed, augmented by a puff from the editor, conspicuously placed, which terms it "A very suitable present for the instruction of youth," though a regard for truth leads one to say that this assertion is hardly confirmed by the contents, which justify the inference that if they were "suitable for the instruction" of the youth of Boston in 1758, both their morals and their intelligence must have been in a very rudimentary state, and the same might well be said of those of the editor.¹

In the centre of the titlepage of each number was a hand holding a bouquet, which, though larger than the similar design so familiar to all who have seen the "Gentleman's Magazine," was obviously a rather rough and uncouth adaptation thereof, "conveyed" by Mecom without any reference to its origin. It is quite likely that the editor was indebted, directly or indirectly, to his famous and enterprising uncle for this figure-head, since Franklin was a contributor to, and a persistent reader and eulogizer of, the "Gentleman's Magazine," and had even offered to act as its American agent.² On either side of the bouquet were the two mottoes, equally familiar as its earliest companions, "Prodesse et delectare," and "E pluribus unum," this being the

¹ For the privilege of publishing the accompanying fac-simile I desire to express my indebtedness to the great kindness of Mr. Edmund M. Barton, the Librarian of the American Antiquarian Society.

² See Franklin's letters to William Strahan, dated "Phila. 27 Nov. 1755," and "New York, 2 July, 1756."

The promises in these letters Franklin never undertook to fulfil. The only advertisements of the "Gentleman's Magazine" now to be found are in the columns of Franklin's own paper, the "Pennsylvania Gazette," during the winter of 1758, where it figures with other periodicals "to be furnished by Mr. Potts, comptroller of the General Post Office, London, at 2s. 6d. each number or £1.10 per annum."

{ N^o 3 }

T H E
New-England
Magazine
Of Knowledge and Pleasure.



Prodeesse & Delectare

E Pluribus Unum.

Alluring Profit with Delight we blend;
One, out of many, to the PUBLIC send.

By various Authors.

Ye shall know them by their Fruits. Do Men gather Grapes of Thorns, or Figs of Thistles? Every good Tree bringeth forth good Fruit; but a corrupt Tree bringeth forth evil Fruit. A good Tree cannot bring forth evil Fruit, neither can a corrupt Tree bring forth good Fruit.

Printed by Benjamin Mecom, and Sold at his
Shop under the New Printing-Office, near the Court-
House, on Corn-hill in BOSTON.



E PLURIBUS UNUM

first advent of the latter in any American work. Beneath there were to be seen, in the October issue, these two lines, plainly intended as a translation, or poetical extension of the same.

“Alluring Profit with Delight we blend,
One, out of many, to the Public send.”

The last is especially noticeable as a proof of the meaning attached by the writer to “E pluribus unum,” which did not necessarily signify to his mind “one composed of many,” but “one selected from many,” either of which the construction of the Latin language allowed him to choose as he preferred. This latter was the meaning given to the phrase by its original author, as will be hereafter seen. The same sense is implied by the words “Two out of Twenty” in the second verse of a silly and grotesque quatrain which was printed on the titlepage of the first number, and which evidently refers to the motto in question.

“Kind readers, Pray what would you have me to do
If, out of Twenty, I should please but Two?
One likes the Turkey’s Wing, and one the leg,
The Vulgar boil, (the Learned roast) an Egg.”

These lines probably came from Mecom’s own pen. The couplet is poor enough, but these must be admitted to be about as poor as they make ‘em.

The magazine was published anonymously, though Mecom affected to hide his well-known agency under the *nom de guerre* of “Urbanus Filter,” which was, of course, suggested by the “Sylvanus Urban” similarly used by Cave at the foundation of the “Gentleman’s Magazine” in 1731. It would naturally give the impression, and was doubtless so intended, that Mecom had a certain vague and remote connection with that

HISTORIC SIDE-LIGHTS

periodical, perhaps even that he had inherited the mantle of Cave which had fallen from him four years previously. Surely, it must have been the shade of that first magazinist to which Mecom addressed the "Poetical Dedication to a good old Gentleman" in his first issue.

"Your easy presence checks no decent joys,
Which gains the confidence of girls and boys.
You, e'en the dissolute admire and court
(Attracted by your freedom of deport),
Put on a graceful looseness when 't is fit,
And, laughing, can instruct the bluntest wit."

For fear lest poetry of this quality and the transatlantic connection at which it hinted, and the various other arts by which Mecom sought to increase his circulation, might fail to entice a sufficient number of subscribers, the general cupidity was appealed to by this offer: "Those who buy six of this magazine, shall receive a seventh gratis."

From Harvard Franklin never received any more memorable tribute of esteem than the somewhat scanty courtesy of an A.M., conferred in 1753, while on various subsequent occasions the degree of LL.D. was bestowed upon Washington, Gates, the two Adamses, La Fayette, Jefferson, Hamilton, and upon various other friends and colleagues of his, whose claims to scholastic honors were, to say the least, no greater than his own, while he was, moreover, a genuine and loyal son of Boston and a benefactor of the college.

There is this to be said, however, in behalf of Harvard. She was the first to recognize Franklin's claims to academic distinction as a scientific Columbus, and this fact was duly appreciated by him, for he was evidently more grateful for this A. M. than for all the collegiate or university honors that he afterwards re-

BASKERVILLE'S VIRGIL

ceived, and this inference is fully justified by the little notice he ever took of them and by the slight return he ever made therefor. In spite of some sarcastic and disparaging remarks made in his younger days, he seems to have felt towards Harvard a loyalty that he had for no other college. Besides other proofs of his grateful interest and attachment, in 1758 he presented a bust of Lord Chatham, certain electrical apparatus prepared by himself, and a copy of the works of Virgil in one volume printed by the celebrated Baskerville at Birmingham in 1757, and, as he writes in a letter to Mr. Hubbard from London, dated "April 28th, 1758," "thought to be the most curiously printed of any book hitherto done in the world." This work fortunately escaped the ruinous fire of 1764, and is still preserved in perfect condition, together with another book presented by Franklin, one of the first edition of his famous pamphlet, "Experiments and Observations on Electricity" published by Cave in 1751. In accordance with the author's invariable custom, neither of these works contains his autograph or gives any sign of his former ownership. The Virgil has a list of about five hundred subscribers, and it is interesting to notice that "Ben Franklin, Esq., of Philadelphia, F. R. S.," ordered "six Books." In this way he was able to render significant and well-deserved aid to a fellow-printer, aid that must have been all the more appreciated from the fact that there were only five other subscribers in the whole number who are credited with more than one copy each.¹

¹ Baskerville's Virgil had a pre-eminent reputation among classical scholars and men of literary tastes in its day. In the summer of 1769, Dr. Johnson passed some part of the time at Oxford, from which place he wrote to Rev. Thomas Warton:—

Many years ago, when I used to read in the library of your College, [Trinity, Oxford], I promised to recompence the College for that

HISTORIC SIDE-LIGHTS

I give herewith a copy from the record of the vote of the President and Fellows of Harvard and also of the diploma conferring the degree. It is probable that Franklin was chiefly indebted for this honor to John Winthrop, Hollis Professor of Mathematics and Natural Philosophy at Harvard for over forty years, and a Fellow of the Royal Society, who was at that time by far the most learned and eminent teacher of those branches in the Colonies, and naturally gave a cordial welcome and encouragement to so promising a student in his own pursuits.

permission, by adding to their books a Baskerville's Virgil. I have now sent it and desire you to deposit it on the shelves in my name.

BOSWELL'S Life of Johnson, vol. ii. p. 67.

To the above Dr. George Birkbeck Hill in his admirable and exhaustive edition of that work adds, "It has this inscription in a blank leaf: 'Hunc librum D. Samuel Johnson, eo quod hic loci studiis interdum vacaret.'"

Franklin had already proved himself no mean rival of Baskerville, and his reputation in this regard has survived in England to the present day. Quaritch's Catalogue, dated July 20, 1895, has the following entries:—

"CICERO. M. T. Cicero's Cato Major, or his Discourse of Old-Age: with explanatory notes [translated and annotated by James Logan]. Small 4to, fine copy in brown morocco extra, gilt edges, enclosed in a case. Philadelphia: Printed and Sold by B. Franklin, 1744. £25. 0. 0. The same, a matchless copy in the original blue-paper wrapper, uncut; enclosed in two cases, the outside one of red morocco gilt. 1744. £100. 0. 0."

Chief Justice Logan was the second of the three famous worthies of Pennsylvania, of whom William Penn was the first, and Benjamin Franklin the third. Franklin's preface to the book describes it as "this first Translation of a Classic in this Western World," and expresses a hope that "Philadelphia shall become the Seat of the American Muses."

It is a masterpiece of translation and of typography, and, by its combination of the two great Pennsylvanian names, has deservedly attained to the rank of an American classic indispensable to every collector of books illustrating the progress of art and science in the New World."

DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON

The honorary degrees conferred by Harvard were always much fewer than those of Yale, and in 1753 but one other is recorded besides that of Franklin. This was an A.M. granted to Rev. William Johnson, who had graduated at Yale five years before at the age of eighteen. This seems to have been his only claim to the honor, though according to his biographer, Dr. Chandler, he was "a young gentleman of fine genius and amicable disposition and an excellent classical scholar," all which may be taken for what it is worth. However, he evidently had a strong pull from some source, apparently through his father, Rev. Dr. Samuel Johnson,¹ for at the time of his death in 1756 he had already received the honorary degree of A.M. from both Oxford and Cambridge.

At a meeting of the President and Fellows of Harvard College in Cambridge, July 23d, 1753,

It was Voted That whereas Mr. Benjamin Franklin, of Philadelphia, hath made great improvements in Philosophical learning and particularly with respect to Electricity, whereby his repute hath been greatly advanced in the learned world not only in Great Britain, but ev'n in the Kingdom of France also, we therefore, wishing to do honor to a person of such considerable improvements in learning, do admit him to the degree of Master of Arts in Harvard College. And it is hereby also directed that the diploma to be given in this regard to the s'd Mr. Franklin be varied from the common form agreeable [*sic*] to the preamble

¹ For three years Dr. Samuel Johnson was the only Episcopal clergyman in Connecticut, and in 1753 he became the First President of King's (now Columbia) College in New York. In 1746 he published a "System of Morals," which was so much approved by Franklin that he printed in 1752 an enlarged edition of it, under the title of "Elementary Philosophy." This was intended for the use of Franklin's new Philadelphia college, of which he urged Dr. Johnson to become the President.

HISTORIC SIDE-LIGHTS

to this vote and that this vote be presented to the Hon^{ble} and Rev^d the Overseers for their approbation.

Memo. This vote approv'd by the Overseers unanimously.

Senatus Academiae Cantabrigiensis in Nova Anglia Omnibus in Christo Fidelibus, has Literas inspecturis vel audituris Salutem in Domino Sempiternam.

Quandoquidem Dominus Benjamin Franklin, Armig^r de Philadelphia Americana, Experimentis non vulgaribus praesertim circa Miranda Vis electricae Phoenomena, Philosophiam locupletavit, unde apud Doctos non in Brittania solum, verum etiam in Gallia, Fama ejus pervenerit, et Ipse de Orbe literato optime meruit.

Nos, igitur, studiosi debitiis Doctrinae Honoribus hujusmodi Homines, Eo Concilio ut ad Scientiam ulterius provehorendam, et Ipsi et Alii incitarentur, Notum Facimus, quod (Consentibus Honorandis admodum et Reverendis Academiae nostrae Inspectoribus) Virum ante dictum dignum judicavimus, qui Gradu in Artibus Magistrali donetur; Idem Dominum Benjaminen Franklin Armigerum Magistrum in Artibus decrevimus, constituimus et renunciavimus, dantes et concidentes Ei omnia Insignia, Jura et Privilegia, Dignitates ac Honores ad Gradum.

The Senate of the College at Cambridge in New England to all Christian believers who may see or hear these presents, an eternal greeting in the Lord.

Whereas Dominus Benjamin Franklin, Esquire, of Philadelphia, has enriched science by remarkable experiments, especially as to the wonderful phenomena of electric force, through which his fame has extended to the learned not only in Great Britain but even in France and he has thus deserved well of the world of letters.

We, therefore, zealous in behalf of the honors due to such acquirements, and with the design that both ourselves and others may be incited to their farther development, hereby make known (with the consent of the very honorable and reverend Overseers of our College) that we have

DEGREE FROM YALE

judged the said man worthy of a master's degree in Arts and we have therefore constituted, pronounced and declared Dominus Benjamin Franklin, Master of Arts, giving and bestowing upon him all the insignia, rights and privileges, dignities and honors, attaching to that degree.

The Harvard A. M. was soon followed by an A. M. from Yale,¹ which was conferred on Sept. 12, 1753. His degree was not voted with any especial ceremony or preamble and appears on the Corporation records merely with nine others, all of whom but one, Judge William Cushing, of Massachusetts, were persons of no prominence whatever, and apparently were thus honored simply because they were graduates of Harvard. This is obvious from the fact that "B. A., Harvard," is attached to their names and nothing else. And it also seems evident that Franklin was awarded his degree merely in order to follow Harvard's example and not from any especial appreciation of his scientific or other deserts. He seems to have made no acknowledgment in any shape for the honor due him, though there is a tradition that he "repeatedly gave valuable books to the library." If he did thus, it is very odd that there is neither book nor record to prove it.

The truly appreciative and laudatory language of both the vote and the diploma of Harvard gave them a peculiar meaning and value which must have made them much more acceptable to Franklin than the per-

¹ This agrees entirely with the mention thereof by Franklin in his autobiography. He says, "In 1753 the College of Cambridge presented me with the degree of Master of Arts and Yale did the same, in consideration of my improvements and discoveries in the electric branch of natural philosophy." Thus Harvard is placed first.

"Yale College first, then Harvard, conferred upon him the honorary degree of Master of Arts." — PARTON'S *Life of Franklin*, vol. i. p. 223.

HISTORIC SIDE-LIGHTS

functory action of Yale, which merely named him "A.M." without comment.

In the Triennial Catalogue of Harvard for 1845, Rev. John L. Sibley, who then took charge of it as editor for the first time, celebrated the occasion by various "changes and improvements," as he alleged, and by "the correction of hundreds of errors." These errors and corrections are not very apparent, but it is quite obvious that he went out of his way to introduce at least one change for which he had no authority and which has continued to this day. He altered Franklin's LL.D. from St. Andrews, as it was then rightly abbreviated and which always accompanied his name as the proper equivalent of "J.U.D." into "U.J.D." and six years later into "J.U.D." Though these letters did rightly stand for "Juris Utriusque Doctor," Doctor of the Canon and of the Civil Law, they were almost never used, and there was not one instance thereof among all the then graduates of Harvard, and but one, and that from Palermo, among all the honorary degrees. Hence this alteration was without sense of precedent, and must have come from the very itch of meddling and from an ignorance of the proverb about "letting well alone." One may here ask, since Mr. Sibley had directly under his eyes the LL.D. used by Dr. Palfrey, as representing the degree he also had received from St. Andrews so late as 1838, why did he not "try his prentice han'" on that, as well as on Franklin?

Before proceeding farther I wish to say a few words in regard to the proper meaning of the LL.D. that Franklin received from St. Andrews, and as to the exact difference between it and the LL.D. which the University of Cambridge has long been accustomed to confer, and which is to outward seeming the same.

As one result of Henry VIII.'s proposed divorce and

MEANING OF LL.D.

his subsequent papal disillusion, the king, in 1535, forbade the study of the decretals of the Romish Church,—*i. e.* the Canon Law,—at the University of Cambridge, and ordered “that no one should read it, nor should any degree in that law be conferred.”¹ As Thomas Fuller says in his history of that institution, “King Henry, stung with the dilatory pleas of the canonists at Rome in point of his marriage, did in revenge destroy their whole hive throughout his own Universities.” This action of his Majesty did not, however, in any way affect the form of the degree which Cambridge had always granted, and it still continued to bestow its customary LL.D., which originally signified “Doctor of both Laws.” This it was enabled to do from the fact that the sense of this abbreviation had greatly changed from times long past, when it had been the outward and visible sign that those who received it had been pronounced worthy to teach both the Canon and the Civil Law. At Cambridge this degree seems at that period to have gradually lost all definite or restricted meaning, until no one could learn, without inquiring, the exact nature of the honor conferred. It no longer signified merely “Doctor of both Laws,”² *i. e.* after 1475, or thereabouts.

¹ John Adams wrote that “the Canon Law gave the Romish clergy authority to license all sorts of crimes and enabled them to chain human nature fast for ages in a cruel, shameful, and deplorable servitude to the Pope and his subordinate tyrants for the purposes of tyranny, cruelty, and lust.”—*The Canon and Feudal Law*. This was certainly the opinion of Henry VIII., and of his people, *teste* Mr. Froude, whatever may have been the more immediate motives that influenced the king towards his abolition of the whole system in England. In this matter Henry VIII. and Adams were as one.

² If the reader will consult the “Athenae Cantabrigienses” of Charles Henry Cooper and Thompson Cooper, published in 1858, he will find abundant proof of this statement. Though examples are numerous, I will simply give one of each class to illustrate it. They

HISTORIC SIDE-LIGHTS

The Cambridge LL.D. has continued to diverge ever more and more widely from its first meaning down to the present day, when the degrees are actually taken "*in jure*;" *i.e.* in law generally, which so far as concerns the degree itself as a university honor signifies nothing. The candidate is thus presented by the Regius Professor of Law:—

“Dignissimi Domini; Dom. pro Chan. et tota Academia. Presento vobis hunc virum, quem scio tam moribus quam doctrina esse idoneum ad titulum asse- quendum Doctoris in jure designati; idque tibi fide mea praesto totique academieae.”

The University authorities claim that “Doctor in Jure” is equivalent to “Legum Doctor;” *i.e.* Doctor of

are all taken from dates previous to 1535. In 1488 Henry Rudd received the degree of LL.D., though he was only “a doctor of the canon law.” Edward Shouldham, “doctor of the civil law,” was honored with the same in 1501. John Cotworth in 1520 was “doctor of both laws” and LL.D. John Dakyn, who took a regular course of law and became an advocate, “proceeded,” as they say, from LL.B. in 1525 to LL.D. in 1529; Rev. Nicholas Carr, in 1518, received his degree “honoris causa,” as a sort of clerical dignity of preferment; John Taylor assumed the title as “doctor of decrees,” and it was confirmed to him as chaplain to Henry VIII., when in France in 1520. Christopher Urswyke, “an honest and wise priest,” was favored with the degree, and with vast preferment as well, by Henry VII. for his services to his mother, Margaret, Countess of Richmond, before and after his accession to the throne in 1485. Here are no less than seven instances of the bestowal of the degree of LL.D., and in each case its meaning is apparently different.

At Oxford, however, LL.D. never implied anything but “Doctor of both the Laws.” It is so written in English by Anthony à Wood (“a man to be depended on for accuracy,”—Carlyle) in his “Fasti Oxonienses” for the years 1540 and 1542, while in 1544 we find the words “Not one Doctor of the Civil Law, or LL.” This last degree, however, was very rarely voted. It was replaced by the form D. C. L., or Doctor of the Civil Law, and this has continued in use for its distinctive honorary degree ever since. There is no reason to infer that LL. ever signified the laws of Justinian.

DOCTOR IN UTROQUE JURE

Laws. The learned professor whom I have before quoted says that "Legum here means the laws of Justinian as opposed to the *decreta* and *decretales* of the Popes. 'Leges' is therefore equivalent to *Jus Civile*, or *Jus Romanorum*, and LL.D. is, in its proper signification, exactly equivalent to D.C.L. (Doctor of Civil Law)."

If this view be correct, how does the professor account for the various aspects of the LL.D. as revealed in my note? If that degree be the exact equivalent of D.C.L., how could it have been conferred in 1488 on Henry Rudd, who was simply "Doctor of the Canon Law," and on numerous others similarly situated? At Oxford as far back as 1449, B.C.L. and B. Can. L. were conferred on the same day.

The wise tell us that "jus" means law in general; i.e. the aggregate of all binding laws; while "lex" is merely a "species of the genus *jus*," one of the manifold forms in which "*jus*" makes itself felt by communities and nations. Hence a "Doctor in *Jure*" represents a teacher of the law in general, while "Legum Doctor" is a teacher of the various statutes that regulate the administration of justice and the well-being of a nation.

Thus the two terms can never be equivalent, though they may be made to appear so through a wilful perversion of the language. A "Doctor in *Jure*" might well be ignorant of the statutes of a nation, and a "Legum Doctor" might be quite unfit to teach the law as an abstraction.

The upshot of the whole matter is that Franklin's degree¹ was the same in form and substance as in the

¹ Several examples of the use of "in utroque jure," or "utriusque juris," are given in "Grace Book A, Containing the Proctor's Accounts and other records of the University of Cambridge for the years 1454-1488," Pub. 1897. On page 80, 1460-61, we read:

"Item concessa est gracia Magistro Willelmo pykynham Bacca-

HISTORIC SIDE-LIGHTS

days of the foundation of St. Andrews in 1413, and that it was what it purported to be. Moreover, the LL.D. was a proper synonym for *Juris Utriusque Doctor*, and he had a perfect right to use it. As for the similar degree of Cambridge, its original meaning had been so tampered with and transformed that it represented nothing in particular. This is doubtless the reason why it is now regarded as a lesser honor than the D. C. L. of Oxford, which, by the way, is the oldest of all the degrees, for it was conferred on Vacarius at Bologna about 1150 A.D. At least, so says Rashdall in his "Universities of Europe in the Middle Ages."¹

*lario utriusque iuris quod cum forma habita oxonie admittatur as
incipendum in iure civili vel canonico in hac vniuersitate.*"

"In like manner the privilege was granted to Master William Pykynham [Piknam or Pigenham] Bachelor of Laws [LL.B., of Oxford,] that he be permitted according to the customary form at Oxford to begin his studies in both the civil and the canon law in this university."

This privilege was continued in 1461, and his graduation, or "incorporation," was granted in 1465, when he took the customary degree of LL.D. As he began his studies in both laws at Oxford as LL.B. and continued them at Cambridge till he obtained the degree of LL.D., it seems pretty clear that LL.D. was understood to represent J. U.D., or *Juris Utriusque Doctor*.

¹ Professor Clarke, on page 71 of "Cambridge Legal Studies," says: "The first instance of the abbreviation or symbol LL.D. is on the tombstone of Thomas Eden, who was the Master of Trinity Hall from 1626 to 1645."

In addition to the numerous instances to be seen in the *Athenae Cantabrigienses* above quoted, the professor might have discovered over fifty others in Foster's *Alumni Oxonienses*, of which one-half at least date from the sixteenth century, and all signifying "Doctor of both Laws."

On page 72 *ibid.* we read "It [LL.D.] is regularly used by Dr. Richardson, Master of Emmanuel from 1736 to 1775, in his Register of Cambridge Degrees, preserved in the University Registry. There, the headings LL.B., etc., run from the top of the first whole column after 1535, instead of the previous *jus canonicum et jus civile*."

This last paragraph is of no special significance, as LL.D. was conferred by Cambridge as long ago as the fourteenth century, and the

JOHNSON'S DEGREE

Boswell, however, plainly thought LL.D. *per se* superior to any other, and in the rapacity of his devotion to Dr. Johnson, nothing could prevent him from embellishing his friend with that adornment, to which he had no claim from any point of view, as he had received only the usual Oxford D.C.L., though it certainly seemed inconsistent, to say the least, to appoint as a teacher of the Civil Law a man who was the most uncivil Caliban ever created, while denying the office of teacher of the Canon Law to one who worshipped every form of ecclesiastical supremacy, and whose bow to an archbishop was "such a studied elaboration of homage, such an extension of limb and such a flexion of body as have seldom or never been equalled."

The whole affair of Dr. Johnson's degree in 1775 was simply a political job, engineered by Lord North, and it would have been far more to the credit of the great moralist, now "the best-known dead man alive," if he had disdained it altogether, like Pope, who says in a letter to Warburton, "Call me any title you please but a Doctor of Oxford."

The LL.D. given by Harvard and by Yale is simply "Legum Doctor," and means nothing but the honor included in its presentation.

The only degree of J.U.D. now conferred comes from Heidelberg and from Palermo. The latter signifies little or nothing. The former is granted only to students in law after due examination, and ranks with

reason why Dr. Richardson entered the degree thus in his Register was simply from a wish not to change the customary form that had so long prevailed. Professor Clark does not say that the Registry itself dated back farther than Dr. Richardson's own day.

In the "Graduati Cantabrigienses," 1884, it is stated that Cambridge has always given its LL.D. since the year 1385, the first instance being that of Henricus Herewarden, the Chancellor for that year.



HISTORIC SIDE-LIGHTS

the LL.B. from the Law School of Harvard and other Universities.

The whole question, when narrowed down to a final and practical issue, rests on a purely fictitious basis. The degrees of D.C.L. and LL.D. are now but shadows of the past, and it is only as such that they bear even a relative value, or in fact any value at all. They are barren honors, representing the dry bones of what was once a living body with a genuine and active influence. Even the LL.D. that is granted at our own universities as the equivalent of Legum Doctor, or Teacher of Laws, is not given for proficiency in the study of any form of law. The whole matter is as much a bequest of antiquity as the mummy of a Pharaoh, that now, a black and shrunken distortion of dead tissue, confronts the present with irrelevant suggestion and serves merely to recall ages now past to which we have no resemblance either in thought, word, or deed.

There is much to be found on this subject in the fourteenth lecture of Dr. Stubbs, Bishop of Chester, in his work entitled "Seventeen Lectures on the Study of Mediæval and Modern History," though some of the author's conclusions seem hardly warranted by the facts he adduces.

Apropos of this subject, it may not be without interest to call attention to the fact that there is one solitary D.C.L. among the twenty-five thousand saints so carefully beaded off by the pious Guizot from the "Acta Sanctorum" of the Bollandist Fathers. He was not only a D.C.L., but a lawyer "in jure civile instructus," and the only lawyer among those numerous devotees of "the elect Lady" so fervently praised by Renan in his "Vie des Saints," — "that incomparable array of the heroes and heroines of a self-denying life.

SAINT YVO OF BRITTANY

Quelle air de haute distinction ! quelle noblesse ! quelle poésie !”

This was Saint Yvo, of Brittany, where saints ever were, and still are, as abundant as the seed of Abraham. Not less than seventy huge pages of the *Acta Sanctorum* with numerous notes, comments, and other addenda, were thought necessary to chronicle his miracles and his worthy deeds. He was evidently regarded as the Bayard of his profession, for he not only used to plead the cause of the poor, the widow and the orphan, “*pro Christi amore*,” without a fee, but the Fathers describe him as “of good disposition, of assiduous devotion, and of a pure and honorable life.” It was thus that he secured a distinction which had never before been awarded to any member of his profession except Saint Moses, the greatest of his predecessors; nor was it granted to any of his contemporaries in the other branch of his profession, though the canon lawyers, as we learn from Mr. Rashdall, were ambitious, conservative, and dominant to the last degree, and gradually “transformed the sacerdotal hierarchy into a hierarchy of lawyers.”

It is quite plain that Saint Yvo stood like a beacon of pure and holy light high above the others of his calling, and his beneficent career must have helped to conceal, and perhaps to cancel, a multitude of their sins, for on his fête-day, the 29th of May, we read that the grateful celebrants were wont to chant his praises thus:—

“*Advocatus et non latro,
Res miranda populo,*”—

“A lawyer and not a robber ; marvellous to the people.”¹

¹ How much nobler is the profession in our own age! As Sauer-teig says, “Who are lawyers? Servants of God, appointed revealers of the oracles of God, who read off to us from day to day what is the eternal commandment in reference to the mutual claims of His creatures in this world.” — *Latter-day Pamphlets*, No. 8.

PART III

Oxford in 1762.—Oxford Degrees.—Dr. Johnson at Oxford.—Lord North and Gibbon.—Records at Oxford.—Franklin's D. C. L.—His Treatment by the University Authorities.—Franklin's "Historical Review."—Style of the Work.—Presented by Franklin to Dr. Birch.—Gibbon and his Attitude toward Franklin.—His Capacity for Sitting.—Gibbon and the Colonists.—Franklin and Truth.—Adams and Franklin.—Untruthfulness as treated in the Old Testament.—Franklin's Liberality in Religious Matters.—Louisbourg taken by Prayer.—Franklin's Management of the Liquor Question.—Polly Baker.—The "Gentleman's Magazine" gives her a Warm Reception.—Spurious Letter of William Smith.—Polly Baker and the Abbé Raynal.—Search for the Birth-place of Polly.

IN 1762, when Franklin received his D.C.L., Oxford was at the very lowest abyss of its degradation,—a very sink of infidelity, corruption, anarchy, treason, ignorance, and wickedness, in which young men wallowed on their way to mental and physical ruin. There were but 780¹ undergraduates on the books of the twenty

¹ This statement is based on a careful and laborious examination of the lists in Foster's *Alumni Oxonienses*, from which it appears that 191 students matriculated in 1759; 191 in 1760; 208 in 1761; and 190 in 1762.

In 1762 Oxford had an average of about ten for each class in each college, while Harvard had 148 students, or 39 for each class. Each Oxford college was at least ten times richer than Harvard.

Pope in the "Dunciad" (Book 4, v. 115–118) decidedly underestimates the number of students at Oxford in his day; *i. e.* in 1743.

" But (happy for him as the times went then),
Appeared Apollo's May'r and Aldermen,
On whom three hundred gold-capt youths await
To lug the pond'rous volumes off in state." (See p. 83.)

Gibbon calls the months he spent at Oxford "the most idle and unprofitable of my whole life," and refers in no commendatory

OXFORD'S LICENTIOUSNESS

colleges, an average of only 39 each; and as these colleges were for the most part richly endowed, the few connected with them lived in boundless luxury, "steeped in ignorance and port," and, from the dons to the students, had no scruples in squandering their revenues in idleness and extravagance. The university had reached the very nadir of abysmal decadence, and was not merely a negative influence for good, but an active incentive to the bad. Living on its past reputation, "the inheritor of unfulfilled renown," one saw on every hand the signs of miserable decay and intellectual torpor. It was the nucleus of a wide-spreading, pernicious, and deadly blight, and as an educational medium was worse than useless. Instruction was a perfunctory farce, and the attention which should have been paid to Greek and Latin was lavished upon horses, dogs, gambling, and loose women, while wasteful topers fuddled their brains with long nocturnal revels. Books were not only neglected, but regarded as simply repulsive, and the ample, richly endowed halls of the Bodleian¹ were as empty and deserted as those of Karnak or of the Astor Library. Over the entrance to each college might well have been engraved in letters of lurid light that burning line from the Inferno, —

" Per me si va nel eterno dolore."

language to "the fellows, or monks of my time," and their "supine enjoyment of the gifts of the founder."

¹ As to the Bodleian, "Many days passed without there being a single reader there, and it was rare for more than two books to be consulted in a day." This is from a "History of Oxford," by Hon. G. C. Broderick, D. C. L., in 1880. The writer is professedly an apologist for the university, and seeks to extort the best case he can from a mass of invincible facts, but even he admits that it was "degenerate and far inferior to Cambridge," while it "produced few great scholars and fewer great teachers."

HISTORIC SIDE-LIGHTS

A degree from such a source was simply a brand from the devil's workshop, stamped red-hot into the deluded recipients, who had to pay handsomely for the (dis)honor. No wonder that neither Franklin nor Johnson ever took any pride in this dubious notoriety, but treated it with silent neglect.

In those days Oxford's D.C.L. was almost invariably voted for political or social reasons to persons who had a "pull" on the authorities, or from whom a *quid pro quo* could reasonably be expected. Rarely, if ever, was it bestowed for any form of intellectual achievement; never for scientific distinction, except in the case of Franklin, that which makes it all the more marvellous. Moreover, in spite of the wealth of the university, there was a decided flavor of pecuniary greed in the management of the affair, as a fee of ten guineas, ten omnipotent guineas, was demanded of every recipient, except in the very rare instances, as in that of Dr. Johnson, where the degree was granted "by diploma." This rather discreditable imposition was in decided contrast with the liberality of the sister university to Franklin. As Oxford distributed 813 D.C.L.'s during the eighteenth century, the income from this source amounted to quite a perceptible plum; especially in an age when money represented full ten times what it does now, and exposed it to the charge of "growing rich by degrees" with far more truth than St. Andrews, to which Dr. Johnson applied his well-known quip.¹

¹ In the course of the eighteenth century Oxford tendered its D.C.L. to 205 Members of Parliament solely because of their official position as Tories or Jacobites; or because some of them were the sons of noblemen. These figures are also carefully extracted from Foster's *Alumni Oxonienses*.

Mr. Cox says, in his interesting "Memoirs of Oxford" p. 156, "Mr. Canning's handsome features and fine head took rather a glum expression at having to fork out the sum of ten guineas," and adds,

OXFORD'S OMISSIONS

In the eighteenth century the degree that Oxford conferred upon Franklin was never conferred by her upon his friends, Hume, Adam Smith,¹ — “the greatest thinker that Scotland has produced,” — or Robertson; upon Chatham, Pitt, or Fox; upon Burke or Sheridan; upon Pope or Warburton;² upon Dryden, Gray, or Cowper; upon Addison or Steele; upon Gainsborough, Romney, or Flaxman; upon Hogarth or Constable; upon Goldsmith or Prior; upon Parr or Paley; upon Gibbon,³ Bentley, or Sir William Jones, — “one of the most enlightened of the sons of men;” upon Wilberforce or Howard; upon Herschel or Jenner; upon Watts or Arkwright; upon Roubiliac or Nollekens; upon Mansfield or Ellenborough; upon Thurlow or Erskine; upon Marlborough, the victor of Blenheim; upon Wolfe, the conqueror of Quebec; upon Lord Heathfield, the heroic defender of Gibraltar; upon Hastings or Cornwallis, those stars of India; upon Admiral Vernon, though he

“the recipients of the honor often made wry faces at being called upon to pay solid money.” *Cela va sans dire.*

¹ Smith was the chief rival of Gibbon in the domain of learning, and the masterpiece of each was first presented to the world in the same year, 1776, our own *annus mirabilis*. While the famous historian was chronicling the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire, a far greater one than that of the Caesars was rising and expanding under his very eyes, and yet he saw it not. “His eyes were open, but their sense was shut.”

² As to Pope and Warburton, the Oxford authorities builded worse than they knew, for they were subsequently pilloried by the former in the “Dunciad” as “Apollo’s Mayor and Aldermen,” as before stated, while the latter took occasion to style the university “a nursery of bigotry, intolerance, persecution, and disloyalty.” “And thus,” as Feste, the clown, said, “the whirligig of time brings in his revenges.”

³ “Edward Gibbon was once a member of Magdalen College, Oxford, to which he owed, as he says, no obligation; but which herself shamefully and wantonly neglected the greatest literary genius who ever graced her registers.” — FREDERIC HARRISON, at the Gibbon Centenary, 1894.

HISTORIC SIDE-LIGHTS

saved untold millions to his country by the invention of grog; upon Rodney,¹ who was hardly surpassed by Nelson in bravery, decision, and confident boldness, and was his superior in practical skill; upon Howe, Duncan, Collingwood, Keppel, or Anson; or upon any of those ocean monarchs who in their prime spread the fame of England and extended her empire wherever a breeze could unfurl her flag or a billow bear her battle-ships.

So far as these illustrious names are concerned,—names

“Whose transmitted affluence cannot die,
So long as fire outlives the parent spark,”—

the annals of Oxford are a blank; and the possessors of these names, and a thousand others who fought and bled, or even died, that their country and Oxford itself could live, might have been sunk “deeper than ever plummet sounded” for all the interest that was felt by an institution whose proudest ambition should have been to identify herself with their renown and to seek to grow all the greater by the invigoration of their example.²

How much nobler and more creditable has always been the policy of the University of Edinburgh in the bestowal of its honors! In the University Calendar for

¹ “Wo also for *vile de Paris*, the Leviathan of ships! English Rodney has clutched it, and led it home, with the rest; so successful was his new manœuvre of breaking the enemy’s line.” — CARLYLE, *French Revolution*, Book II., chap. v.

² There was one exception to this wholesale repudiation of all the sources of England’s greatness. The authorities of Oxford did contrive to offer their D.C.L. to Clive, professedly on the ground that he was a “heaven-born general,” though the Lord only knows how they could have found that out. It was really done, however, because he was a nabob of boundless wealth and a Tory of high degree, who had just made his way into Parliament at an expense of £10,000 — and whose vote was consequently well worth securing.

THE UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURGH

1880, p. 146, one reads: "The Degree of Doctor of Laws is conferred honoris causa tantum." It was first granted in 1695. Previously to 1751, it had been conferred on only seven persons. Since then about one hundred and thirty names, including some of the most distinguished in Europe, have been added to the Register of Doctors of Law in the University.

Contrast these with the thousands of unseemly and unworthy degrees tendered by Oxford to empty-headed German princelings, to venial M.P.'s, to royal sycophants, and to every other embodiment of ignorance, imbecility, vice, and shameful pretension.¹ From 1695 to 1751 the University of Edinburgh had given only seven degrees, while Oxford had issued during that period nearly 400. Up to the year 1880, Edinburgh had given only 130, and these worthily, while Oxford had conferred over 1200, the majority of her honors having been wasted on ignoble persons and for ignoble

¹ Churchill in "The Ghost" flings a bitter sarcasm at the Oxford degrees,

"which Balaam's ass,
As well as Balaam's self might pass,
And with his master take degrees,
Could he contrive to pay the fees." — Book 4, v. 103.

The ignorance of some of the "candidates for honors," so called, seems incredible, as it is still revealed by scores of pages of torn and mildewed records. Even those in divinity seem to have been no more intelligent than the rest.

"*Examiner.* 'Thou art the man.' By whom was this said and under what circumstances ?

"*Ans.* By Christ to the woman of Samaria.

"*Examiner.* Are you familiar with the French language?

"*Ans.* To a certain extent.

"*Examiner.* What is the meaning of 'Les deux Marie' ?

"*Ans.* The two husbands.

"*Examiner.* Who do you conclude they were?

"*Ans.* Joseph and the Holy Ghost."

These two random examples out of many will suffice to show the stuff of which the clergy were made in the eighteenth century.

HISTORIC SIDE-LIGHTS

objects. Since the beginning of the present century, however, there has been a great change in this respect, and Oxford at her annual Commemorations gradually came to dignify herself and glorify England by appearing as the central sun of a constellation of brilliant and illustrious stars.

Mark Pattison, in his "Memoirs," says that Newman told him that this period "was about the worst time in the University. A head of Oriel was then continually obliged to be assisted to bed by his butler. 'Gaudies' were a scene of wild license. The object of men seems to have been to get over time. At Christ Church they dined at 8 and sat regularly till chapel at 9." At that hour it would seem that their devotions must have been singularly unacceptable to any deity but Bacchus or Circe. Said Johnson to Boswell, "Sir, it is a great thing to dine with the canons," and so it must have been.¹

Mr. J. R. Thorold Rogers, in his edition of "The Wealth of Nations," vol. ii. p. 846, when referring to Adam Smith's residence at Oxford from 1740 to 1746, says, "The condition of Oxford during those six years in which Adam Smith resided at Balliol College was lower than at any period of its history. . . . The University swarmed with profligates, was a nest of noisy Jacobites, and was at the meanest literary ebb." In his *magnum opus*, Smith himself devotes a chapter — the result of his own observation and experience — to the mismanagement and corruption of the great University.

¹ Oddly enough, these canonical dinners, according to Colonel Higginson, seem to have been duplicated at the White House during the administration of Jefferson, for he was often wont to eat, drink, and carouse from four P. M. till midnight with his conglomeration of political adherents, who probably thought it a great thing to dine with the President, and so it was.

THE IDLER AT OXFORD

This may have had something to do with the neglect of its officers to vote him a degree. In Dr. Johnson's high-toned, moral magazine, "The Idler," appeared, on Dec. 2, 1758, a paper purporting to be "The Journal of a Senior Fellow" of Cambridge. It was published anonymously, though it really came from the pen of Thomas Warton, at that time a Fellow of Trinity College, Oxford, and must have been the result of his own experiences and observations there, which he naturally did not like to chronicle as coming from Oxford, since the writer would have been recognized. A few samples of the life of a Fellow as thus portrayed are here given.

"Monday, 11 o'clock, A.M. To remove the five-year old port into the new bin on the left hand. . . .

"7 P.M. Made a tiff of warm punch and to bed at 9. . . .

"Tuesday, 9 A.M. Rose squeamish. . . .

"10 A.M. Ordered my horse and rode to the five-mile stone on the Newmarket road. Appetite gets better. . . .

"12. Drest. Bespoke a new wig. . . .

"1. At dinner in the hall. Too much water in the soup. Dr. Dry orders the beef to be salted too much for me. . . .

"2 P.M. In the common-room, Dr. Dry gave us an instance of a gentleman who kept the gout of his stomach by drinking old Madeira. . . . Dr. Dry and myself played at backgammon for a brace of snipes. Won. . . .

"5 P.M. At the coffee-house.

"7. Supped on the snipes with Dr. Dry. . . .

"8. Dr. Dry told several stories. Were very merry. Our new fellow pretends he will bring the youngest Miss — to drink tea with me soon. . . .

"12. Cook made us wait 36 minutes beyond time." . . .

These will suffice to give an inkling as to the tone of the essay and of the life at Oxford. In view of this

HISTORIC SIDE-LIGHTS

prelude the reader is somewhat startled by the conclusion, which states, apparently with all sobriety, that "our colleges are superior to all other places of education. Their instructions, although somewhat fallen from their primeval simplicity, are such as influence in a particular manner the moral conduct of their youth; and in this general depravity of manners and laxity of principles, pure religion is nowhere more strongly inculcated. . . . English universities render their students virtuous, at least by excluding all opportunities of vice, and, by teaching them the principles of the Church of England, confirm them in those of Christianity."

The above article must have been published by Dr. Johnson in his magazine from pure friendship for the writer, and he doubtless added the remarkable and contradictory conclusion from loyalty to his Alma Mater. His devotion to her was unswerving and could stand any number of obtrusive and vexatious facts without wincing or blushing. In truth, if you come to that, all the graduates of Oxford were tarred with the same brush and would say or do anything in her behalf. Dr. Johnson, in his heart of hearts, was really proud of his enormous capacity for the pleasures of the table, and, like Lord Stowell, the only exercise he ever took was eating and drinking. Both of them could drink any *given* quantity of wine, though they seldom gave it to others. In the doctor's "Prayers and Meditations" we notice: "1782, March 17, Sunday, I read a Greek chapter, prayed with Francis [his valet], and explained to him the Lord's Prayer. I made punch for myself and my servants, by which, in the night, I thought both my heart and imagination disordered."

The great moralist was ever proud of his achievements at Oxford in this line, and the *genius loci* appears to have pervaded his spirit to the last. In 1788 he said

JOHNSON AND VESTRIS

to Boswell: "I have drunk three bottles of port at Oxford without being the worse for it. University College has witnessed this." He always regretted that he had not learned to play cards when under the charge of his Alma Mater. When the sage had reached his seventy-third year, the great Vestris, "*le dieu de la danse*," made his advent in London. Society was agitated to its remotest bounds. Parliament adjourned to see his graceful and agile pirouetting, and the general furore developed into a maelstrom.

"Vestris to see, King, Lords, and Commons run,
Glad to forget that Britain is undone.
The Jesuit Shelburne, the apostate Fox,
And Bulls and Bears together in a box."

One of the papers started a report that Dr. Johnson was to take lessons of this vaulting, whirling, and passionate dervish. Lord Charlemont asked the doctor if this were true. "Why should not Dr. Johnson add to his powers a little corporal agility?" was the reply. "Socrates learnt to dance at an advanced age, and Cato learnt Greek."

In this remark he only showed his consistency with his views of some years before, when he declared that "every man of any education would rather be called a rascal than accused of deficiency in the graces."

The author of "*Rasselas*" went even farther than this and once began to say, "If I kept a seraglio." The flippant Boswell laughed aloud, at which the angry sage turned upon him and tossed and gored him. Thus his views on the subject were forever lost to the world, for his plan had doubtless been well thought out from a broad ethical and philosophical standpoint; and the rude merriment of his disciple prevented us from knowing how the greatest moralist of his age would have so conscientiously planned a harem that there should be no

HISTORIC SIDE-LIGHTS

tinge of impropriety or any encroachment upon the most sensitive and fastidious *convenances*.

At his installation as Chancellor of Oxford in 1773, Lord North distributed no less than fifty-four D.C.L.'s among his tools and supporters, chiefly as rewards for political jobs, ranging through various degrees of dirt and venality. One of these was Thrale, the brewer, and M.P. for Southwark, whose letters and addresses to his constituents were written by his friend, Dr. Johnson, since he was not capable of composing them himself. As he was a bigoted, thick-and-thin, abject Tory, and as the profits of his brewery were at least £15,000 per annum in addition to the £20,000 in excise duties that he paid to the government, he was naturally to be conciliated as one of the elect. In those days all preferment or consideration was on a political basis.

"Votes, votes, votes, the whole government was a machine on wheels and votes were the cogs." When the father of Lord Clive appeared at a royal levee, George III. asked him where his son was. "He will be in town very soon," was the reply, "and then your Majesty will have another vote." As Hume wrote in 1765, "If a man have the misfortune in London to attach himself to letters, even if he succeeds, I know not with whom he is to live, nor how he is to pass his time in a suitable society. The little company there that is worth conversing with are cold and unsociable, or are warmed only by faction and cabal; so that a man who plays no part in public affairs becomes altogether insignificant, and if he is not rich, he becomes even contemptible."

Gibbon writes to his step-mother, Feb. 12, 1763: "Indeed, madam, we may say what we please of the frivolity of the French, but I do assure you that in a fortnight past at Paris I have heard more conversation

LONDON LORDS AND LADIES

worth remembering and seen more men of letters among the people of fashion, than I had done in two or three winters in London."

Mrs. Montagu, "queen of the blue-stockings," and also soaring seraphic among the shining splendors of the *haute volée*, says in a letter to her sister, Mrs. Robinson, dated Dec. 29, 1779, "Our town amours present us with everything that is horrible. Women without religion or virtue, and men void even of a sense of honor. Never till now did we hear of three divorces going forward in one session, in which ladies of the most illustrious rank and families in Great Britain are concerned."

This state of affairs was partly — even largely — due to the large number of new and insignificant peers appointed by George III. for political purposes. His whole career was "a reign of expedients," and he was obliged to resort to every subterfuge in order to keep his throne. Lady Townshend, a great social leader, and prone to entertain the lions of the day, writes in 1762: "You find few commoners in England. We make nobility as fast as people make kings and queens on Twelfth Night, and almost as many. I dare not spit out of the window for fear of spitting on a lord." No wonder that under these circumstances Franklin found himself far more at home in Edinburgh. As Gibbon wrote to Robertson in 1779: "I have often considered with some sort of envy the valuable society which you possess in so narrow a compass."

Dr. Johnson did not get *his* degree till 1775, when it was conferred in company with divers horsey M. P.'s and country squires who could not make out the meaning of their diplomas, nor, indeed, spell or write their own vernacular correctly. It was bestowed upon the great moralist for his "efforts in the cause of religion and

HISTORIC SIDE-LIGHTS

morality," and coming as it did from such a hot-bed of vice and every form of evil-doing, one can hardly see how the force of sarcasm could farther go.

Johnson's gratitude to Lord North for his degree seems to have been in proportion to the value he set upon it. When the chief and his cabinet came to grief in 1782, he wrote in his diary: "January 20. The Ministry is dissolved. I prayed with Francis and gave thanks." A few days after this he said: "I am glad the Ministry is removed. Such a bunch of imbecility never disgraced a country."

Why the University of Oxford conferred its degree of D.C.L. upon Franklin will ever remain a mystery; and all the more that he never mentioned it to any one, so far as is known, nor did he once make use of it. There seems to have been absolutely no reason whatever for the granting of the distinction, such as it was, while there were many for its refusal. Every aspect of public affairs in England was dead against it, and it certainly could not have been the result of pressure, royal or political, from above, for his attitude was far from popular in those directions, and he was not a favorite with King, Lords, or Commons.

It was for centuries the invariable custom to submit the name of any candidate for an honorary degree at Oxford to the Hebdomadal Board, which was composed of the Vice-Chancellor, or his deputy, the two Proctors, and the Heads of all Colleges and Halls. This was abolished in 1855 for an elective body called the Hebdomadal Council, somewhat differently constituted. ("Orationes Creweianae," by Ricardo Mitchell, 1884; pages 60 and 98.)

As might have been expected, the records of Oxford during the eighteenth century were managed, like everything else, with an utter lack of system and in a

OXFORD AND ELECTRICITY

slovenly, defective, perfunctory way that left many a vacancy. As to any possible minutes of the Hebdomadal Board, I am informed by Mr. T. Vere Bayne,¹ Keeper of the Archives, that there are none previous to 1788, nor is there any proof that such records were ever kept. Hence there is nothing now left in writing to reveal the motives that led the authorities to vote the degree, but it is probable that the popular impression was voiced in the following extract from Jackson's "Oxford Journal,"

A. D. 1762:—

"Oxford, May 1. Yesterday Benjamin Franklin, Esq., Of Pennsylvania, eminent for his many extraordinary discoveries in Electricity, was presented by this University to the honorary degree of Doctor of Civil Law.

"At the same time his son, who has also distinguished himself in the same branch of natural knowledge, was presented to the honorary degree of Master of Arts."²

This announcement was printed, with three or four verbal changes for the worse, in the "New York Mercury" for July 12, 1762, which was, apparently, the first date of its publication in America.

As the Oxford professors apparently knew about as

¹ Mr. Bayne writes, "The minutes of the Hebdomadal Board do not exist before 1788. At the beginning of the Volume in my charge is written by one of my predecessors, 'This is the first Record of the acts of the Hebdomadal Board.' "

² In Parton's "Life of Franklin," vol. i. p. 430, the following paragraph appears.

"Oxford paid him a parting compliment. According to the records of that university, it was agreed, *nem. con.* (February 22, 1762), at a meeting of the Heads of the Houses, that Mr. Franklin, whenever he shall please to visit the university, shall be offered the compliment of the degree of D. C. L., *Honoris Causa.*"

From the above testimony of Mr. Bayne, it seems pretty obvious that Mr. Parton's description of the "parting compliment" is purely fictitious and must have been "evolved from his own consciousness," like the German savant's account of the camel.

HISTORIC SIDE-LIGHTS

much concerning electricity as they did in regard to religion and morals, and felt an equal interest in each, Franklin's degree was obviously as much of a farce as Dr. Johnson's.

There is no reference in the diploma, as will hereafter be seen, to any electrical or other scientific or literary achievements of the beneficiary; on the contrary, so far as cited, the reasons for conferring the honor are chiefly or entirely political.

Though there are no records of the Hebdomadal Board available, the "Acta Convocationis," or Acts of Convocation, are for the most part relatively available, and in the volume labelled "1757-1766" a minute relation in Latin is given of the ceremonies attending the reception of Franklin and his son and the conferring of their respective degrees. I am able to state with authority that the following extracts contain everything that is now anywhere to be found on the records of Oxford in regard to Franklin's degree:—

"Convoc. Die ven. Viz. Tricesimo die mensis Aprilis April 30, 1762, anno Dom. 1762. Causa Convocationis erat ut ornatissimus vir Benjaminus Franklin, armiger, Provinciae Pennsylvaniae Deputatus ad Curiam serenissimi Regis Legatus, Tabellariorum per Americanam Septentrionalem Praefectus generalis, et veredariorum totius Novae Angliae Praefectus Generalis, necnon Regiae Societatis Socius (si ita venerabili coetui placeret), ad Gradum Doctoris in Jure Civili, et Gulielmus Franklin armiger Juris municipalis consultus ad Gradum magistri in artibus admitterentur, necnon ut literae ab Honoratissimo Cancellario ad Senatum datae legerentur et ut alia negotia academica peragerentur.

"Causâ convocationis sic indictâ proponente sigillatim Domino Vice Cancellario placuit venerabili coetui ut praedictus ornatissimus vir Benjaminus Franklin armiger ad

THE CONVOCATION

Gradum Doctoris in Jure Civili et ornatissimus vir Gulielmus Franklin armiger ad gradum magistri in artibus admitterentur.

“Spectatissimum virum Benjaminum Franklin armigerum, praeeuntibus Bedellis, in domum convocationis ingressum dextraque prehensum, Dñs Gulielmus Seward, Collegii Divi Joannis Baptistae Socius, sub eleganti orationis Formula Dño Vice Cancellario et Procurationibus praesentabat ut ad Gradum Doctoris in Jure Civili Honoris Causā admitteretur. Quemque hoc modo praesentatum Dñs Vice Cancellarius sua et totius universitatis autoritate ad dictum Gradum Honoris Causa solemniter admisit.

“Ornatissimum juvenum Gulielmum Franklin armigerum a Thomae Nowell, M. A. Collegii Orielensis socio et publico oratore, similiter praesentatum, Dñs Vice Cancellarius ad Gradum Magistri in Artibus similiter admisit.”

The cause of the Convocation held on Friday, April 30, 1762, was that the most distinguished man, Benjamin Franklin, Esquire, Legate of the Province of Pennsylvania to the Court of the Most Serene King, Deputy Postmaster-General for North America and of the postal service for all New England, Fellow of the Royal Society, should (if it so please the worshipful assembly) be admitted to the degree of Doctor in Civil Law, and that William Franklin, learned in municipal law, should be admitted to the degree of Master in Arts; also, that letters from the most Honorable Chancellor to the Senate should be read, and other academical business be transacted.

The cause of the Convocation having been announced and the name of each having been separately declared by the Lord Vice-Chancellor, it pleased the worshipful assembly that the aforesaid most distinguished man, Benjamin Franklin, Esq., should be admitted to the degree of Doctor in Civil Law, and that the most dis-

HISTORIC SIDE-LIGHTS

tinguished man, William Franklin, should be admitted to the degree of Master in Arts.

The most eminent man, Benjamin Franklin, Esq., preceded by the beadle, having entered the hall of the Convocation and been taken by the right hand, was presented by Dominus¹ William Seward, Fellow of the College of the Divine John the Baptist, after the delivery of an elegantly turned speech, to the Lord Vice-Chancellor and to the Heads of Colleges, that he might be admitted to the degree in Civil Law Honoris Causâ. Whom, thus presented, the Lord Vice-Chancellor, by his own authority and that of the whole university, admitted to said degree Honoris Causâ.

The most distinguished of young men, William Franklin, Esq., having been presented in a similar manner by Thomas Nowell, M. A., Fellow of Oriel College and Public Orator, was admitted by the Lord Vice-Chancellor in a similar manner to the degree of Master in Arts.

During the first half of the eighteenth century, and for some years later, the degrees granted by Oxford were not conferred at the annual Commemoration, but at certain Convocations, so called, which were held at stated periods for that purpose by the heads of the various houses. In the year 1762, the archives of the University, copies of which I have in my possession, show that

¹ This word, with which the archives of many, if not all, institutions of great antiquity are profusely freckled, is hardly translatable here. It seems to have been largely employed for decorative purposes where no other embellishment was exactly appropriate, as Esquire is now. Du Cange gives no less than thirty-one definitions of "Dominus," from the title of God and the various saints down to "Dominus vini," or Lord of the wine, that very important officer in every monastery and very essential to its success. While perusing ancient records, one is often reminded of the Scripture verse: "And the lords of the Philistines passed on by hundreds and by thousands."

VARIOUS HONORS

nine persons received the degree of D.C.L., all "honoris causa." These were the Rev. Richard Burne on the 22d of March; Benjamin Heath, town-clerk of Exeter, on the 31st; and Benjamin Franklin on the 30th of April; Alexander Thistlethwaite on the 13th of September; Ernest Gottlieb Albert, Duke of Mecklenburg, and two Barons Dewitz, of his suite, on the 27th of September; and Sir Fletcher Norton, Solicitor-General, on the 20th of October.

In addition to these, on the same 27th of September, it was voted that a degree "per diploma" should be sent to the Earl of Litchfield, "Honaratissimus Dominus Dominus," conferring upon him the degree of D.C.L. and also informing him of his election as Chancellor. The two last named were men of talent and distinction and well deserved the honors they received, but the Germans had little claim besides their rank, while Messrs. Burne and Thistlethwaite enjoyed neither eminence nor ability, and no more merited their degrees than thousands of others of similar mediocrity. The former was simply Vicar of Orton and the latter M.P. for Hants.

All the candidates, with the exception of Franklin and his son, were duly presented to the Vice-Chancellor and the Heads of the Colleges, with the customary honors, by Thomas Bever, D.C.L., "omnium animorum socius," or Fellow of All Souls, who seems to have been peculiarly fitted for this office, as he was often assigned to it. He was a gentleman of rare cultivation, taste, and learning; a lecturer on jurisprudence, Chancellor of Lincoln and Bangor, and devoted to music and the fine arts. Oddly enough, but doubtless not without a motive, the escort deputed to attend upon Franklin in his gown of pink and scarlet, had far less claim to consideration. He was merely Rev. William Seward, vicar

HISTORIC SIDE-LIGHTS

of Charlbury, one of the Oxford livings, and though a D.C.L. of 1753 and labelled "Dominus" on the archives, he appears to have been only that and nothing more. The greatest honor of all in this connection was paid to William Franklin, who was attended by the Rev. Thomas Nowell, M.A., who happened to be of the same age as himself, and was one of the chief dignitaries of the University. He was Secretary to the Chancellor, Treasurer and Dean of Oriel College, Principal of St. Mary's Hall, and for the last thirty years of his life Regius Professor of Modern History. He was also Public Orator from 1760 to 1776, an office of peculiar dignity and importance.¹

As all ceremonies of that nature are planned with a nice observance of precedent and an intention to "render to all their dues . . . honour to whom honour," it is very plain that in this instance the Oxford dons did not

¹ "The Public Orators have always been chosen by the whole electoral body of the University in convocation, and on several occasions the contest has been very animated. The duty of the Orators, as now settled by statute and by long usage, is to represent the University on state occasions, when an address is made by way of speech to a royal, or other distinguished person. . . . Secondly, he is required to write and submit to the Vice-Chancellor all letters formally written in the name of the University. Thirdly, he delivers, alternately with the Professor of Poetry, the Creweian Oration. Fourthly, he is, *ex officio*, one of the persons to adjudge the Newdigate and several other prizes for composition. And, fifthly, he presents for their honorary degree those persons upon whom the University confers this honour." — Page 106 of "Orationes Creweianae, a Ricardo Michell, S. T. P." 1884.

From this it is very obvious that the Public Orator must always have been possessed of rare scholarly attainments, gentlemanly bearing, an eloquent pen, and various other claims to distinction, and it is also obvious that the Oxford authorities in requesting the Public Orator to wait upon William Franklin instead of upon his father, chose to administer to the latter a very decided and expressive indignity, and would not even allow him the secondary honor of being escorted to the august presence of the Vice-Chancellor by Thomas Bever, D.C.L.

FRANKLIN'S STATUS

propose to do any more honor to Franklin than they were obliged to, and that the extraordinary reversal of the natural and proper claims of father and son was not the result of accident, but was undoubtedly arranged beforehand with malice prepense,—conduct all the more emphasized by the fact that William Franklin was really only his father's appendix and was generally supposed to have been awarded his degree of M.A. merely from regard to him.

These facts also must have had their share in Franklin's subsequent attitude towards his Oxford degree and that silent disdain of which I have before spoken.¹

The mutual interest and respect of the liberal and learned Franklin and the Fellow of the Divine St. John the Baptist, who presented him to the Vice-Chancellor and his associates, must have been as scanty as the sympathies of William Franklin and his voucher were abundant. No record can be found of the "elegans oratio" in which Franklin's peculiar claims to distinction were set forth, but it is safe to infer that it was very short, very heavy, and composed chiefly of perfunctory and non-committal generalities. The College of St. John's was at that date the centre of political discontent and was thoroughly saturated with the abject loyalty of centuries of royal servitude and Jacobite

¹ In the Public Library of Boston is a copy of Franklin's "Political, Miscellaneous, and Philosophical Pieces," published in 1779, under the editorship of his intimate friend, Benjamin Vaughan. It has Franklin's autograph and evidently once belonged to him. This is said to have been the only collection of his works that he helped to prepare or in which he took a personal interest. On the titlepage Franklin's name as the author is followed by the usual "LL.D. and F.R.S." and also by a list of his offices, the various societies of which he was a member, and other details. There is no sign of his degree of D.C.L., and under the peculiar circumstances there is every reason to infer that it was omitted intentionally and at Franklin's request.

HISTORIC SIDE-LIGHTS

toryism, and the Rev. William Seward was a typical representative thereof.

In August, 1762, about four months and a half after Franklin had been at Oxford for the purpose of receiving his degree, he acknowledged the courtesy, as he had done in the case of his St. Andrews degree, by sending to the Bodleian Library a book entitled "An Historical Review of the Constitution and Government of Pennsylvania, London, 1759." Whatever may have been its original state, this volume is now handsomely bound in gilt-tooled blue morocco, with these words written by John Price, the sub-librarian, on a fly-leaf: "Rec'd Aug^t. 9th, 1762, and entered." The fact of the presentation is confirmed by this extract from "Register C.": "Donations to the Library in the year ending 8 Nov. 1762.¹

"An Historical Review of y^e Governm^t, &c. of Pennsylvania by Mr. Francklin, F.R.S., now LL.D., from y^e Author."

¹ In 1762, the Bodleian Library did not own a copy of any work that had been written by Franklin, nor did it obtain one, except that which he presented, till 1770, when it was enriched by a legacy from Rev. Charles Godwyn. Among the pamphlets thus bequeathed were two copies of "The Interest of Great Britain considered," one of the edition of 1760, and the other of that of 1761. These were promptly entombed with the rest of the legacy and so remained, uncatalogued and unknown, till the year 1810. The Principal Librarian at that time was Rev. Humphrey Owen, who was incompetent and negligent. Being a pluralist with various parishes to look after, he left the library in charge of John Price, aforesaid, who ran it pretty much as he pleased and succeeded in running it into the ground. It is thus apparent that if it had not been for Franklin's gift he would not have been represented on the shelves of the Bodleian during his lifetime.

In 1760, the number of volumes in the Bodleian was about 60,000, which though seemingly small, actually gave to it an exalted rank at a period when libraries were few, and such as there were had far less ample resources than now. At present, the Bodleian has on its shelves over half a million of printed books alone.

"AN HISTORICAL REVIEW"

The book contains no contemporary writing by Franklin, or by any other person, tending to show that he gave it or was the author thereof, but the words "from y^e Author," above quoted, form another strong link in the chain of evidence tending to prove conclusively that he was its writer, notwithstanding his peremptory denial in the well-known letter to Hume, dated Sept. 27, 1760.¹

That Franklin was the author and the writer of this work, no one who is at all familiar with its contents can for a moment doubt.² Every feature points to him as its source. The clear and incisive style; the marvellous command of facts and the perfect grasp of the whole subject in all its details; the eloquent and vigorous presentment of the argument, "full of force urged home;" the shrewd and sagacious insight into the future; the keen exposure of the arbitrary and senseless conduct of the Proprietaries ever since the rule of Penn himself; the numerous maxims of political wisdom, nuggets of condensed experience, that were the harvest of many years of observation and could have flowed from no other pen, — these are all the very ear-marks of Franklin's issue and the lineaments of his literary offspring wherever they appeared, even though

¹ "Hume was vain, a moral coward, and indifferent to strict truth." So says Dr. G. B. Hill in his edition of Hume's Letters to Strahan. Possibly a sense of this feature in his character may have tended to make Franklin less careful about telling a falsehood himself, when writing to Hume.

² The "Historical Review" must have crossed the Atlantic very soon after its publication in April, as it was already advertised in the "Boston Gazette and County Journal," for Sept. 22, 1760, Mecom having got out a reprint of it. "(Price 8 f. L. M.) [Ascrib'd to Mr. F.]" This was very enterprising indeed for that period, and Mecom would never have involved himself to such an extent if he had not received a copy from his uncle with an intimation as to its authorship.

HISTORIC SIDE-LIGHTS

he might deny their paternity. And last, but by no means least, one may well refer to the homely and effective illustrations which he so often used to wing his thoughts and quicken them with a vigorous life, — the Scriptural allusions to Moses and his career, so often employed by him for the peculiar edification of his readers; to the barren fig-tree; to the Pharisees and many other well-known examples, — who else was likely to fortify his argument with such aids as these, or by citing “the flock in the fable who took the wolf for their shepherd,” of “Mors in olla, or death in the pot,” or “Change of devils is blithesome”? No one, most assuredly, but Franklin, whose active brain was ever secreting thought, as the stomach secretes chyle.¹

What could be more distinctly Franklinesque than the three following extracts?

PAGE 5. “Courage, wisdom, integrity, and honor are not to be measured by the sphere assigned to them to act in, but by the trials they undergo and the vouchers they furnish; and if so manifested, need neither robes nor titles to set them off,” — a sentiment worthy not only of Franklin, but of every man who had the good of his race at heart, from Marcus Aurelius to Emerson.

P. 32. “Men who want a present convenience must not be over-solicitous about future contingencies; and in general we choose to be blind to such obstacles as we fear we have not strength enough to remove: — He that is too much a huckster, often loses a bargain; as he that is too little so, often purchases a lawsuit.”

¹ Franklin and Johnson seem to have been of one mind in regard to the use of their names on the titlepage of their works, for the latter almost invariably brought out his anonymously, such as “Rasselas,” “London,” the “Rambler,” and others, including his political pamphlets. And so did Job, Ezekiel, Jeremiah, and the great majority of the other writers in the Old Testament.

THE WORD “PUBLISHER”

P. 378. “Fatally verified, however, we see both there and everywhere else, the fable of the Ax, which, having been gratified with as much wood only as would serve for a handle, became immediately the instrument to hew down the Forest, root and branch, from whence it was taken.”

Without adducing farther testimony here, I simply quote a passage from Franklin’s Autobiography, written at Passy, in 1784, which seems to go far towards settling this question conclusively, and all the more that the word “publish” then had a wider meaning than now and was often employed to indicate both writing and bringing out a work: —

“After he [Gov. Denny] came to do business with the Assembly, the disputes were renewed and I was as active as ever in the opposition, being the penman, first of the request to have a communication of the instructions, and then of the remarks upon them, which may be found in the votes of the time and in the ‘Historical Review,’ I afterwards published.”

This apparently amounts to a surrender of the whole point under discussion, for it admits Franklin’s connection with the work, and, as he was not certainly the publisher in a mercantile sense, he must have been the author.

In regard to the meaning of the word “publisher” at that time, I am informed by Mr. Henry Bradley, of the “New English Dictionary,” that “in the eighteenth century it was already common to use ‘publish’ in a sense implying authorship,—‘the books published by eminent scholars,’ and so forth. I think that the most natural interpretation of Franklin’s statement for readers of his own time, as for those of to-day, would be that it was an acknowledgment of the authorship. . . . I should be inclined to think that he really meant to acknowledge the authorship, as he does not mention any one else as

HISTORIC SIDE-LIGHTS

the actual writer, or say that the book was not written by himself.”¹

I give herewith a curious and interesting incident connected with the work just above described and which tends still farther to reveal its paternity. In the Library of the British Museum is a copy thereof with these words, all unmistakably in the hand of Dr. Thomas Birch,² on a fly-leaf: “Tho. Birch, 16 April, 1762. Donum Benj. Franklin.” I have also found among the “Sloane MSS.” in the Museum, “4307 f. 176.,” a letter relating to the above book and in Franklin’s handwriting, with the solitary exception of “April 16, 1762,” by Dr. Birch.

“Mr. Franklin’s compliments to Dr. Birch and returns Mr. Delaval’s and Mr. Canton’s papers. Mr. F. thought he had prevailed with each of those Gentlemen to omit or change some Expressions that might tend to occasion a Dispute, but on further Discourse finds that neither of

¹ An interesting example of the early use of the word “publish” appears in Winthrop’s “History of New England” at the time of the final climax of “the sow business” in 1648. This extremely protracted, complicated, and generally demoralizing affair agitated the whole colony for seven years, and threatened the very existence of the body politic. “It was the magistrates’ only care,” says the historian, “to gain time, that so the people’s heat might be abated, for then they knew they would hear reason, and that the advice of the elders might be interposed; and that there might be liberty to reply to the answer, which was very long and tedious, which was accordingly done after the court and published to good satisfaction.” In a note to this passage the editor, Mr. James Savage, says, “Publishing does not mean printing. The tract, written for circulation by Winthrop, is in our Historical Society’s Library and contains sixteen pages.” In this case Winthrop evidently thought writing the equivalent of publishing, and that the two necessarily went together.

² “Dr. Birch is one to whom British history stands more indebted than to any superior author. He has enriched the British Museum by thousands of the most authentic documents of genuine secret history.” — DISRAELI: *Curiosities of Literature*.

FRANKLIN AND DR. BIRCH

them cordially approves the Alterations propos'd, tho' they might consent to them at the instance of their Friends; so the Papers are return'd unaltered and Mr. F. begs pardon of Dr. Birch for the trouble his officiousness has given him; and suggests his acceptance of a Book herewith sent him.

"The Paquet was brought by a Friend of Mr. F.'s from France.

"Craven St. Friday morning."

The testimony of the similarity of date, in the letter and in the book, of the entries by Dr. Birch amounts to conclusive proof that the work was the "Historical Review."

After Dr. Birch's death this work passed, with all his other books and manuscripts, into the possession of the British Museum. Though Franklin in his note omits to acknowledge himself as its author, he certainly does not attribute it to any one else, as he would have done very naturally if he had not written it himself. Truth was not a chronic complaint with him, and he never committed himself unnecessarily in any direction.

From the facts above stated, the reader will perceive that Franklin, with his usual sense of equity and of the fitness of things, contrived to do equal justice to both England and Scotland. Like the provident John Gilpin, —

"He hung a bottle on each side,
To make his balance true."

To St. Andrews he gave a book of which he claimed to be the author, though he did not write it, while to Oxford he gave a work which he had written, though he flatly denied it. Very likely he had in mind the example of the virtuous and conscientious Dido, when she proposed to distribute her favors with equal impartiality between the Trojans and her own subjects, and said: —

HISTORIC SIDE-LIGHTS

"Tros Tyriusve mihi nullo discrimine agetur."

(Trojan and Tyrian no two wise at hands of me shall fare.)

WILLIAM MORRIS.

Considering the peculiar intimacy and popularity that Franklin enjoyed among the principal writers of his age, and especially with Hume,¹ Adam Smith, Robertson, Strahan the publisher, and others, who were also on the most friendly terms with Gibbon the historian, the attitude of the latter towards him is much to be regretted. This was based seemingly on political grounds, however, and Gibbon never ceased to look upon Franklin as a contumacious rebel, incapable of reconstruction, and constantly declined to have any intercourse with him. Actually, when these two great rival writers, legislators, militia colonels, sceptics, place-men, and well-matched competitors for the world's championship on the field of autobiography² met by accident at the same dinner-table in Paris in the spring of 1777, they did not exchange a word with each other.

¹ In a letter to Strahan, Franklin's oldest and most intimate friend, dated January, 1778, Hume speaks of "the Prejudices of a stupid, factious nation, with whom I am heartily disgusted." Farther on he adds in reference to a possible continuation of his history: "As to any Englishman, that nation is so sunk in stupidity and barbarism and faction that you may as well think of Lapland for an author. The best Book that has been writ by any Englishman these thirty years (for Dr. Franklin is an American) is 'Tristram Shandy,' bad as it is. A remark which may astonish you, but which you will find true on reflection."

Thus, by implication, Hume elevates the Boston boy over the heads of Gray and Collins, Fielding and Richardson, Johnson and Goldsmith, to say nothing of lesser luminaries that might be mentioned. This was very great praise indeed from such a source, and must have been called forth by a genuine sense of merit.

² The "Quarterly Review" said of Gibbon's "Memoirs," "It is perhaps the best specimen of autobiography in the English language," and Dibdin in his "Library Companion" wrote, "It has been, perhaps, the most popular production of its kind in the English language, and is, in fact, the consummation of art."

GIBBON'S DECLINE AND FALL

Franklin nowhere refers to this incident, but Gibbon mentions it in a letter to his friend, "J. Holroyd, Esq." He must have been living at that time in a different style from that of his rival, for he speaks of "two footmen in handsome liveries behind my coach and my apartment hung with damask."

It is gratifying to know that signal and well-deserved vengeance has finally overtaken the short-sighted and intolerant Gibbon for his treatment of Franklin, at least, it is so alleged. Mr. Charles Francis Adams, the President of the Massachusetts Historical Society, has lately stated that "in the case of one public library in a considerable Massachusetts city I have been led to conclude as the result of examination and somewhat careful inquiry that the copy of the 'Decline and Fall' on its shelves has, in over thirty years, not once been consecutively read through by a single individual."¹ And thus again the whirligig of time has brought in his revenges.

Justice, though often slow, is generally sure in the end. Fortunately for Gibbon, he did not live to witness this humiliation, though he would have derived a certain solace from knowing that his name was eternized on the granite walls of the Boston Walhalla with those of Prescott, Motley, Cotton Mather, Theodore Parker, and numerous other deities, both domestic and foreign.

It will, perchance, tend somewhat to brace up those

¹ Address at the Opening of the Fenway Building of the Massachusetts Historical Society, April 13, 1899. Mr. Adams is careful not to give the name of the library he mentions, but it is, of course, the Public Library of Boston, otherwise his illustration would be of no significance whatever. Justice, however, compels me to state that there is not a set of books in the Boston Library, not even Mather's "Magnalia," which are more worn, soiled, and generally dilapidated by obviously constant use than Gibbon's "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire."

HISTORIC SIDE-LIGHTS

Bostonians who may have felt a twinge of remorse for withdrawing their patronage from the once pre-eminent Gibbon, to learn the truth about him as revealed to the acute perception and appreciative insight of the keen and candid Ruskin, who seems to feel towards Gibbon the same disposition that he does towards Voltaire.

"Primarily, none but the malignant and the weak study the Decline and Fall either of State or organism. Dissolution and putrescence are alike common and unclean in all things; any wretch or simpleton may observe for himself and experience himself the processes of ruin; but good men study and wise men describe only the growth and standing of things,—not their decay."

"For the rest, Gibbon's is the worst English that was ever written by an educated Englishman. Having no imagination and little logic, he is alike incapable of picturesqueness or wit; his epithets are malicious without point, sonorous without weight, and have no office but to make a flat sentence turgid."

Ay de mi! At this rate the "traveller from New Zealand," who has been so long *en route* and who has already been provided with such a wealth of picturesque adventure by graphic pens, will soon be able to sketch from the Duomo of Boston the broken arches of Gibbon's bridge, once thought to furnish such a goodly, noble, and enduring communication between us and antiquity.

It was thus that

"A falcon, towering in her pride of place,
Was by a mousing owl hawk'd at and kill'd."

The solid truth seems to be, however, that in spite of Ruskin and his abysmal soot-pot, the fame of Gibbon rests on monumental foundations, and will last unshaken to the end of all things, supreme and unsurpassable in

GIBBON'S PLACE

accuracy, thoroughness, lucidity, and comprehensive grasp of a vast subject. Never has historic truth been moulded into a grander, a more expressive, or a more artistic form than that which she received at his hands, or one more worthy of her high desert. His work is a mighty and massive masterpiece from one whose insight into human character and whose powers of accurate generalization were rarely equalled or even approached. He created a new world out of ancient chaos. His was the spirit of a God that "moved upon the face of the waters" and said, "Let there be light, and there was light." And ever since his day mankind, or at least the thinking portion thereof, has been steadily progressing in his direction, both from an historical and a religious point of view.

Gibbon's "place" was a sinecure on the Board of Trade, which gave him £800 a year for doing nothing but to incubate his salary, — "incubens purpura atque auro." As he says in his "Memoirs" with candid *naïveté* when referring to this appointment as "one of the Lords Commissioners of Trade and Plantations," "it must be allowed that our duty was not intolerably severe, and that I enjoyed many days and weeks of repose without being called away from my library to the office." No wonder that Burke in the House of Commons made some sarcastic reflections on "the perpetual virtual adjournment and the unbroken sitting vacation of the Board of Trade."

Fox had a copy of the first volume of the "Decline and Fall," that had been given to him by the author shortly after its publication. It was sold under the hammer in 1781 with the rest of Fox's library after his death and contained the following memorandum and verses in his hand: "The author of this work declared publicly at Brooke's upon the delivery of the Spanish

HISTORIC SIDE-LIGHTS

rescript in June, 1779, that 'there was no salvation for this country unless six of the heads of the cabinet council were cut off and laid upon the tables of both houses of parliament as examples;' and in less than a fortnight he accepted a place under the same cabinet council.

"On the Author's Promotion to the Board of Trade in 1779.

" King George in a fright
Lest Gibbon should write
The story of England's disgrace,
Thought no way so sure
His pen to secure
As to give the historian a place."

" But his caution is vain,
'T is the curse of his reign
That his projects should never succeed;
Tho' he wrote not a line,
Yet a cause of decline
In our author's example we read.

" His book well describes
How corruption and bribes
O'erthrew the great empire of Rome;
And his writings declare
A degeneracy there,
Which his conduct exhibits at home.

"CHARLES JAMES FOX."

Lord North was then Premier, and the above entry shows very clearly that Gibbon had been induced to desert his former friends in such a peremptory fashion solely by the offer of wealthy preferment and the privilege it would give him for the enjoyment of his books and that life of scholarly ease which he cared for more than for aught else.¹ A couple of years later, however,

¹ It is gratifying to reflect that Gibbon was duly grateful to Lord North, and showed it by domeing his name on high forever in the

THE BOARD OF TRADE

when Gibbon had lost his office, Fox had a chance to retaliate, of which he availed himself by giving to another the position of secretary to the English embassy worth £1200 per annum, which the historian had been eager to secure.

Though Gibbon's marvellous talent for quiet and prolific gestation was apparently chronic and incurable, Burke and his other political enemies sought and found an effectual remedy by abolishing the Board of Trade. This was really the only cure for his case, since otherwise he might have continued sitting there forever, like the "infelix Theseus" and "the three heavenly witnesses," and so have complied with the advice tendered in a similar instance of perpetuity.

"Si quā sede sedes et sit tibi commoda sedes,
Istā sede sede, nec ab istā sede recede."

And so it befell that the decline and fall of the Board of Trade through the action of Burke, and the subsequent retribution exacted by Fox, secured for the world the last three volumes of the "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire," — three arches of "that splendid bridge between the old world and the new," — since the loss of £800 per annum and the failure to replace it by £1200 stimulated its reluctant author, cramped with indolence, to go to work again, which otherwise he never would have done.

Gibbon was so fat, weighty, and voluminous that "sitting" was his natural *status in quo*,¹ his physical preface to the last three volumes of the "Decline and Fall," published in 1788, through words of truth, justice, and friendly sympathy: a noble tribute to one who was doubly afflicted by no real fault of his own, and who had passed through many political storms without making one personal enemy.

¹ Gibbon writes to Lord Sheffield from Lausanne, Sept. 30, 1783: "Yesterday afternoon I lay, or at least sat, in state to receive visits, and at the same moment my room was filled with four different

HISTORIC SIDE-LIGHTS

forte, and at the Board of Trade "the business of this man looked out of him." Like Quintus Fabius Cunctator, "sedendo vincit." It was only when he tried to rise that his weakness became obvious, and when he once at Lausanne prostrated himself at the feet of Madame de Crouzas, he soon passed from sitting to settling; from sedentary to sedimentary.¹

"When Fate and Corpulency seemed to say,
Here's a Petitioner that must forever pray,
For he was heavier than the income tax
And twenty times more difficult to raise."

This incident, as related by Madame de Genlis in the ninth volume of her "*Mémoires*," and the accompanying story of the Abbé Chauvelin, "bossu par devant et par derrière," are surely as exhilarating as anything to be found in all literature. I venture to say, *apropos* of this subject, that the "*Mémoires*" of Madame de Genlis are still extremely entertaining, and ought to be resurrected either in French or in English.

With Gibbon even exercise on horseback was reduced to a sort of lethargic locomotion, like that of a fat abbot on a mule. A young man was giving him an exciting account of a hunt which he said was "an almost continued gallop, during which he stood erect in his stirrups for a considerable time." At the end of the story the historian said, "I thought, Mr. Cambridge, until now, that riding was a sedentary occupation."

nations. The loudest of these nations was the single voice of the Abbé Raynal, who has chosen this place for the asylum of freedom and history." The abbé did not make a very favorable impression, for Gibbon speaks of his conversation as "intolerably loud, peremptory, and insolent; and you would imagine that he alone were the Monarch and legislator of the world."

¹ "Celadon Gibbon, false swain," as Carlyle calls him, for jilting Demoiselle Curchod and then betaking himself "to fresh fields and pastures new."

PORTRAIT BY SIR JOSHUA

Professionally speaking, Gibbon "sat" to Sir Joshua Reynolds for his portrait (in 1779), the result being that famous and unparalleled triumph over obstacles which would have been the despair of any other artist. Gibbon's face was endued with an ignoble meanness, not to say vulgarity of features, which rarely displayed one ray of intellect or beauty. He had little piggish eyes and a snub nose like a punctuation point, that seemed to be forever struggling to save itself from sinking in the tumultuous billows of rolling fatness. "His mouth, mellifluous as Plato's, was a round hole, almost in the centre of his visage," and around it on every side rose swelling upheavals of puffy obesity including a vast superfluity of double chin.¹ His whole face was a palpable contradiction and a conspicuous protest against Carlyle's assertion that "the Ideal, or Soul, place it in what ugliest Body you may, will irradiate said Body with its own nobleness." Nevertheless, Sir Joshua did portray him in a standing attitude and a brilliant scarlet coat and white lace tie, and, moreover, as Claude Phillips says, with an effect that places his work "in the very front rank of his character portraits," and, as he adds, "above all remarkable for the audacious realism with which he preserves the *embonpoint* of his friend, whose type, with its insignificant nose and abnormally heavy chin, would be frankly comic, were it not that the expression of genuine power and intellectuality dominates and sobers the spectator." It is thus

¹ Malone informs us that when Gibbon was introduced to the old and blind Madame du Deffand, "the servant, happening to stretch out her mistress's hand to lay hold of the historian's cheek, she thought, upon feeling its rounded contour, that some trick had been played upon her with the *sitting* part of a child, and exclaimed, 'Fidouc!'"

Subsequently she told Gibbon that he "ought to have been a Frenchman." Feeling a fellow had made her "wondrous kind."

HISTORIC SIDE-LIGHTS

that genuine artistic genius, filled with divine effulgence, ever comes to the rescue of other genius in distress and enriches it with its own superabundant vitality. Never, surely, did any human lineaments exemplify more fully than those of Gibbon the saying of the gracious Duncan, —

“ There's no art
To find the mind's construction in the face.”

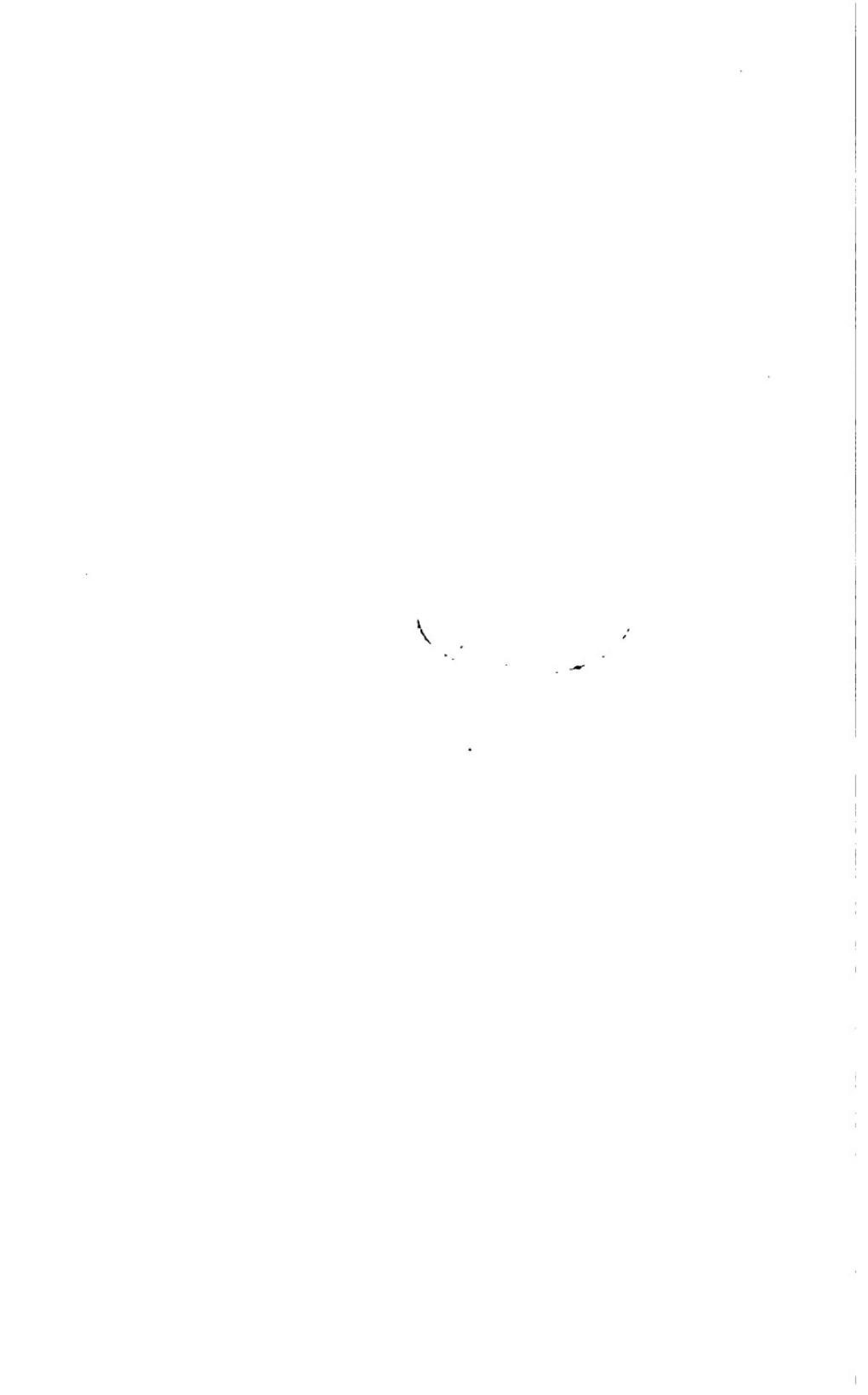
Sir Joshua was famous for the characteristic attitudes in which he represented his subjects, but in this case it would seem that a sitting posture would have been far more natural than the one he chose. It must have been peculiarly irksome to Gibbon, who was so saturated with indolence that he would not even pare his nails; and it is certainly a tribute both to the historian's vanity and to the painter's influence that Gibbon could be kept standing in the same posture for even ten minutes at a time, though radiant in scarlet and white.

This work was peculiarly acceptable to Gibbon, not only as a revelation of exquisite skill, genius, and artistic tact, but as the tribute of an intimate friend in whose society he had found the greatest enjoyment of his London life; for Reynolds was not merely an artist, but a gentleman of culture and learning, with well-developed powers of entertainment. The historian took the portrait with him to Lausanne in 1788 and kept it till 1790, when he sent it to Lord Sheffield “in spite of private reluctance and public discontent.”

I present herewith a silhouette of Gibbon as he appeared *in propria persona*. The original forms the frontispiece of the first volume of his “Miscellaneous Works,” edited by Lord Sheffield, his dearest companion from youth up, and published in 1796. On page 435 the editor styles it “as complete a likeness of Mr. Gibbon, as to person, face, and manner, as can be conceived.”



GIBBON IN SILHOUETTE



MÉMOIRE JUSTIFICATIF

I give also a photograph of the great historian as portrayed by Sir Joshua, and refined, enriched, and adorned with the best that was in him by the inspiration of a master. The original is now at Sheffield Park.

The same striking contrast, by the way, is to be observed in two well-known portraits of Turner.

Gibbon was indebted for his sinecure to a political pamphlet written in the spring of 1779 and entitled "Mémoire Justificatif pour servir de Réponse à l'Exposé de la Cour de France." Its object was the defence of George III. and his policy in regard to France and the American war. As it shows the rancorous animosity of Gibbon himself towards the colonies, I quote one or two paragraphs:—

"Au milieu de cette tranquillité les premières étincelles de la discorde s'allumèrent en Amérique. Les intrigues d'un petit nombre de chefs audacieux et criminels, qui abusèrent de la simplicité crédule de leurs compatriotes séduisirent insensiblement la plus grande partie des colonies angloises à lever l'étandard de la révolte contre la mère patrie, à qui elles étoient redevables de leur existence et de leur bonheur. . . . La cour de Versailles ne rougit point d'avilir sa dignité par les liaisons secrètes qu'elle forma avec des sujets rebelles et après avoir épuisé toutes les ressources honteuses de la perfidie et de la dissimulation, elle osa avouer à la face de l'Europe, indignée de sa conduite le traité solennel que les ministres du roi très Chrétien avoient signé avec les agents ténébreux des colonies angloises qui ne refondoient leur indépendance prétendue que sur la hardiesse de leur révolte."

(In the midst of this tranquillity the first sparks of dissension were lighted in America. The intrigues of a small number of audacious and criminal leaders gradually tempted the majority of the English colonists to raise the standard of rebellion against the mother country, to which they were indebted for their existence and for their pros-

HISTORIC SIDE-LIGHTS

perity. . . . The court of Versailles did not blush to degrade its dignity by the secret compacts which it made with rebellious subjects, and after having exhausted all the shameful expedients of treachery and hypocrisy, dared to proclaim in the face of Europe, disgusted at its conduct, the solemn treaty which the ministers of the most Christian king had signed with the shady agents of the English colonies, who modelled their pretended independence only upon the audacity of their revolt.)

There is but a single reference to Franklin, and that a contemptuous one, as "Le Sieur Franklin":—

"Le corsaire Le Reprisal qui avoit amené en Europe le Sieur Franklin, agent des colonies révoltées, fut reçu avec ses deux prises qu'il avoit faites en route."

(The privateer, *Le Reprisal*, which had carried to Europe *Mister Franklin*, agent of the revolted colonies, was received with its two prizes that it had taken on the voyage.)

On this tract and its various adjuncts Wilkes wrote one of his spirited, sarcastic, and unanswerable comments, which was published in the "*Observer*,"

"What a beautiful consistency of conduct *The Observer* must remark in our Prince! *Mr. Gibbon* obtains a place, of £800 per an. and the Welch champion of Christendom, Henry Edward Davies, B. A., of Balliol College, Oxford, who attacked him as an ignorant, but daring, infidel, secures a pension. The avowed atheist, David Hume, was appointed, with a large salary, to represent the person of our *most religious* King abroad, at the politest court in Europe. The doughty defender of the *Kirk* of Scotland, Dr. James Beattie, a professor in Lord Bute's university of Aberdeen, stays at home and is rewarded with a pension, by the head of the church of England, for having overthrown this mighty *David*. Surely this must be the richest and most foolish country in the universe!"



GIBBON, BY SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS

From the Original at Sheffield Park

John B. Clegg

AN HISTORICAL REVIEW

To return to the copy of the "Historical Review" presented by Franklin to the Bodleian Library and his peremptory denial that he was its author, I desire to say that as to the truth, Franklin, though a professed admirer, was not an exacting one, and ever took care not to make himself offensive by an intemperate display thereof on any occasion, as a *sine qua non*. He was well aware of the saying of Bacon "that a mixture of a lie doth ever add pleasure;" and on an emergency, when other means of diversion or deviation were lacking, he was quite willing to act accordingly, though he never knowingly stretched the truth without judicious and satisfactory reasons and careful provision of an evasive loophole for retreat. His knowledge of French had taught him that "le vrai n'est pas toujours vraisemblable," and he gladly gave the world the benefit of the doubt and sought to tone it down to the level of his contemporaries. With him the naked truth ought by no means to be indecently exposed, lest unscrupulous persons might take too great liberties, but should be gracefully draped and acceptably and plausibly adorned with accessories and tolerations so as to hide any abrupt and distasteful transitions. Hence, in his "Poor Richard," he was careful not to make too free with this delicate refinement. Here one finds over twelve hundred maxims to stimulate thrift, temperance, order, industry, and every other form of worldly wisdom and utilitarian common-sense; but veracity is non-committally left to shift for herself, generally speaking, and all the incentives in her behalf can easily be reckoned on the fingers of one hand, though he was careful to say nothing against her, as a cardinal abstraction and useful under certain conditions. Franklin's relation to truth was the outcome of his mental structure and a law of his being, and as natural and inevitable as "the duplicity of μ Herculis." It recalled the story of the

HISTORIC SIDE-LIGHTS

excellent French *cure* who could never bear to hurt any one's feelings. On a certain Sunday, when preaching on the picturesque tale of Samson and the foxes, he portrayed the woes of the hapless martyred Philistines and their ruined crops with such eloquent and sympathetic fervor that he drew a flood of sympathetic tears from every eye. Sorely distressed by the grief he had caused, the good pastor gave vent to the promptings of his heart and exclaimed: "Mais, ce n'est pas vrai, mes enfants! Ce n'est pas vrai."

Thus Franklin never told the truth without mitigating circumstances and letting it down gently and accommodatingly, so as to put it where it would do the most good. His wisdom was justified by the event, for it often returned to him after a time with various unforeseen accessories. This was one of the ways in which, as Horace Walpole observes, Franklin "gave a new color to his age." Hence came "Polly Baker," the lost Pleiad of New England, with her anonymous offspring, her tale of woe, and the amazing novelties it diffused all over Europe in regard to the moral tone and the high ideals of the New England judiciary and the customs of its people.¹

¹ In 1726, Franklin wrote: "I grew convinced that *truth, sincerity, and integrity* in dealings between man and man were of the utmost importance to the felicity of life, and I formed written resolutions, which still remain in my journal book, to practise them ever while I lived." These be brave words, and probably there were many more sentiments, quite as noble, in Franklin's "journal book," though it has never been found. It is quite likely that the writer came to the conclusion that they were so abundant and high toned as to be quite impracticable and thus cancelled them altogether.

Franklin in his "Autobiography" says in regard to his "various enumerations of the moral virtues": —

"I included under thirteen names of virtues all that at that time occurred to me as necessary or desirable." Among these truthfulness does not appear, the nearest approach to it being "sincerity," which is by no means the same thing, as one may be sincere in the

THE VERACITY OF ADAMS

In the matter of veracity, Adams was far more consistent and conscientious than his colleague Franklin.

Adams had no more attractive personal qualities than a buzz-saw, or a graveyard obelisk, or George Ticknor, but, nevertheless, he had many fine points, like a porcupine, and always kept the sermons of Bishop Butler on his table as a *pièce de résistance*. As to his love of truth, he has never received his full meed of justice, though he was a man of highly polished interior, and this was one of his dominant qualities. He was really the X-ray of his day. He often labored under a cloud in this respect because the field had been so largely preoccupied by Washington, who, as the nation progressed, was generally supposed to have absorbed all the veracity that was left in it after the Revolution. Yet though Adams was never coupled with a cherry-tree, or even with so much as a gooseberry-bush, in the hearts of his adoring countrymen, he deserved quite as much fame for candor as his more illustrious fellow-patriot. He never tired of telling the truth, from his point of view, about every one, especially about Franklin; and he was so unfamiliar with deception, that he never could have told a lie if he had met with it, unless he had seen it in the latter's soap, when a stern sense of duty would have impelled him to make a clean breast

propagation of the rankest falsehood. "Truthfulness" is a word of more limited import than "sincerity," writes Mr. Bradley. "A truthful man is one who habitually speaks the truth, who does not lie or misrepresent. A sincere man is one who feels and believes all he professes, directly or indirectly, to feel and believe."

To the above Franklin adds, by way of comment, "Use no hurtful deceit; think innocently and justly; and if you speak, speak accordingly."

This affords two characteristic and obvious apertures: the inference being that you *can* use deceit, if you think it will not hurt any one, and that you have a perfect right to keep silence, if you think it best for your own interests, no matter what the truth may be.

HISTORIC SIDE-LIGHTS

of it and give the world the benefit of his discovery.¹ Doubtless, the amiable Franklin would have fully condoned the criticism in view of the liberal quantity of gratuitous advertising he had got. Adams never ceased to feel a tender solicitude about Franklin's reputation, and he looked after it with ever-increasing assiduity to the end, being only anxious to let every one know the real facts. This continued for more than twenty years after the latter's death, and the readers of the "Boston Patriot," in 1811, were favored with many columns of revelations before unsuspected, and they finally acknowledged that they knew at least as much concerning Franklin's true inwardness as Jonah, in his "tumultuous privacy of storm," discovered about that of the whale, for both he and they had been there.² How much more of the genuine Adams savor could a single paragraph contain than the following tribute to Franklin's memory in the "Boston Patriot" of May 22, 1811?

¹ Adams obviously agreed with Shelley, who, in his essay on "The Necessity of Atheism," says that in the writing thereof he was influenced only by "a love of truth," and concludes with the sentiment that "Truth has always been found to promote the best interests of mankind."

² Lord Shaftesbury, whom Adams and Franklin so greatly admired, had also "been there," as his lordship shows in his description of Jonah in the "Characteristics." His caricature of "Jonah" recalls in certain ways Franklin's transmogrification of "Job."

"Pettish as this Prophet was, unlike a man, and resembling some refractory boyish *Pupil*, it may be said that God, as a kind *Tutor*, was pleased to *humor him*, bear with his anger, and in a lusory manner expose his childish Frowardness and shew him to *himself*.

"'Arise (said his gracious Lord) and go to Ninive!' 'No such matter,' says our Prophet to himself, but away over-sea for Tarshish. He fairly plays the Truant, like an arch *School-Boy*; hoping to hide out of the way. But his Tutor had good Eyes and long Reach. He overtook him at Sea; where a Storm was already prepared for his Exercise and a Fish's Belly for his Lodgings. The Renegade found himself in harder Durance than any at Land. He was sufficiently mortify'd. He grew good, prayed, moralized and spoke mightily against Lying Vanity."

SWEDENBORG'S ANGELS

"To all those talents and qualities for the foundation of a great and lasting character which were held up to the view of the whole world by the University of Oxford, the Royal Society of London, and the Royal Academy of Science in Paris, were added, it is believed, more artificial modes of diffusing, celebrating, and exaggerating his reputation than were ever before or since practised in favor of any individual."

As another example of that searching, virile, and independent candor which, sparing none, ranged so freely from "the booby Charles I." to the "canting dog, Cromwell," this farther tribute to his fellow-patriot may fitly be added:—

"I am not ignorant that most of his positions and hypotheses have been controverted. No sentiment more weak and superficial was ever avowed by the most absurd philosopher than some of his, particularly one which he caused to be inserted in the first constitution of Pennsylvania."

Swedenborg attributes the rich endowment of the angels — that is, of *his* angels; the angels with whom he was so chummy — to the fact that "their interiors are open." If this be all that is needed to construct an angel, Franklin must surely rank quite high in the celestial hierarchy, — thanks to the truthful Adams, who made the very wind whistle through him, both in this world and in the next.¹

¹ This resolution to get at the truth about Franklin and to impart it to the world began very early, as we read in Adams's "Autobiography."

"Franklin, although he was commonly as silent on committees as in Congress, upon this occasion ventured so far as to intimate his concurrence with me in these sentiments; though, as will be seen hereafter, he shifted them as easily as the wind ever shifted, and assumed a dogmatical tone in favor of an opposite system." — *Autobiography*, *AEt.* 40, 1776. Debate in committee concerning the model of a treaty to be proposed to France.

HISTORIC SIDE-LIGHTS

It is quite possible that, in spite of apparent ethical testimony to the contrary, Franklin may have been wiser than some people think as to his lack of veneration for the truth. At least, he is entitled to the benefit of the doubt and is not altogether without support. The same conclusions seem to have been reached by that distinguished scientist, Prof. St. George Mivart, whose opinion is entitled to respect, all the more that he is a member of the Roman Catholic Church in good standing. In his learned work, "Lessons from Nature," he says:—

"Experience may show that truth has been generally beneficial, but it can never make its beneficence axiomatic, or render it impossible that in certain cases ignorance may not be bliss, wisdom folly, and deceitfulness expedient. Theists may, indeed, exclaim,—

‘Magna est veritas et prevalebit,’

but the experiences which history makes known to us amply support the declaration, —

‘Magnum est mendacium et prevaluit,’"—

Great is falsehood, and it has prevailed."

The above work was dedicated by Professor Mivart to Cardinal Newman, who, like himself, was a "pervert" from the Church of England. Practically, the latter's view of the truth is different from that of his admirer, for Newman says in his "Anglican Difficulties"¹ that "it were better for the earth to fail and all the many millions who are upon it to die of starvation in extreme agony, than that one soul should tell one wilful untruth." Surely, the most catholic believer must detect a certain tinge of incongruity here. There must be a

¹ Lectures on certain Difficulties felt by Anglicans in submitting to the Catholic Church. 1850. Lecture viii.

PROFESSOR MIVART

rift in one lute or in the other. At least, so it strikes many outsiders. If the professor is wrong, however, Saint Newman will certainly save him, were it only in consequence of that eulogistic dedication, on the same grounds that the Church now believes that even Renan will at last be saved,—after a suitable stay in purgatory,—because “he spoke well of Saint Francis of Assisi.”

Prof. St. George Mivart has done even more than this for the redemption of his contemporaries from past superstition. In a most learned and ingenious, a most profound and elaborate, disquisition on “Happiness in Hell” in the “Nineteenth Century” of December, 1892, he has achieved the most amazing results,—results that must excite a poignant regret in the minds of those clergy, and others no less, who have labored so hard in these latter days to explain away the ancient Inferno altogether as a mere *lusus theologiae*, and that in face of the declaration of Saint John that “all liars shall have their part in the lake that burneth with fire and brimstone.” With the aid of much erudition, psychological and other, the professor has reconstructed this forlorn hope of sinners entirely, and we learn that “Hell in its widest sense must be considered an abode of happiness transcending all our most vivid anticipations, so that man’s natural capacity for happiness is there gratified to the very uttermost, and there is and will be for all eternity a real and true happiness in hell.”

It is thus that wisdom, as Solomon says, “finds out knowledge of witty inventions,” and it is thus that a far-seeing intellect harmonizes many seeming discordances. Dante may have been right, after all, when “uttering wisdom from the central deep” he describes in his Inferno the “prati di fresca verdura,” the “sweet fields dressed in living green;” and Colonel Ingersoll

HISTORIC SIDE-LIGHTS

should not be blamed for asking in one of his sermons: "Christianity places Beethoven in hell. Where do you think they have the best music to-night?" Professor Mivart may well say in his "Lessons from Nature," "Time has brought about strange changes. 'Jam redit et Virgo, redeunt Saturnia regna.'" Quite likely at this very moment, for aught we know, Beethoven may be playing a new angelic sonata to Voltaire and Theodore Parker,¹ in acknowledgment of their persistent efforts to exalt the devil and to replace him on his throne. "If Satan also be divided against himself, how shall his kingdom stand?" It remains to be seen how Saint Newman will regard this very advanced action on the part of his disciple. Time will show whether that dedication will save the professor in such a peculiar emergency. This new departure naturally opens a new, broad, and endless vista of possible change. It would seem at first sight that heaven must be content to become in future a back number, or at best a suburb, the Bible superfluous, and that religion would have to submit to a total reorganization. At any rate, the boundary between these two elysiums would of course become very misty and ill-defined, and the seraphs, if they wished to hold their own, would have

¹ Satan was not wholly without friends, even before Theodore Parker had written him up and tried to raise him to the God-head, thus changing the meaning of his own name from "the gift of God" to "the gift of the devil."

"Lord Thurlow often read Milton aloud, and Satan's speeches were his especial favorites. On finishing one of them he was frequently heard to say, 'He was a fine fellow; I wish he had won.'"

The Times, Feb. 16, 1832.

In the matter of music Colonel Ingersoll might have found a firm support and a valid precedent in "Paradise Lost," where the "notes angelical to many a harp" of spirits immortal

"Suspended Hell and took with ravishment
The thronging audience."

CARDINAL NEWMAN

something else to do than to "lie all dissolved in hallelujahs," as Dryden, that other "pervert" to the Roman Catholics, portrays them.

I should hardly be doing justice to the exact relation between Professor Mivart and his fellow churchmen were I to fail to add an extract from a discourse by Newman in 1843, "On the Theory of Developments in Religious Doctrine," page 342: "Hence it is not more than hyperbole to say that, in certain cases, a lie is the nearest approach to truth. This seems the meaning, for instance, of Saint Clement when he says, 'He (the Christian) both thinks and speaks the truth, unless when at any time, in the way of treatment, as a physician toward his patients, so for the welfare of the sick, he will be false, or will tell a falsehood, as the Sophists speak.'

It would appear that the passage above quoted from "Anglican Difficulties" serves to illustrate the writer's own "development in religious doctrine," and it may be that Professor Mivart will ultimately profit by his experience. To the outer world the professor and the cardinal seem at one time to have been perilously near to each other in their views of abstract truth, and it would certainly have tested all the great endowments of the latter as a subtle dialectician to explain precisely why he left Saint Clement to his own devices as "no better than one of the wicked" and changed his theory for one so much more satisfactory to English public opinion. Such an explanation would have shown very conclusively whether Carlyle's estimate was correct, that Newman had not "the intellect of a moderate-sized rabbit."

The real belief of the cardinal as to this subject, and certainly that of his church, is well presented by another pervert and a warm friend and devotee of his, Prof.

HISTORIC SIDE-LIGHTS

William G. Ward, in his "Ideal of a Christian Church," published in 1846.

"Candor is rather an intellectual than a moral virtue and by no means either universally or distinctively characteristic of the saintly mind." This is a complete summary of the whole attitude of the Roman Catholic Church in this matter, and is precisely the light in which truth was regarded by Franklin, who, like that church, felt himself at perfect liberty to tell a falsehood rather than the truth, if he thought such a course was more likely to profit himself or any one else, as truth was but "an intellectual virtue" at best.

In a sermon entitled "Wisdom and Innocence," Newman referred to the choice of the serpent by Christ as a pattern of wisdom, when saying to the Twelve, "Be ye therefore wise as serpents," and claimed that it was thus chosen for the purpose of inciting the faithful "as their bounden duty to rival the wicked in endowments of mind and to excel them in their exercise," in other words, "to fight the devil with fire."

This utilitarian doctrine of conscientious mendacity is still stoutly defended and practised by the Roman Catholic Church. There are four Saints Ananias.

The blessed Saint Alfonso de' Liguori, Bishop of Santa Agata, who died "in the odor of sanctity," in 1787, and was "beatified" by Pius VII. in 1816 and "canonized" in 1839 by Gregory XVI., repeatedly in his writings permits the use of falsehood in various forms of deceit and equivocation and states that a lie may be "confirmed by an oath" in numerous cases, especially when the best interests of the Church may thereby be subserved, the only judge of its availability being he who utters it. His attitude in this regard was indorsed by both the above-named infallible Popes, each of whom especially decreed that "in all the writings of

SAINT ALFONSO

Alfonso de' Liguori, published or not published, there is nothing worthy of censure."¹

Cardinal Newman, in 1864, said in regard to Saint Alfonso, — "who was a lover of truth and whose intercession I trust I shall not lose," — "I plainly and positively state, and without any reserve, that I do not at all follow this holy and charitable man in this position of his teaching." See note on p. 152.

As the writer had repeatedly expressed his conviction that every pope was necessarily infallible and the chosen representative of God on earth, and that no man could reject his decrees except at the risk of his eternal salvation, he must be left to settle as best he can with those pontiffs who decided that any man might lie for the benefit of the Church, and with whose decisions he had the presumption and inconsistency to disagree, to say nothing of the peril he chose to incur of mortal sin and endless death.²

¹ See a pamphlet "On Dr. Newman's Rejection of Liguori's Doctrine of Equivocation," by Rev. Frederick Meyrick, p. 20. In this work the whole subject is treated with an ability and learning that admit of no refutation.

² "All Catholics agree in two points: First, that the Pope cannot err either in framing decrees of faith or general precepts of morality. Second, that the Pope, whether it be possible for him to err or not, is to be obeyed by all the faithful." — *On the Development of Christian Doctrine*, by DR. NEWMAN.

Newman ought not to have been any more popular in Scotland than Voltaire, for he puts the spontaneous generation of the loaves and fishes precisely on a par with the indefinite multiplication of the fragments of the true cross, which, as my readers probably have heard, are numerous enough to build a ship. This view makes the Scotch miracle, and, in fact, all others, ridiculous, for it gives essentially the same credit to the silly inventions of designing and unscrupulous clerics as to the marvels attributed to Christ himself, and allows no difference between the healing of Peter's mother-in-law or the raising of Lazarus from the dead, and the two skulls of Saint Patrick, as a lad and as a man, now in Ireland, or all the distracted escapades of Saint Walburga, as served up by Newman in his life of her.

HISTORIC SIDE-LIGHTS

Franklin must have found much encouragement for his habit of fluent, affable, and specious delusion in the Old Testament and among some of the Fathers of the early Church as well. Successful chicanery was always respected under the Old Dispensation, and as for the strict habit of truth, it was as utterly unknown as a balloon. Jacob and David, Samson, Rahab, the ancestress of Christ,¹ and Judith, who slew Holofernes, and many other great ones of those days, probably foresaw the outcome of Figaro's sentiment that "anciens petits mensonges assez mal plantés ont produit de grosses, grosses vérités." Origen himself "did permit a wise and good man to lie, if so be it were for the welfare of them for whom the lie was made." And even Saint Jerome, like Saint Clement, favors this view and intimates that Saint Paul and Saint Peter "did use a kind of simulation."²

Men like Cardinal Newman and Father Pusey have the unbounded stomach of a cyclone, which, in its omnivorous absorption, scoops up everything that comes in its way, and their credulity is such that they could swallow a score of Bactrian camels, in spite of their vast angularity and their repulsive ugliness, if the interests of "the faith" required it, as easily as other men could eat an egg.

See the "Essay on Miracles," by Dr. Newman, 1843.

¹ Life of Rahab the Harlot, by the Right Reverend Lord Arthur Charles Hervey, Lord Bishop of Bath and Wells.

² The Decades of Henry Bullinger, Minister of the Church of Zurich. Dedicated to Edward VI. 1550. 8d Dec. 4th Sermon.

Saint Peter certainly did "use a kind of simulation" in the case of Ananias and Sapphira, if the details were really such as they have been handed down to us, when he allowed the young men to carry out the body of the former and bury it, like that of an animal, without even telling his wife, apparently with the design of entrapping her into a falsehood, for the benefit of the socialistic interests of the church, that the "great fear" which followed upon this scheme might prevent a repetition of the act it was designed to punish. Assuredly no more cruel or inhuman deed could have been done than the burial of a husband without even allowing the wife to perform the last sad rites of grief and affection. Viscount Amberly in his

THE UNTRUTHFUL JEWS

Almost the last words of Israel, who certainly knew all about it, were, "I will lie with my fathers." — Gen. xlvi. 30.

This general contempt for veracity in the Old Testament can be easily accounted for on the ground that the Jews had no place in their mental structure for any form of truth. They could not appreciate it in any shape, ethical, historic, scientific, or other. It was as foreign to them as Shakespeare is to the French. As far as concerns the great phenomena of nature, the Jews never even tried to get at their true

"Analysis of Religious Belief" terms this "the worst action in the way of interference in mundane matters of which the God of the New Testament is guilty." It is to be hoped that it never actually occurred and that the whole story of Ananias and Sapphira was merely the interpolation of some Judaizing scribe who sought to cast discredit on the new religion. Saint Clement tells us that when the wife of Saint Peter — the first pope — was hurried away to martyrdom, even her murderers were not so pitiless as to refuse him an interview and the opportunity to say a few last loving words and to ask the blessing of the Lord upon her. Saint Peter might have done at least as much as that for Ananias before "consenting unto his death," and probably would have done so if the whole narrative had ever been anything but a baseless invention.

This supposition seems much more probable from the fact that it is the only example of such a cruel and vindictive spirit to be found in the Acts. Even if the incident had ever taken place, Luke would have been the very last person in the world to record it, for its whole tenor is contrary to his own mental temperament, which was ever mild and forgiving. As Renan says, "L'Evangile de Luc est par excellence l'Evangile du pardon. . . . L'Idee que le christianisme a des pardons pour tout le monde est bien la sienne."

"A peine est-il une anecdote, une parabole propre à Luc qui ne respire cet esprit de miséricorde et d'appel aux pécheurs. La seule parole un peu dure qui ait été conservée de Jesus devient chez lui un apologue plein d'indulgence et de longanimité." — *Les Evangiles*, chap. xiii. pp. 266-7.

It is worthy of notice that in the second chapter of the Epistle to the Galatians, one of the most authentic of Paul's works, the writer states that he blamed Peter and "withstood him to the face" because he "dissembled."

HISTORIC SIDE-LIGHTS

meaning, but looked at them simply like so many savages. They dwelt constantly in an atmosphere of self-delusion, self-exaltation, and personal conceit, believing themselves to be "a peculiar people," and the only people under the immediate protection of supernatural power. Thus they very naturally reconciled themselves to any course of action that would tend to their own benefit, without the least sense of right or wrong. Hence they found it perfectly easy to put implicit faith in the vague, misty, rhapsodical utterances of their prophets, on the ground that they were oracles directly revealed from on high. Such a people could have no room for solid truth based on "the eternal verities." Everything must be the outcome of hysterical frenzy, religious ecstasy, clothed in absurd and extravagant imagery, which could be easily explained to mean anything whatever, according to the fancies, the preferences, or the intentions of the interpreter. Their whole *raison d'être* was based on revenge upon their enemies, by any means in their power and by any act. As Jeremiah said, "We shall take our revenge on him." This was the burden of their Psalms and of the whole teaching of the Old Testament. As David says in the 144th Psalm, "Blessed be the Lord my strength, which teacheth my hands to war and my fingers to fight." The "Redeemer" they had ever in view was one who would slaughter their foes by myriads and raise themselves to undisputed empire. In such a people truth naturally could never find any rest or abiding-place, nor could they ever by any possibility develop any respect, or even toleration for it; all the more that they were saturated with an utter contempt for everything that was held by other nations to be entitled to love, esteem, or consideration. The Jews were nothing but a horde of monotheistic barbarians and border

THE JEWISH GOD

ruffians, whose God they claimed to belong to themselves exclusively and not to any other nation. They did not believe in any future life and were born idolaters, who were kept loyal, even to the Deity of their own invention,¹ only by threats of impending punishment and by ignorant and superstitious fear of the more thrilling aspects of nature. Their Deity was all that "a man of war" implies: fierce, revengeful, pitiless, full of fire, fury, havoc, and slaughter; a God of hate; of earthly passions and vindictive penalties against every form of Jewish evil; a deity based on Israel's own innate prepossessions and typified by the riotous destructiveness of untamed nature, augmented by their own superstitious ignorance, pride, and bigotry; a God who approved of the murder, banishment, or enslavement of every non-believer in the ferocious tenets of his chosen people, who hewed in pieces, sawed asunder, and burned their enemies² without the slightest feeling of pity or regret.

¹ "The name 'Israel' means 'El does battle,' and Jehovah was the warrior El, after whom the nation styled itself." "Israel," in the "Encyclopædia Britannica," by Wellhausen.

"The camp was, so to speak, at once the cradle in which the nation was nursed and the smithy in which it was welded into unity; it was also the primitive sanctuary. There Israel was and there was Jehovah." As Moses and the children of Israel sang on the shore of the Red Sea, "Jehovah is a man of war; Jehovah is his name."

Wellhausen farther says,—

"It was not as if Jehovah had originally been regarded as the God of the universe who subsequently became the God of Israel. He was primarily Israel's God, and only afterwards (very long afterwards) did He come to be regarded as the God of the universe. For Moses to have given to the Israelites an 'enlightened conception of God' would have been to give them a stone instead of bread; it is in the highest degree probable that, with regard to the essential nature of Jehovah, as distinct from His relation to men, he allowed them to continue in the same way of thinking with their fathers."

² Canon Liddon claims that all the "fierce war and indiscriminate slaughter" and other infamies of the Jews are not to be considered

HISTORIC SIDE-LIGHTS

Zola has portrayed the Jews of the present day, who are the worthy descendants of their fathers, in words of such truthful, graphic, and burning eloquence that I give them here in the original, as they would lose so much by translation.

“Cette race maudite qui n'a plus de patrie, plus de prince, qui vit en parasite chez les nations, feignant de reconnaître les lois, mais en réalité n'obéissant qu'à son Dieu de vol, de sang et de colère ; remplissant partout la mission de féroce conquête que ce Dieu lui a donnée, s'établissant chez chaque peuple, comme l'araignée au centre de sa toile, pour guetter sa proie, sucer le sang de tous, s'engraisser de la vie des autres. Est-ce qu'il y a des juifs paysans, des juifs ouvriers ? Non, le travail déshonore, leur religion le défend presque, n'exalte que l'exploitation du travail d'autrui.” — *L'Argent*, page 92.

Strange that the writer of these sentiments should have lived to rally so nobly and at such great personal risk in behalf of a Jew who had been unjustly disgraced by the very nation for whom he had fought!

Carlyle, as his biographer, Froude, informs us, had the same views on this subject as Zola. “His dislike for Disraeli was perhaps aggravated by his dislike of Jews. He had a true Teutonic aversion for that unfortunate race. . . . They had contributed nothing to the ‘wealth’ of mankind, being mere dealers in money, gold, jewels, or else old clothes, material and spiritual.”

He also approved of King John’s treatment of them,

derogatory from any point of view, but were merely designed by the Almighty to “portray the vigor and thoroughness with which we should endeavor to extirpate sins that may long have settled in our hearts.” Also, that nothing in the Old Testament means anything, except when illumined by the “secondary and spiritual sense of Scripture,” and so on *ad infinitum*, even to the complete elucidation of the Song of Solomon, of Lot’s wife, and Jonah and the whale.

A Sermon preached in St. Paul’s Cathedral, Dec. 8, 1889.

CARLYLE'S VIEWS

and imagined himself King John with Baron Rothschild on the bench before him.

"Now, sir, the State requires some of those millions you have heaped together with your financing work. 'You won't?' very well, and he gave a twist with his wrist.—'Now will you?' and then another twist with the pincers, till the millions were yielded." — *Froude*, vol. ii. p. 449.

Carlyle's views were apparently supported by many of his countrymen, for Lowell — a shrewd observer — writes to Professor Norton in 1878, "They can't get over an hereditary itch to pull some of his grinders."

As to the truth, to sum up the whole matter, the attitude of the Jews, from the days of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, has always resembled that of Franklin and of the Roman Catholic Church, and has depended altogether on its availability and not on its moral status, or on any sense of a religious loyalty thereto. "Good and evil in Hebrew mean primarily nothing more than salutary or hurtful; the application of the words to virtue and sin is a secondary one, these being regarded as serviceable or injurious in their effects."¹ The ninth commandment relates simply to false testimony in a court of law, and, like the rest of the Decalogue, has nothing to do with private offences, but merely with those against public order. The Decalogue was essentially a legal code and ignored all personal immoralities. It was evidently so regarded by the Jews, as is obvious from the fact that the Hebrew term for "lying" is different from that for "false witness." It was in accordance with this moral status² that they acted to the end, and Christ

¹ "The Narrative of the Hexateuch," chap. viii., Wellhausen.

² This phase of the Jewish character was well exemplified by Disraeli, the typical representative of his race in this age, originally a Whig radical, scheming for office, theatrical, vulgar, showy, dexterous and unscrupulous in political tactics, unprincipled, overflowing

HISTORIC SIDE-LIGHTS

had learned to understand them well when he said, "If I say I know him not, I shall be a liar like unto you."

From a religious point of view, Franklin resembled Lamb's roast pig. He was "all neighbors' fare." Like Shakespeare, "he was the best of his family," and there was more than enough of him to go round,—unlike Adams, of whom there was hardly sufficient to cover even one sect decently, and who took refuge in the Pentateuch as a last resort, for better or worse. Franklin, like Cyrus the Conqueror, was "a complete religious indifferentist." He was an open door and an expansionist of the expansionists in all matters of faith, and in his ample bosom, like that of Abraham,—his own sole and exclusive Father Abraham,—every possible form of human belief could find a welcome and ample refuge,—the more, the better. As Adams wrote, "He was equally regarded by all sects and denominations. The Catholics thought him almost a Catholic. The Presbyterians thought him a Presbyterian, and the Friends believed him a Quaker. The dissenting clergy of England were among his most devoted friends."¹ Like Thomas Hooker, he was "a judicious Christian," and like him, was judicious enough to leave Massachusetts when they made it too hot for him, since, like

with gaudy and abusive rhetoric and florid effervescence, who in answer to the assertion of Peel that he had once been "ready to unite his fortunes with him" in the government, replied that "nothing of the kind ever occurred and it was entirely foreign to his nature to make such an application," though he was well aware that four years before he had written in the strongest terms to Sir Robert, "appealing to your own heart and to that justice and magnanimity which I feel are your characteristics to save me from an intolerable humiliation;" that is, by omitting him from a place in the new cabinet.

See "Sir Robert Peel," by Charles Stuart Parker, 1899, vol. II. p. 486. Also "The Times" of May 16, 1845.

¹ Boston Patriot, May 22, 1811.

THE LIBERAL FRANKLIN

Ann Hutchinson, he had an inquiring mind and gradually learned too much to be appreciated, even by the Bostonians of that epoch.

Franklin had too much sense to be bound by any creeds or ever to go to extremes. He never could have become an abject Christian. He was too liberal, and he would have gladly and effusively welcomed the whole eighty-eight different ways of getting to heaven that Saint Augustine encountered at the beginning of the fifth century, and which had already disintegrated the Church into splinters, like the fragments into which the "divulsive vinegar" of Hannibal schismatized the Alps to help him on the way to Rome. Franklin was a friend of virtue in the abstract, — especially when practised by others, — but he was no bigot. He was not, as he proclaims Socrates to have been in his Almanac, "obstinate good," nor did he "force unwilling virtue to be his." He calmly and philosophically grasped the situation, and took good care never to commit himself unduly, even when Thomas Hollis styled him "a trimmer." He was an admirable exemplar of that "sweet reasonableness" which Matthew Arnold regarded as the peculiar essence of Christianity, and he never failed to comply with the injunction of Christ to his disciples to "make friends of the mammon of unrighteousness," that they might ultimately "be received into everlasting habitations." When, like Katisha, he had "become an acquired taste," he returned to Boston and found that his former fellow-citizens had gradually learned to live up to him, and to realize that in former days "God had not revealed his whole will to them," any more than he had to the Calvinists, to whom Parson Robinson could not resist the temptation to deal a parting whack in his final remarks to the Pilgrims before they left Delft Haven for the "Mayflower," when, though

HISTORIC SIDE-LIGHTS

admitting that the Calvinists had been "precious shining lights in their time," he sorely lamented that "they had stuck where he left them."¹

Under the guidance of this all-pervading and never-failing optimism, Franklin made steady progress under full sail to the end, dying in a faith so catholic, so disinterested and so all-embracing, that he might well have said with Burns, —

"But fare-you-weel, Auld Nickie Ben !
O, wad ye tak' a thought an' men'!
Ye aiblins might — I dinna ken —
Still hae a stake;
I'm wae to think upo' yon den,
Ev'n for your sake."²

Though Franklin was not essentially a reverent man,³ — his translation of Job was like that of Bottom, — there was somewhere in the recesses of his system a precipitate of religious feeling inherited, probably, from his ancestors. His religion consisted chiefly in a policy of catholic and genial adaptation to all beliefs whatever. In this respect he was "no pent-up Utica." Why should any man be hooped and contracted by the stern pressure of an iron-bound creed? Optimism with him seemed as natural a production as the Indian corn of

¹ The whole sum and substance of Franklin's religious temperament were well expressed by Trilby, when she said, "There 'll be no wrath for any of us, not even the worst. Il y aura amnestie générale. Papa told me so, and he 'd been a clergyman."

² Franklin had a protecting instinct that led him always to tend towards the safe side in religious matters, like the wary and apologetic Spaniard, who, inwardly conscious of "the moral uses of dark things," was wont to say, "My good Lord, the Devil," with a careful outlook as to the possible result of another celestial secession.

³ This liberal lack of subserviency to any creed, person, or opinion was partly the outcome of his political temperament, and Franklin quite agreed with the remark of the editor of the "Daily Democrat," "A discriminating irreverence is the creator and protector of public liberty."

FRANKLIN ON PRAYER

his native land. He was really a sort of semi-detached saint, like Renan, who believed in nothing, and he gave full credit to the old French proverb: "Le bon Dieu n'est pas aussi méchant qu'il est peint." (God is not so bad as he is painted.) He thought one creed as good as another and, for the moment, a great deal better, that is, till another hove in sight. Hence the last newcomer invariably had the inside track and met with a cheerful acquiescence and a radiant sympathy in all his views. Jews, Turks, infidels, and heretics, and, according to Adams, "all the atheists, deists, and libertines, as well as the philosophers and the ladies," were received with great and cordial courtesy and a genial frame of mind in that atmosphere of endless, ubiquitous, and unchanging religious toleration in which he ever serenely and complacently floated, like Saturn in his rings, a centre of mild and steadfast light. The result was that they all left in a state of limpid, beatific refreshment, suggesting hypnotism,—feeling more confirmed than ever before in their various idiosyncrasies and with no sense of spiritual indigestion. Not a few took with them an aroma of sanctity, as it were, the outward effluence, the overflow, of that abundant complacency which had radiated, like a nimbus, from their host, who, as a man of the world, had received each and all with that seductive and saponaceous smile which gleamed, like heat-lightning, over cheeks so sleek and smooth that they rarely knew a razor, and with the oily and flattering utterance, "de cette fine langue dorée," so peculiarly his own. It was a modern philosophic Pentecost begotten of one tongue.

Prayer as a means of grace certainly found little favor with Franklin. Early in 1745 he wrote to his brother John in Boston in regard to the Louisburg expedition:—

HISTORIC SIDE-LIGHTS

"But some seem to think forts are as easy taken as snuff. Father Moody's prayers look tolerably modest. You have a fast and prayer day for that purpose, in which I compute five hundred thousand petitions were offered up to the same effect in New England, which, added to the petitions of every family morning and evening and multiplied by the number of days since January 25th, make 45 millions of prayers, which set against the prayers of a few priests in the garrison to the Virgin Mary give a vast balance in your favor. If you do not succeed, I fear I shall have but an indifferent idea of the worth of Presbyterian prayers in such cases, as long as I live."

These words must have seemed but the natural utterance of that shrewd and enterprising brother, who in his early childhood had suggested to their common parent the wisdom of saying one comprehensive grace over the whole contents of the winter's pork barrel, when it was first opened, and thus, as it were, killing many birds with one stone.

Louisburg was captured on the 17th of June, 1745. After its second capture, in 1758, Franklin wrote to Mrs. Mecom from London and offered a latent and indirect recognition of the efficacy of the prayer element on the first occasion, but tones it down by a sarcastic slur, which probably took all the life even from that concession: "I congratulate you on the conquest of Cape Breton, and hope as your people took it by praying the first time, you may now pray that it may never be given up again, which you forgot."

Prayer in those days was far more in the ascendant than now. That was certainly a prayerful age in New England, and its people were conscious of the close vicinity of things invisible in a way of which we have no idea. While both ministers and flocks were "battering the gates of heaven with storms of prayer," to

CAPTURE OF LOUISBURG

induce the Lord to take their side, Franklin must have stood out in high relief against this fervent and rapturous background as a scarlet sinner indeed, whom no amount of intercession could ever save from the final doom of divine wrath. When this "wonder-working Providence for New England" was fully accomplished, so long as the Lord gave them "enlargement to praise him," with their forty-five millions of prayers, how could they think of anything else? Compared with these celestial aids, the clergy naturally attached but little importance to the fifteen thousand shot and shell that Pepperell poured into the enemy, or to the barrels of New England rum which the soldiers poured into themselves, that they might "endure to the end." As Major-General Roger Wolcott¹ wrote: "But why do I speak of men? 'tis God has done it and the praise belongs to him alone; God hearing the prayers of his people." So the Rev. Charles Chauncey said in his Thanksgiving sermon, "It was owing to the extraordinary favor of Providence that the enemy so soon after our landing forsook their Grand Battery, allowing us to enter and take possession of it without the least opposition." To quote the Rev. Mr. Prince of the South Church, "But yet a wonder it was to see that those who were venturing into the danger seemed to be fullest of trust in God and courage. Many filled their vessels with prayer and away they sailed."

¹ "Wolcott's high station, bravery in war,
Adds to his fame distinction from afar,
Leading his cohort from Connecticut
With martial state and moving in his lot,
Appears sedate in mind, unshaken stood,
Zealous of 's churches, Col'nes, and his country's good,
Intrepid moves, with all in station high,
Constrains the Gallics from their walls to fly."

HISTORIC SIDE-LIGHTS

No wonder that the Muse, inspired by the contagious fever of her environment, exultingly burst forth, —

“ When all is said and all that has been done
On this bright theme of taking Cape Breton,
It’s God alone the victory has won,
Who smiled upon each motion, gave success
To English arms, our foes thus to suppress.”¹

In face of all this universal hallelujah and gloria in excelsis, it required not a little courage and self-control for Franklin to stand to his solitary, unorthodox gun and to fire it off with such serene aplomb, even in sight of no one but his own brother.

Franklin was past praying for after he was ten years old, though he did not lack on occasion certain views of a decidedly practical nature as to the divine-petitional theory, and as to the means of exacting for it at least an inferential deference. During his famous campaign in 1756, for the protection of the frontiers of Pennsylvania against the French and Indians, Colonel Franklin had “a zealous Presbyterian minister, Mr. Beatty,” as he tells us in his Autobiography, “who complained to me that the men did not generally attend his prayers and expositions.” The sensible colonel’s quick instincts detected a complete cure for the trouble. To shorten a long story, the men were entitled to a gill of rum a day, half in the morning and half at night. Franklin made the chaplain steward of the rum, and suggested that it should be distributed after the morning and evening service on the principle of no prayers, no rum. This

¹ It was generally admitted even in England that “Cape Breton was won by prayer,” and Cave in the “Gentleman’s Magazine” of February, 1748, — for “the devils also believe and tremble,” — gives copious extracts from Mr. Prince’s “Thanksgiving Sermon.” He most certainly would not have done this unless he had had good reason to think that the majority of his readers were with him.

POLLY BAKER

worked to a charm. The men proved excellent church-goers, and good Mr. Beatty was refreshed in his inner man by seeing them "walk after the spirit." Thus Satan was circumvented and "hoist with his own petar" thanks to Franklin's abnormal sagacity. We doubt if Colonel Gibbon with all his learning would have equalled the wisdom of Colonel Franklin, if he had been confronted by a similar emergency.

The publication of the story of "Polly Baker," to which I have incidentally referred, with all its plausible and ingenious array of circumstances, was an ethical calamity of Franklin's native State, and its rapid and popular welcome, both in England and on the Continent, which was like that of "Gulliver's Travels," or "Robinson Crusoe," soon brought all New England into disrepute in the minds of respectable people. It tended to demoralize every one who read it, and to degrade all existing institutions. It certainly did its part, with the aid of Abbé Raynal and of his co-laborer, Diderot, who contributed a large share thereof, towards bringing about the French Revolution, since the Abbé's voluminous work¹ in which it was published, in 1770,

¹ *Histoire Philosophique et Politique des Établissements et du Commerce des Européens dans les deux Indes.* Par Guillaume-Thomas Raynal. Paris, 1770.

"La Harpe says that Diderot wrote the half of it; and that though Raynal was really a better man than Diderot, yet that he, Diderot, Rousseau, Voltaire, and Helvetius were among the most powerful prime movers of the French Revolution. "J'ai lu," says Barbier, "cette histoire politique, qu'on attribue avec raison à divers auteurs. Ces Messieurs déclament plus qu'ils ne recontent; et ce livre est moins une histoire qu'une compilation hardie and irréligieuse de tout de qu'ont dit les voyageurs." — *The Library Companion.* By Rev. T. F. DIBDIN, 1824, Part 2, p. 410.

A translation of this work, done by J. O. Justamond, was published by Franklin's intimate friend, William Strahan, in 1788. The following quotation will serve as a proof of the vogue at that time attained by "Polly Baker" in England:—

HISTORIC SIDE-LIGHTS

had an immense vogue from its first advent, and as soon as it had been ordered to be burnt by the Parliament of Paris by the public executioner, and its author had fled for his life, it speedily acquired all the popularity of forbidden fruit and was translated into every European language, and even into Spanish. Wherever it went, "Polly Baker" went with it, and her enticing and witty narrative seemed to fit Raynal's radical audacities and *risqués* speculations like a glove, and was as much at home as an additional and novel figure in a Gobelin tapestry illustrating some scene from Ovid. No wonder that the liberal and radical abbé gave it a cordial welcome and regarded it as the evangel of a new era. The incident was one of those "morceaux agréables et dans le goût romanesque" which the unscrupulous author was wont to offer to his female patrons. Certainly, he could have tendered to his French readers of that sex nothing more *spirituelle* than the first few words of the shrewd though hapless Polly's appeal to her judges: "Je suis une fille pauvre, infortunée, qui, pouvant à peine gagner ma subsistance, n'a pas le moyen de payer des avocats pour plaider ma cause." Even Voltaire in his happiest vein never surpassed this.

Of this work of the Abbé Raynal few now living have ever heard, or if they have heard of it, now possess more than a vague idea of its former fame. Shrouded in the dark and dusty oblivion of over a century, none would in this age imagine that once it had a popularity like that of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," and, like it, afforded the necessary pabulum for the mental cravings of a

"The author here introduces the story of Polly Baker. He gives the speech she is said to have made on this occasion at full length. *But as this speech is in the hands of every English reader, the translator has judged it unnecessary to swell his translation with it.*"

ABBÉ RAYNAL

whole generation of humanity. It was then the pioneer of an impending crisis, though now it has no more significance than the skeleton of a huge *brontosaurus*, or thunder-reptile, entombed in Jurassic rocks. As Michelet says in his "Histoire de France au Dix-huitième Siècle," 1867, —

"All had in mind, since 1770, the book of Raynal, so long forgotten, but so powerful then, which for twenty years was the Bible of two worlds. In the recesses of the Indies, and of the Antilles, mankind devoured Raynal. Toussaint Louverture, already then 29 years of age, learned it by heart, with the Old Testament. Bernardin de Saint-Pierre was inspired by it in the Isle de France. The American Franklin, 'si fin et si sagace,' rested all his hope in the country of Raynal."

When Napoleon was a young lieutenant of artillery and full of literary aspirations, the Abbé Raynal was his forlorn hope and the nucleus of an intense wonder and respect. He sought his approval, craved his advice, and to him addressed the first draft of his history of Corsica in the shape of letters. The abbé, however, had not a prescient soul, and the future was hidden from his egotistic self-conceit and arrogant assumption.

It was to Cave, the publisher of the "Gentleman's Magazine," that the maleficent mission in Europe of "Polly Baker" was chiefly due, and he it was who started it in vol. xvii. April, 1747, p. 175.¹ No trace of its earlier advent anywhere can now be found.

¹ "The Speech of Miss Polly Baker before a Court of Judicature at Connecticut near Boston in New England; where she was presented the fifth time for having a bastard child; which influenced the Court to dispense with her punishment and induced one of the Judges to marry her the next day by whom she has had fifteen children."

The words, "at Connecticut near Boston" do not appear in any American copy, but must have been added by Cave, probably to give a greater air of reality to the fable.

HISTORIC SIDE-LIGHTS

Unfortunately, there are none but the vaguest data to aid in the quest for the time and place when "Polly Baker" first dawned upon the world. These are contained in the following ten words from Franklin, when he gleefully explained the actual source of the story: "When I was a printer and editor of a newspaper." The newspaper must have been the "Pennsylvania Gazette" of which Franklin had been sole editor and proprietor since the year 1729, — eighteen years, — when the fable appeared in the "Gentleman's Magazine." I have not only had a thorough examination made of all the numbers of the "Gazette" now in Philadelphia without success, but also of those at Harrisburg, the capital of Pennsylvania, where the file of the paper is the most complete of all, though some numbers are missing and will probably never be found in spite of the persistent efforts of Mr. Hildeburn for years to secure them. None of the eminent Franklin specialists, like Messrs. Ford, Bigelow, McMasters, Fisher, and others, have ever seen the notorious Polly in her cradle, and the "Gentleman's Magazine" must still hold the place of wet nurse.

As to "the speech of Polly Baker," its author could never have imagined in his wildest dreams the goal it was destined to reach, though the devil's advocate could hardly have been delivered of a more plausible or a more eloquent plea, or of one better fitted to make the worse appear the better reason. It is too long to be quoted here, and, in fact, is hardly suited to modern respectability. As the zealous abbé narrates: —

"This speech produced an affecting change in the minds of all the audience. She was not only acquitted of either penalty or corporal punishment, but her triumph was so complete that one of the judges married her. So superior is the voice of reason to all the powers of studied eloquence.

CAVE AND POLLY

But popular prejudice has resumed its influence, whether it be that the representations of nature alone are often stifled by an attention to political advantages, or to the benefit of society, or that under the English government, where celibacy is not enjoined by religion, there is less excuse for an illicit commerce between the sexes than in those countries where the clergy, the nobility, luxury, poverty, and the scandalous example given by the Church and the Court, all concur in degrading and corrupting the married state and in rendering it burdensome." — Vol. vii. p. 244. Trans. by J. O. Justamond, 1788.

From Cave it received a welcome of especial warmth by reason of its indecency, no less than from its other fascinating claims, and he evidently thought it true in every detail. He had, of course, no way of discovering the name of the writer. In this way it befell that to Franklin's plausible expansion of the truth the New England colonies were indebted for an exploitation seldom witnessed in those days. As the enthusiastic abbé wrote: "Ce discours, qu'on entendroit souvent dans nos contrées et partout où l'on a attaché des idées morales à des actions physiques qui n'en comportent point, si les femmes y avoient l'intrepidité de Polli Baker; ce discours produuisit dans la Nouvelle Angleterre une révélation étonnante dans tous les esprits."

Thanks to Franklin, the "intrepid Polli" achieved a universal notoriety that had been attained by hardly any other of her sex and character, except perhaps the woman of Samaria with her multitudinous and dubious husbands. New England sunned itself in her philanthropic glow for many years, and the woman of New England and the woman of Samaria bade fair to go down to posterity together, like a couplet from the Inferno, *par nobile sororum.*

The next month after its advent in the "Gentleman's

HISTORIC SIDE-LIGHTS

Magazine," a new contributor, signing himself "William Smith," gave unexpected and ample confirmation of every statement in the narrative.

"When I was in New England in 1745, I had the pleasure of seeing the celebrated Polly Baker, who was then, though near 60 years of age, a comely woman, and the wife of Paul Dudley, Esq., of Roxbury, about two miles from Boston, who marry'd her, as it is mentioned in the papers, and had fifteen children by her. I send you this information because it has been insinuated that the speech published in her name was entirely fictitious; that it could not be the speech of any woman (in which many females for different reasons concur), but was entirely the invention of some Templar or Garretteer, &c. &c.¹

"I am, Sir, Yours, &c.

"WILLIAM SMITH."

Paul Dudley was Chief-Judge of the province of Massachusetts. He married a daughter of Col. John Wainwright, of Ipswich, who bore him several children, all of whom died in infancy, and was living some years after his death in 1751. It is easy to see what annoyance and disgust were caused to Judge Dudley and his wife when the magazine arrived with the letter of Mr. Smith, in which she was unscrupulously transmuted into Polly Baker, to say nothing of the more insulting insinuations in the latter part of his fabrication. The result was that, in July, 1748, fifteen months after the appearance of Smith's letter, Cave saw fit to print an apology, though the contradiction of the narrative was so tardy as to be almost superfluous, since it had done

¹ The " &c., &c." are here printed to hide the publication of details so wilfully coarse, scandalous, false, and abusive that they are quite unfit to read in these days, though in Cave's unclean periodical they seem very much at home and in keeping with their surroundings.

WILLIAM SMITH

all the injury it was possible for it to do. What pressure was brought to bear upon Cave to bring about this crisis will never be known, probably threats of a criminal process. It is sufficient to see that he thought it wise to yield with such grace as he might, though he never admitted that the original speech was a pure, or rather, an impure, invention, and that no such person as Polly Baker ever existed.

The apology that Cave published would have been called abject and humiliating in any other person; but every term is more or less relative in its meaning, and Cave had been accustomed to wallow in such slimy depths of fraud and iniquity that he had long ceased to regard anything as either abject or humiliating. Undoubtedly, "William Smith" was as much of a myth as "Polly Baker," and the letter was, of course, written by Cave himself, since his chief success lay in fishing in troubled waters, and as he had already committed perjury at least once, he was quite equal to anything else.

Truth to tell, the publication of the original imposture and its subsequent corroboration and the tardy retraction were plainly but parts of a scheme of Cave's to keep the whole matter before the world and thus help his circulation. The result showed the wonderful and complete success of his nefarious design.

The apology was as follows:—

"Whereas, thro' the wicked contrivance of one William Smith, we unwarily published in our Magazine for May, 1747, a letter sign'd by him which we are now fully sensible contains a most groundless, vile, and injurious slander and imputation upon the Hon. Paul Dudley, Esq., his Majesty's chief justice of the province of Massachusetts Bay, the principal province in New England; and his lady, a person of the most unblemished reputation and remark-

HISTORIC SIDE-LIGHTS

able during her whole life for her great modesty, virtue and other amiable qualities:

"And whereas the said William Smith hath since absconded, so that he cannot lawfully be punish'd for his malicious and gross abuse, we being desirous that all possible reparation should be made in this case, do hereby publicly confess our great concern that we should suffer ourselves to be imposed upon and become the means of publishing so great a calumny and ask pardon of Mr. Dudley and his lady for the same.

"And whereas the said letter also contains a base and scandalous aspersion upon the inhabitants of the aforesaid province, by representing their customs in points of marriage as extremely irregular and indecent, contrary to the truth and to the standing laws of that province, approved by the King in council, we ask pardon of the said province for having published the same."

It is very obvious that this paper was drawn up by a lawyer, and that Cave was constrained to print it, or to pay the very heavy damages that would have been awarded to Hon. Paul Dudley¹ in court. The latter's forbearance under the circumstances was certainly marvellous and eminently Christian.

The abbé had the most implicit faith in Polly Baker and her naïve appeal, all the more that it perfectly agreed with his own convictions and his mental temperament, which was of the iconoclastic order. He was therefore very sorry when told the truth of the case by Franklin, who for at least thirty years had suffered the whole farrago of ingenious tarradiddle to ravage the world and disgrace New England without troubling himself to contradict it.

¹ Hon. Paul Dudley was the founder of the Dudleian Lectures on Natural Religion, and other kindred subjects, which still continue to offer annually their eloquent and bewitching charms to the students of Harvard.

FRANKLIN AND DEANE

"The Doctor and Silas Deane were in conversation one day at Passy on the numerous errors in the Abbé's 'Histoire des deux Indes,' when he happened to step in. After the usual salutations, Silas Deane said to him, 'The Doctor and myself, Abbé, were just speaking of the errors in fact into which you have been led in your history.' 'Oh, no, Sir,' said the Abbé, 'that is impossible.' I took the greatest care not to insert a single fact, for which I had not the most unquestionable authority.' 'Why,' says Deane, 'there is the story of Polly Baker, and the eloquent apology you have put into her mouth, when brought before a court of Massachusetts to suffer punishment under a law which you cite, for having a bastard. I know there never was such a law in Massachusetts.' 'Be assured,' said the Abbé, 'you are mistaken, and that that is a true story. I do not immediately recollect indeed the particular information on which I quote it; but I am certain that I had for it unquestionable authority.' Dr. Franklin, who had been for some time shaking with unrestrained laughter at the Abbé's confidence in his authority for that tale, said, 'I will tell you, Abbé, the origin of that story. When I was a printer and editor of a newspaper, we were sometimes slack of news, and, to amuse our customers, I used to fill up our vacant columns with anecdotes and fables and fancies of my own, and this of Polly Baker is a story of my making on one of these occasions.' The Abbé, without the least disconcert, exclaimed with a laugh, 'Oh, very well, Doctor, I had rather relate your stories than other men's truths.'"—*The Writings of Thomas Jefferson*, by H. A. Washington, 1854, vol. viii. p. 501.

It may here be said that the radical abbé did not remove the story from his work, even after its origin had been revealed to him. It was still asserting itself in the last edition issued.

If it had not been for Franklin himself and his exultant acknowledgment of authorship in the above inter-

HISTORIC SIDE-LIGHTS

view with the Abbé Raynal, its origin could never have been traced with certainty to any one.

This story was printed by the notorious infidel, Peter Annet, in his pamphlet entitled "Social bliss considered; in marriage and divorce. . . . Containing things necessary to be known by all that seek mutual felicity and are ripe for the enjoyment of it. With the speech of Miss Polly Baker; and notes thereon." This was published in 1749 and was an argument in favor of unlimited divorce. (V. Halkett and Laing's Dict. of Anon. and Pseudon. Literature. Vol. 3, 1885.)

Annet has a score and more of comments on Polly's speech, the last of which is as follows: "This Speech is beyond all statues that can be erected to eternize her memory, which demonstrates her to have been a woman of excellent SENSE, VIRTUE, and HONOUR, maugre all that may be said to the contrary."

Of course, Polly's experience was taken from Cave's magazine; and for the publication of this and other choice selections of a similar character and for the prurient conclusions based thereon, Annet was fined, sentenced to Newgate, and forced to stand twice in the pillory "for propagating blasphemous, irreligious, and diabolical opinions."

As the "Gentleman's Magazine" had done so much to supply Annet with ammunition, it seemed no more than fair that after his sentence the editor should plead in mitigation of his punishment and express a "Christian hope that he will find mercy." See issue for January, 1763. The editor avails himself of the occasion to state that he "holds CRIME in abhorrence." "He doth protest too much, methinks."

Allibone and Sabine both state that the work of Annet above mentioned was published in 1739, but they are not correct.

THE BIRTH OF POLLY

As the earliest appearance of "Polly Baker" that can now be identified was in the "Gentleman's Magazine" for April, 1747; and as it is very likely that her first advent in America must have been certainly within three years before that date; and as Franklin told the Abbé Raynal that he wrote the story "when I was a printer and editor of a newspaper;" and as the only newspaper to which that statement could possibly apply was the "Pennsylvania Gazette;" and as the story cannot be found in any number of that journal for several years preceding its publication in the "Gentleman's Magazine," — the only possible inference is that, though Franklin may have written the speech, and probably did so, he certainly did not tell the abbé the truth as to the circumstances under which it was first published.

I have had a most complete and exhaustive search made of every contemporary journal, magazine, or book which would be in the remotest degree likely to contain the advent of "Polly Baker," and that without the faintest gleam of suggestion, even, as to its origin.

The tale was published in the "American Museum" for March, 1787, Philadelphia. The editor makes the comment that "This judicious address influenced the court to dispense with her punishment and induced one of the judges to marry her the next day. She ever afterwards supported an irreproachable character and had fifteen children by her husband.

"N. B. Another account says her name was Sarah Olitor." This is a fresh proof of the marvellous and widespread effect of Polly's address and of the tenacious grasp of its sentiments upon the popular favor.

If human testimony is ever to be relied upon, the proof that Franklin did write the speech of Polly Baker is indisputable. It is to be found in a letter to Robert Walsh (a well-known literary man of his day),

HISTORIC SIDE-LIGHTS

from Jefferson, who writes from Monticello, Dec. 4, 1818: "I state a few anecdotes of Dr. Franklin *within my own knowledge*," one of which begins thus: "The Doctor told me at Paris the two following anecdotes of the Abbé Raynal." The second of these is the one relating to "Polly Baker."¹

¹ The Writings of Thomas Jefferson, by H. A. Washington, vol. viii. p. 497.

NOTE.—Saint Alfonso died in 1787, aged ninety-one, and was thus a contemporary of Franklin. His "Moral Theology" first appeared in 1755 and greatly increased his popularity, as it exactly suited the general looseness of the age. He soon became as well known and as much venerated as Jerome or Loyola. The Rev. Frederick W. Faber wrote a life of the saint, which covers no less than 1840 pages and was the first fruits of his perversion to the Roman Catholic Church. It was composed apparently in a spirit of defiance to be fired like a broadside at his former associates, that they might recognize his Jehu-like progress and his "zeal for the Lord" and the genuineness of his moral support. It is a vast compilation, and I never heard of any one that had reached the last page of its five volumes.

Father Faber offers an illustration of the marvellous influence and the persuasive eloquence of Saint Alfonso. In 1755 he gave "a retreat," which was attended by an enormous concourse of priests and gentlemen, who were completely carried away by his burning and fervent words. "The Count d'Aquila was so touched by grace that hearing one of his soldiers swear by the blood of Jesus Christ, he condemned him to be tied to a pole three hours morning and evening by the hair of his head, with a gag in his mouth, for a week." Bunyan has much to say of "the economy of grace," but this must have been "grace abounding."

Among the various miracles performed by Saint Alfonso, Father Faber minutely describes one which, so far as spontaneous generation goes, was closely allied to that of the loaves and fishes. In July, 1753, the saint was "at the house of a physician, named Francis Mari," where, by his influence, thirty-two persons were abundantly fed on eight pounds of meat, and "a considerable quantity remained." . . . "The pieces became visibly larger as they were cutting it in the kitchen, and Mari afterwards attested that the meat had increased at least sevenfold." Vol. ii., chap. 38. Naturally Saint Alfonso is never mentioned north of the Tweed, as the Scotch would naturally feel much hurt at this essential replica of their own national marvel.

PART IV

Adams and the Great Seal of the United States.—The Committee thereon and its Action.—Du Simitiere and his Sketches.—Designs proposed by Adams, Jefferson, and Franklin.—Hengist and Horsa.—Moses and his Early Domination.—Moses in Massachusetts.—Moses and Adams.—John Quincy Adams and Moses.—Randolph of Roanoke and the Bible.—John Quincy Adams on Expansion.—The Pilgrim Fathers and the Swine.—Senator Depew and the American Hog.—The Swine of New England.—Pork and Beans.

It will have been noticed that the members selected for the preparation of a seal were the three first named of the five who had already so gladly and so amply responded when the country in its perils sought to summon to its aid the most talented, the bravest, and the most patriotic of its sons. Surely one might well infer that no stronger proof could have been offered of the importance attached by the Continental Congress to this particular phase of its new duties than the choice of three such men as Franklin, Adams, and Jefferson for the preparation of a seal; nor did its whole body, able as were many of its members, include a trinity more illustrious, or more fully equipped for the trust confided to them, by reason of their patriotism, intelligence, learning, or judgment. And the wisdom of this choice seemed obvious, for as the seal of the new nation was the first embodied right to be assumed and the natural and becoming issue of the national sovereignty, so it was to be the ever present symbol of powers asserted and principles guaranteed by a new and sturdy competitor. It was thus of serious import that a device should

HISTORIC SIDE-LIGHTS

be secured which should not only be in keeping with these high ideals, but should be of such artistic excellence, such striking merit and impressive character, as to lend further weight and dignity to the national decrees.

Notwithstanding these plain and insistent claims, however, the proposed symbol did not receive the attention it deserved from any of the members of Congress, and very little even from its committee. In fact, either from lack of vital interest, from the pressure of graver matters, or from whatever cause, neither Franklin nor Jefferson gave the subject much consideration, and Adams alone seems to have attached any importance thereto or to have made it a matter of personal concern. To him it was indebted for an absorbing, conscientious devotion, and it is to him alone that we owe all the testimony that now exists, such as it is, in regard to the inception of our great seal. So far as can be judged from any writings now accessible, he was the only person of prominence then living who has left us any particular reference to this subject, and there is an utter lack of any other contemporary testimony as to the ideas or proceedings of his committee, as well as of any but the most meagre relics of their debates. The language of the following letter clearly intimates the importance attached by Adams to the seal, as he evidently thought that on its preparation the final signatures of the Declaration of Independence were largely contingent, though there is nothing to show that this view was shared by his colleagues.

The letter was addressed to Samuel Chase from Philadelphia and was dated July 9, 1776.

" You will see by this post that the river is past and the bridge cut away. The Declaration was yesterday published and proclaimed from the awful stage in the State House yard. . . . As soon as an American seal is prepared, I



DESIGN BY DU SIMITIERE FOR A MEDAL TO COMMEMORATE
THE SURRENDER OF BOSTON



SKETCH BY DU SIMITIERE

conjecture the Declaration will be subscribed by all the members, which will give you the opportunity you wish for transmitting your name among the votaries of independence."

A few weeks later we find this letter to Mrs. Adams: —

"PHILADELPHIA, 14 AUGUST, 1776.

"I am put upon a committee¹ to prepare a device for a golden medal to commemorate the surrender of Boston to the American arms, and upon another to prepare a device for a great seal for the confederated states. There is a gentleman here of French extraction whose name is Du Simitiere, a painter by profession, whose designs are very ingenious and his drawings well-executed. He has been applied to for his advice. I waited on him yesterday and saw his sketches. For the medal he proposes Liberty with her spear and pileus, leaning on General Washington. The British fleet in Boston harbor with all their sterns towards the town, the American troops marching."

On the opposite page the reader will find a photographic copy of the original sketch by Du Simitiere, which was undoubtedly seen by Adams. It is here published for the first time. It is a drawing in pen and ink washed in with sepia, and now forms a part of the multifarious collections left by the artist which are preserved in the Ridgway Branch of the Library Company of Philadelphia. For the privilege of thus using it I desire to present my grateful acknowledgments to its accomplished librarian, Mr. Bunford Samuel, to whose attentive kindness I am indebted for various courtesies of a similar nature.

Adams does not refer to any design for more than

¹ The members of this committee were Messrs. Adams, Jay, and Hopkins, and they were chosen on the 25th of March, 1776.

HISTORIC SIDE-LIGHTS

one side of the Boston medal, nor is there any evidence that Du Simitiere ever attempted one; but another sketch exists among his works, which Mr. William Spohn Baker¹ assumes to have been intended for the reverse of the medal, though there is no proof thereof, direct or indirect. It is in pencil and very dimly outlined, and I offer it here that it may enjoy the benefit of the doubt, the effect of the original having been necessarily somewhat heightened in my copy. Whatever else may be said of this design, it can hardly claim the merit of originality, for the linked colonial circle had already been employed, apparently at the suggestion of Franklin, on the new paper money of a few months previous; the radiating eye of Providence was an ancient and well-known emblem, and the hand with the dagger, another old and suggestive symbol, was in evidence on the ten-pound notes of South Carolina, issued in 1775.

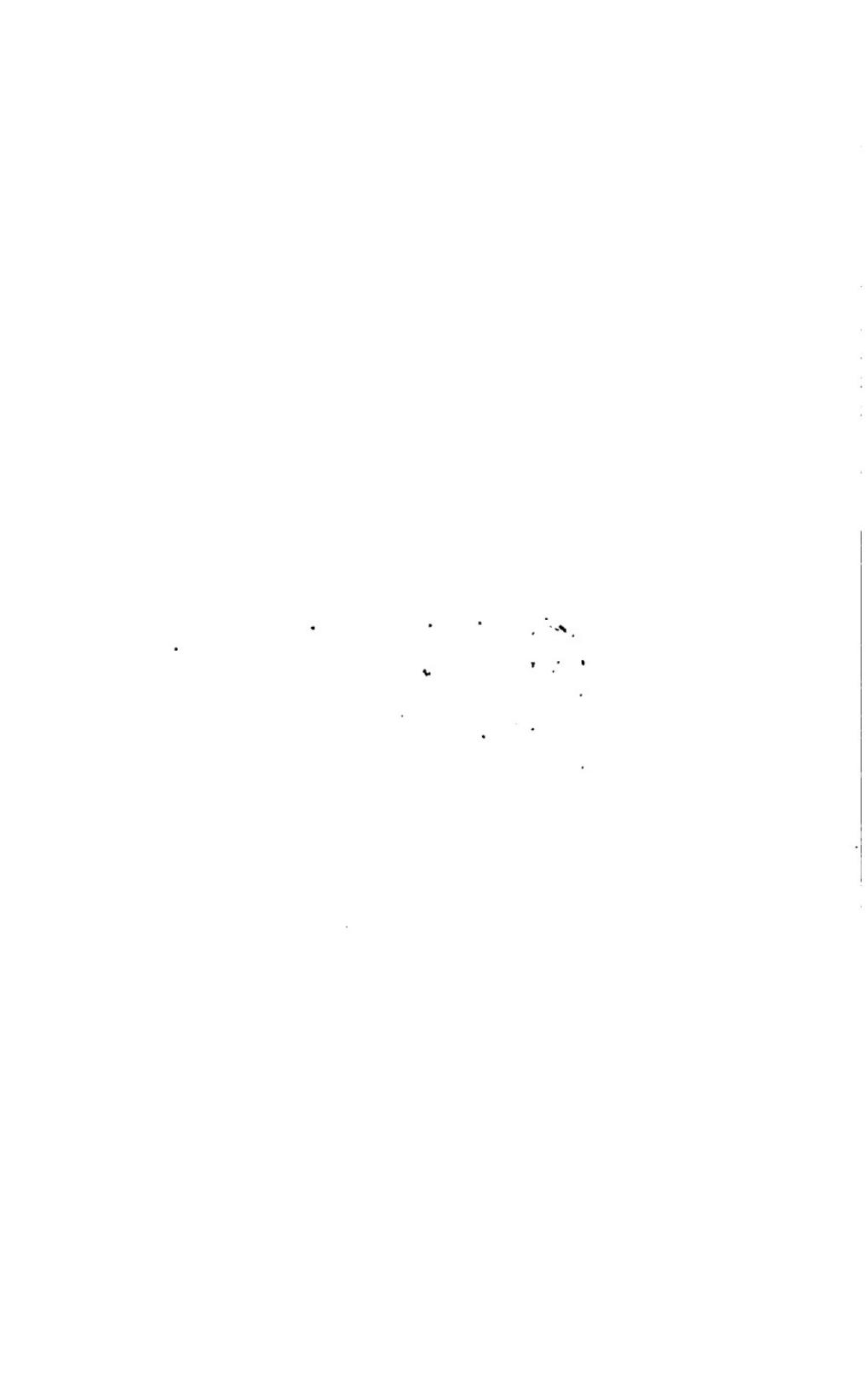
As to the obverse of the medal, the reader can judge for himself.

The figures are badly drawn, their expression very unsatisfactory, to say the least, and the effect of the whole design is thin and amateurish, though, compared with some of the efforts of that early and struggling era, it almost soars into the realm of genius. There is nothing to show the opinion of the committee in regard to it, or the real reasons for its rejection; but as Du Simitiere never received any other decorative commission from government, and as Congress finally paid him

¹ "Medallion Portraits of Washington Supplementary List prepared by William Spohn Baker, Philadelphia, 1890." This list has never been printed, but is still in manuscript in the Baker Collection of the Historical Society of Pennsylvania. Mr. Baker writes that "The original drawings for the obverse and reverse of this medal are preserved among the Du Simitiere papers in the possession of the Library Company of Philadelphia."



ALLEGED DESIGN FOR THE REVERSE OF SAME MEDAL



LETTER OF ADAMS

only thirty-two dollars¹ for his labors, and that in a sadly depreciated currency, it is fair to infer that his artistic efforts were held in light esteem.

But to continue our letter from Adams: —

"For the seal he proposes the arms of the several nations from whence America has been peopled, as English, Scotch, Irish, Dutch, German, etc., each in a shield. On one side of them Liberty, with her pileus; on the other a rifler in his uniform, with his rifle gun in one hand and his tomahawk in the other.² This dress and these troops with this kind of armor being peculiar to America, unless the dress was

¹ Journals of Congress, Nov. 29, 1776. "Paid P. E. Du Simitiere for designing, making and drawing a medal for General Washington, \$32."

The Peter Force Collection in the Library of Congress contains a note-book written by Du Simitiere and filled with a daily record of his various labors. From the following extracts, taken from its "List of Paintings and Drawings done," it seems clear that the artist had achieved a wide repute for designs of a character similar to the above.

"Iber, 1776, a drawing in Indian ink for a medal to be given gen'l Washington on the English evacuation of Boston, begun some time ago."

"August, a drawing in Indian ink for the Great Seal of the State of Virginia in two sides of 4½ inches diameter."

"October, a drawing in Indian ink of the broad seal of the State of Georgia."

Other commissions — if such they can rightly be called — also are to be found for New Jersey and Delaware.

Not very long after the above date, the barbers of Philadelphia were papering the walls of their shops with the promissory notes of the United States.

² Facing page 154 of this volume will be found a copy of what was apparently the original sketch submitted to Mr. Adams on this occasion. The design itself is now in vol. viii., Series 5, of the Jefferson Papers in the Department of State at Washington. For the opportunity of presenting both this and several other sketches hereafter given, I desire to express my thanks to Mr. Andrew H. Allen, Chief of the Bureau of Rolls and Library, whose cordial solicitude and remarkable intelligence so many persons interested in historical research have had ample reason to appreciate.

HISTORIC SIDE-LIGHTS

known to the Romans. Dr. Franklin showed me yesterday a book containing an account of the dresses of all the Roman soldiers, one of which appeared exactly like it.

"This M. Du Simitiere is a very curious man. He has begun a collection of materials for a history of this revolution. He begins with the first advices of the tea-ships. He cuts out of the newspapers every scrap of intelligence and every piece of speculation and pastes it upon clean paper, arranging them under the head of that state to which they belong, and intends to bind them up in a volume. He has a list of every speculation and pamphlet concerning independence, and another concerning forms of government.

"Dr. Franklin proposes a device for a seal, Moses lifting up his wand and dividing the Red Sea, and Pharaoh in his chariot overwhelmed with the waters. This motto: 'Rebellion to tyrants is obedience to God.'

"Mr. Jefferson proposed the Children of Israel in the wilderness, led by a cloud by day and a pillar of fire by night, and on the back Hengist and Horsa, the Saxon chiefs, from whom we claim the honor of being descended, and whose political principles and form of government we have assumed."¹

¹ Jefferson and Adams in the expression of these opinions, of course, relied upon such information as they then possessed, but little appears in the later discoveries of history to justify their reasons for placing Hengist and Horsa on our seal. Both these chiefs are now regarded as more or less mythical. Foggy figures, dim and huge, they loom up athwart the historic twilight; though Freeman, who gave the whole subject careful study, after long brooding finally brought himself to allow—in a note, *à toutes réserves*, "I see no reason to doubt the existence of Hengest." Further than that he cared not to commit himself, like "one quenched in a boggy Syrtis."

The general trend of evidence, however, seems to show that one of these leaders, possibly both, did found "the first Teutonic settlement in Kent, which involved, whether by extirpation or assimilation, the utter driving out of the earlier British or Roman elements." For more than a century after the success of the invasion, no history of the new kingdom has been discovered, and we know nothing

HENGIST AND HORSA

Franklin evidently sided with his two fellow-patriots in their views as to the ample blessings that flowed from the successful raid of those two filibustering apostles of freedom, for he says in his Introduction to "An Historical Review: " "Liberty, it seems, thrives best in the woods. America best cultivates what Germany brought forth."

In their choice of a device both Franklin and Jeffer-

whatever of the political principles of its rulers or of our own descent from the people thereof, and Jefferson and his colleagues must have known just as little. It is quite likely, however, that the descendants of those invaders did have, indirectly, a powerful influence over the early fortunes of New England, and thence over those of our young republic. This has been ably and conclusively shown by Senator Hoar, of Massachusetts, in an address on the indebtedness of New England to Kent, published in the *Proceedings of the American Antiquarian Society*, April, 1895.

"Neither was that an unimportant wassail-night, when the two black-browed Brothers, strongheaded, headstrong, Hengst and Horsa (Stallion and Horse), determined on a man-hunt in Britain, the boar-hunt at home having got over-crowded; and so, of a few hungry Angles made an English nation, and planted it here, and — produced *thee*, O Reader! Of Hengst's whole campaigning scarcely half a page of good Narrative can now be written." — CARLYLE, "On History again." *Fraser's Magazine*, 1888.

Though these words were the outflashings of genius, yet in view of the paucity of original evidence and of later and more extended research, it would seem that Hengst and Horsa as "makers of an English nation" were somewhat too broadly projected into the domain of history, and that to the conscientious student they must still continue to figure merely as mystic, gigantic Brocken spectres, ever on the verge of almost total dissolution, being at best but the crude and chimerical offspring of credulous and omnivorous chroniclers, whose brains were apparently located in their solar plexus and who were glad to jump at marvellous conclusions.

Liberty often "moves in a mysterious way her wonders to perform," and many inexplicable phenomena may well be looked for at her hands; but if it had been revealed to Hengist and Horsa that the final outcome of their performances was to be the founding of a democracy on the other side of the Atlantic for the propagation of anti-expansionists, like Senator Hoar and his adherents, they would doubtless have been torn by a variety of conflicting emotions.

HISTORIC SIDE-LIGHTS

son gave very natural expression to a feeling that pervaded all their countrymen and was deeply infused into every class, from the highest to the lowest. As in the estimation of our forefathers, the makers of New England, so with the makers of the United States, Moses towered high, like a mighty column resting on dread foundations, laid by divine and all-wise Omnipotence and never to be shaken. Hence men of every religious type regarded him as a demigod and the mightiest representative of the Deity that had ever been seen by man. Really it is no exaggeration to state that Moses had then become a more dominant power and a more vital presence, and was more venerated, than Christ himself.¹ He was far more often mentioned and quoted and thought of, and was regarded as a more available symbol

¹ The influence of Moses among the reading and thinking men of the middle of the eighteenth century was largely increased by the domineering and arrogant supremacy of his patron, Bishop Warburton, — “Lord paramount in all the realms of science” — whose paradoxical encyclopaedia, “The Divine Legation of Moses,” swept over all Christendom with the force of a cyclone, and that in spite of the efforts of Newton, Voltaire, Bolingbroke, and other great intellects to explain the illustrious lawgiver away. Though the bishop strove to show that when, as Christ said, “Moses wrote of me,” Moses did not know what he was about, and that the great lawgiver proved his divine legation by omitting all reference to what should have been its supremely essential and life-giving element, yet in that day no one could see the actual result of the bishop’s conclusions, by reason of the smoky cloud of erudition that hid them, and Moses for the time being held his own, and a great deal more.

Even Lord Shaftesbury drew the line at Moses and regarded him as “the only heart which had the character of being after the pattern of the Almighty’s.” His Lordship did not find in the writings of Moses the “profusion of humorous images and jocular wit” which he detected in Job and in the Psalms; nor did he discern therein “the merry devotion of David,” nor “the sharp, humorous repartees of Christ,” nor, in short, any of the facetious *jeux d’esprit* which to his mind enlightened the jovial pages of Jeremiah, Isaiah, and the other prophets, and revealed “the highest care taken by its original founders to exhilarate religion.”

MOSES AND BUNYAN

of encouragement to the good and of terror to evil-doers; and when the Herculean lawgiver thrice knocked down Faithful and laid him for dead in the very presence of Christ himself, as narrated by Bunyan, "because of his secret inclining to Adam the first," he was generally admitted to have served him right.¹ It can thus only be thought very natural that both Franklin and Jefferson should have striven to identify the young republic with a figure so grand and so powerful and so majestically endowed with every attribute that history, antiquity, religion, law, or learning could bestow.

As a Bostonian, Franklin² inhaled this faith with his

¹ I venture to add here *in transitu* that this was not the first time Moses had made himself disagreeable to Faithful. Farther on the latter says, "'T was he that came to me when I dwelt securely at home and told me he would burn my house over my head if I stayed there." Nothing was then intimated as to any "secret inclining to Adam the first," and the real reason for this continual aversion undoubtedly was that Faithful belonged to the New Régime, and Moses would naturally conceive a distaste for him because its teachings were exactly the opposite of the Old Régime, of which he was the head. There was much of the Hercules in Moses, from Bunyan's point of view, which was well supported by the facts of his life, and by his narrative of the Retreat of the Six Hundred Thousand, compared with which Xenophon's famous campaign was a mere fleeting and iridescent soap-bubble.

Bunyan somehow contrived to acquire more information about the true Moses and his appurtenances than any one else, as appears from his homely and quaint quartette:—

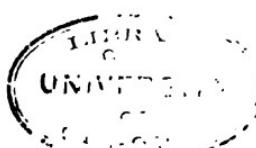
"This Moses was a fair and comely man;
His wife a swarthy Ethiopian;
Nor did his Milk-white Bosom Change her Skin;
She came out thence as black as she went in."

Tennyson wrote,

"Swarth Moses by the Coptic sea,"

which suggests a different authority from that consulted by his rival. However, it matters little, "Nimium ne crede colori," as Corydon says.

² In 1787 Joel Barlow published a poem called "The Vision of Columbus." It contains a tribute to Franklin, which is full of



HISTORIC SIDE-LIGHTS

natal breath. It had a local color and interest, like his soap, and his loyalty to it never ceased, or even wavered. In one of the very last works of his life, when he was doing his best with failing powers to transmit the family soap to a remote posterity, he asserts his belief that "a constitution was framed for the Jews by the Deity himself," and that "the Supreme Being personally delivered to his chosen servant, Moses, in presence of the whole nation, a constitution and code of laws for their observance." This was apropos of "The Conduct of the Anti-Federalists in 1787." And the very use of such an example to invigorate his argument showed plainly that the wise and clear-headed Franklin still knew the public mind, and his own as well, and that, like Moses himself, though his years were many, "his eye was not dim nor his natural force abated."

It was especially in New England that this veneration for Moses prevailed from the first years of its history. Though it has been clearly proved¹ that our Puritan ancestors did not deduce their first code of laws "almost literally from the Books of Moses," yet there is plenty of evidence that they went as far as they dared in that direction. As Adams wrote,

Mosaic suggestion and reads as if it were far more likely to have been inspired by the image of the great lawgiver as a high potential explosive on Mount Sinai than by any traits of the peaceful and conciliatory philosopher.

"See on yon darkening height bold Franklin stand,
Heaven's awful thunders rolling o'er his head;
Convolving clouds the billowy skies deform,
And forked flames emblaze the blackening storm;
See the descending streams around him burn,
Glance on his rod and with his guidance turn;
He bids conflicting heavens their blasts expire,
Curbs the fierce blaze and holds the imprisoned fire."

¹ Remarks on the Early Laws of Massachusetts Bay, by F. C. Gray, LL.D.

MOSAIC LAWS

"Their greatest concern was to establish a government consistent with the scriptures."¹

We learn from the "Colonial Records of the Massachusetts Bay," that as far back as May, 1636, "The Governor, the Deputy Governor, Thomas Dudley, John Haynes, Richard Bellingham, Esquires, Mr. Cotton, Mr. Peters, and Mr. Shepherd are entreated to make a draught of laws agreeable to the word of God, which may be the Fundamentals of this Commonwealth, and to present the same to the next General Court, and it is ordered that in the meantime the magistrates and their associates shall proceed in the Courts to hear and determine all causes according to the laws now established, and where there is no law, then as near the laws of God as they can."

The only outcome of this, according to Winthrop's Journal, seems to have been that in December of that same year, "Mr. Cotton, being requested by the General Court with some other ministers to assist some of the magistrates in compiling a body of fundamental laws, did, this Court, present a copy of Moses his judicials, compiled in an exact method, which were taken into further consideration till the next General Court." (Journal, p. 202.)

In the year 1642 "Mr. Charles Chauncey" (afterwards President of Harvard College and described by Cotton Mather in the days when Cotton was king, as "another Elijah shedding his benign influence over the school of the prophets" — like President Eliot), in reply to certain queries propounded by Gov. William Bradford, replied, with other assertions: —

¹ Carlyle said in his Inaugural Address at Edinburgh in 1866, "They wanted to make the nation altogether conformable to the Hebrew Bible, which they, and all men, understood to be the exact transcript of the Will of God."

HISTORIC SIDE-LIGHTS

"Ans. The answer unto this I will lay downe (as God shall directe by his word and spirite) in these following conclusions: (1) That ye judicials of Moyses, that are appendances to ye morall law, & grounded on ye law of nature, or ye decalogue, are immutable, and ppetuall, wch all orthodox devines acknowledge; see ye authors following. Luther, Tom. &c." (Bradford's History of Plimouth Plantation, p. 468.)

Even the Massachusetts "Body of Liberties" established by the General Court in December, 1641, adopted the law of Moses in various forms, especially in section eighty-one, which gives the eldest son a double portion¹ in accordance with Deuteronomy, chap. xxi. 17.

Apropos of this reference to the Mosaic law, it may be safely asserted that if any one of the Mosaic precepts is more worthy than any other to be cited as utterly absurd, ridiculous, impracticable, superfluous, fantastic, and perfectly void of any sign of divine or omniscient origin, it is that contained in the fifteenth, sixteenth, and seventeenth verses of the twenty-first chapter of Deuteronomy. It is the result of a far-fetched effort to provide for circumstances that would never be likely, or even possible to exist, and which, if they did exist, ought not to be suffered, and still less to be admitted as existing by one claiming to speak from celestial revelation. The whole dictate is unjust, and unnatural and also based on a complete ignorance of the ordinary results of marriage and of the birth of children, and if sought to be carried into execution as a legal enactment, would be utterly debasing and demoralizing in its effects, as has, in fact, been already proved.

What I have said in regard to Franklin is equally

¹ Especial attention is called to this subject by Hon. George F. Hoar, Senator from Massachusetts, in the address before mentioned on page 159.

ADAMS AND MOSES

true concerning Adams, and the Mosaic grip was as tenacious upon the one as upon the other, like that of the Old Man of the Sea upon Sindbad the Sailor. As Adams wrote to his son, John Quincy, Moses was "one whom the Lord knew face to face," and to whom "the law of the Hebrews was delivered by the Creator of the world," and though he did not believe in the divinity of Christ, he did put implicit faith in the Pentateuch as a revelation from on high, including the account of the creation and the narrative by Moses of his own death and the other works attributed to him during his decease.¹ As Edward Everett wrote of him in 1848, "he entertained an almost obsolete reverence for sacred things."

To tell the truth, Adams, like his colleagues, made himself solid with Moses at the beginning and so continued to the end, and apparently he found no more certain basis for his faith to rest on. The great vice-regent of heaven was never far from his thoughts, and when his pious, pugnacious, and patriotic Philadelphia pastor, Rev. Mr. Duffield, preached on this subject, he found no more appreciative auditor than Adams, his serious-minded parishioner, who, reflecting on his own prominent position and conscientious responsibility, asked, "Is it not a saying of Moses, 'Who am I that I should go in and out before this great people?'" So potent was this feeling that he apparently never got

¹ Even at this period, when Moses is generally regarded as an extinct volcano, there are those who resent the disparaging way in which his memoirs were treated by the irreverent Bishop of Natal. As the Archbishop of Canterbury indignantly exclaimed, apropos of Colenso,

"Who filled his soul with carnal pride?
Who made him say that Moses lied
About the little hare's inside?
The devil!"

Dean Stanley was very brave in 1866 when he took his plucky stand in behalf of Colenso, and said to the exasperated clergy in

HISTORIC SIDE-LIGHTS

any farther than the Pentateuch and the Old Dispensation, though willing, however, to admit that religion, as he observed, was "a noble infirmity and no peculiar derogation from the character of the Puritans." In his own career he followed his example as nearly as he conscientiously could, and as he was unable to become a priest, from his contempt for "the ridiculous fancies of sanctified effluvia from episcopal fingers," and for "all the creeds, confessions, oaths, subscriptions, and whole cart-loads of other trumpery that we find religion encumbered with in these days," as he wrote, he chose the next best course and decided to become a lawgiver. Like Moses, "the patriot fierce," as Newman calls him, he was a good fighter, though, unlike him, he had not "killed his man," and would infallibly have been a soldier, if he could have secured the necessary interest and patronage; but the result was decidedly in his and our favor, for it offered a fresh proof that "peace hath her victories no less renowned than war."

This profound and innate reverence for Moses, who was the greatest imperialist and expansionist of his age, continued to assert itself in the Adams family for two generations after John Adams' decease, and was largely inherited by John Quincy Adams. As late as the year 1846, in the long and spirited debate in the 29th Congress on the Oregon Question and the famous "fifty-four forty, or fight," the latter contrived to draw Moses into the discussion and to commit him irretrievably to our "manifest destiny" of unlimited expansion by quoting from his account of the creation. This precedent gave great comfort both to himself and to the other

Convocation: "I am not unwilling to take my place with Gregory of Nyssa, with Jerome, and with Athanasius. But in that same goodly company I shall find the despised and rejected Bishop of Natal."

JOHN QUINCY ADAMS

expansionists, and none the less that they could hardly have expected efficient aid from the great lawgiver. They had a sincere respect for Adams, and though few of the other members had ever read the Mosaic law-books, and still fewer knew anything of their contents, they were well aware that Adams could n't tell a lie, any more than George Washington, though it often appears to be in the nature of a Providential dispensation and is "a very present help in time of trouble," as it was so often regarded under the Old Dispensation.

At a later stage in the debate Adams alluded in a vague, half-hearted fashion to the Biblical knowledge of his fellow members, and evidently sought to take as optimistic a view thereof as possible, when he said: "I suppose the members of this house generally do believe the book, because I see them going up to that Chair and taking their oaths upon it — and some of them kissing it, in token, as I suppose, of their respect for it."

The pungent, sarcastic, and irrepressible Randolph of Roanoke, who had the genuine Adams faculty for getting at the truth about his fellow-men and putting it where it would do most good, also, like Adams, took occasion to air his views concerning the Biblical knowledge of his associates in Congress during the debate on the "Florida Canal," in February, 1826.

"Mr. Randolph said, 'What are the words of the Constitution?' He was very sorry to say that this book (holding up the Constitution) was so seldom resorted to. It was like the Bible, in which we kept receipts, deeds, etc., and never looked into except when we happen to want them; and even then we are so little in the habit of using it, we forget where they are mislaid." (National Intelligencer, Feb. 16, 1826.)

Verily, truth is a *rara avis*, like the *tutissimus ibis* favored of Phœbus Apollo and praised by Ovid, and one

HISTORIC SIDE-LIGHTS

very seldom comes across it. There are few Randolphs and Adamses nowadays to reveal "the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth" about their fellow-men.

On the 9th of February, 1846, the House sitting in Committee of the Whole, Mr. Adams remarked:¹ "So much had been said and with so much ability on the question of title, that he believed it would be almost a waste of time in him to say anything more about it; unless the Chairman had on the table before him a little *book* that the Speaker sometimes employed in administering the solemnity of an oath to members elect before they were admitted to seats in that Hall. If that book was there, he would thank the Clerk to read from it what he considered as the foundation of our title to Oregon. If he would turn to the 26th, 27th, and 28th verses of the first chapter of Genesis, the committee would see what Mr. A. considered the foundation of the title of the United States to the Oregon territory."

The clerk read as follows:—

"26. And God said, Let us make man in our image, after our likeness: and let them have dominion over the fish of the sea, and over the fowl of the air, and over the cattle, and over all the earth, and over every creeping thing that creepeth upon the earth.

"27. So God created man in his own image, in the image of God created he him: male and female created he them.

"28. And God blessed them, and God said unto them, Be fruitful and multiply,² and replenish the earth and sub-

¹ See "National Intelligencer" of February 10.

² This felicitous quotation of the patriotic and virtuous Adams was precisely the one employed by Polly Baker to justify her own eccentric conduct, which she termed "the duty of the first and great command of Nature and of Nature's God 'Increase and Multiply,' a duty from the steady performance of which nothing has been able to deter me, but for its sake I have hazarded the loss of the public esteem and have frequently endured public disgrace and punishment,

THE IMPERIAL PROPHET

due it; and have dominion over the fish of the sea and over the fowl of the air, and over every living thing that moveth upon the earth."

"That," said Mr. Adams, "in my judgment is the foundation of our title to Oregon and of all the title we have to any of the territory we possess. It is the foundation of the title by which you, sir, occupy that chair, and by which we are now called upon to occupy Oregon."

With these words the speaker struck a most exalted and sympathetic note, which carried conviction to the very heart of hearts of each patriotic hearer, — a note that has vibrated ever since and will still continue to vibrate to the ends of the earth, till it awakens a responsive echo in every breast. Plainly this has been our mission from the first, and Adams did well when he undertook to show that Moses, like St. Andrews, had "hitched his wagon to a star" and was in very truth a real *bona fide* prophet. And so thinking, Adams felt a conclusive intuition that when Moses referred to "the fish of the sea," he meant "the sacred cod of Massachusetts," and that he had the American eagle in his prophetic soul when he spoke of "the fowl of the air." Q. E. D. If he had not been John Quincy Adams, of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, he would willingly have been Moses, with all his scientific discrepancies and inexplicabilities.¹

and therefore ought, in my humble opinion, instead of a whipping, to have a statue erected to my memory," just as Annet thought.

¹ This enterprising use of Moses as an auxiliary was a bold *coup d'état*, and it is mentioned by Dr. Von Holst in his "Constitutional and Political History of the United States" vol. iii. p. 81, though he fails to grasp the situation or to give Adams the credit that so richly belongs to him. "A settlement of the controversy was as impossible upon this basis as upon the ground of a papal gift of the undiscovered parts of the world, or of the verse in Genesis which Adams threw into the controversy on behalf of the United States."

Debate on the Oregon Question, Feb. 9, 1846. In reply to Mr. T.

HISTORIC SIDE-LIGHTS

The contemporaries of Adams had healthy, public-spirited, far-sighted, fundamental, Mosaic ideas on the subject of expansion, and were never afraid to express them. Chief Justice Marshall used to say, "Brother Story, step to the window and see if it does not look like rain;" and if the reply was that the sun shone brightly, he would add, "All the better; for our jurisdiction extends over so large a territory that the doctrine of chances makes it certain that it must be raining somewhere."¹ If that great man could only have foreseen how it is raining now in Cuba and in the Philippines, it would have done his soul good, as when Moses viewed the promised land, which he could not enter; and he would have been prompted to say, "Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace."

It was fortunate for Adams that he died before our

Butler King, of Georgia, Mr. Adams also observed farther on: "To say that the title [to the Oregon Territory] is 'clear and unquestionable,' is to say that which is susceptible of two meanings,—one relating solely to the question of right and wrong, and the other relating to the opinions of others. According to the construction we give to 'clear and unquestionable,' and in relation to the question of right and wrong, I say that our title is clear and unquestionable." — *Appendix to the Congressional Globe*, p. 465.

¹ Notwithstanding the maxim of Lord Bacon that "Judges ought to be more learned than witty," all, or at least the majority, of our great judges have possessed a considerable fund of humor and have been prone to look on the facetious aspect of any situation with much enjoyment. Even the grave and dignified Lemuel Shaw, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, in short, on a certain occasion, when a young man, sang "Villikins and his Dinah," in Concert Hall, Boston, though this would, of course, be different from singing in a Music Hall elsewhere.

The venerable Josiah Quincy, who kept most of his faculties undimmed to the age of ninety, at last became very long-sighted, though even then he was reluctant to use glasses. One day, when reading a document to Judge Story, he was obliged to hold it almost at arm's-length. At last his Honor humorously observed: "The time will certainly come, Mr. Quincy, when you will have to get either a pair of spectacles or a pair of tongs."

ADAMS AND PHILOLOGY

present era of philological investigation had borne such a luxuriant harvest and thus failed to see the effects of the fierce light which beats from the higher criticism, and has enabled victorious analysis to scale the very heavens. He would have been greatly shocked to learn that after all his *exploitation* of Moses, the presumed author of the Pentateuch — his own and his father's ark of salvation — was actually a vague and anonymous syndicate; and that our present perversion of the Psalms was a sacred "trust," and Isaiah a copartnership; that Job¹ was twins at least, as has been demonstrated

¹ In these forays of science into the bowels of the Old Testament during the last half-century, Ruskin, as usual, has not failed to take a certain share, and has distinguished himself by the novelty of his views, at least. The two Jobs would be greatly amazed to learn that their book "was chiefly written and placed in the inspired volume in order to show the value of natural history and its power over the human heart." (*Lectures on Architecture and Paintings.* §§ 79, 80.) How very advanced! This utterance must have been specially intended for Ruskin's own readers, of whom he says in a letter to Dr. Furnivall, 29 Sept., 1878: "Not one man in 15,000 in the nineteenth century knows, or even can know, what any line or any word means, used by a great writer. For most words stand for things that are seen or things that are thought of, and in the nineteenth century there is certainly not one man in 15,000 who ever looks at anything, and not one in fifteen million capable of a thought." Again, how very advanced!

Undoubtedly Ruskin's countrymen got their idea of the unicorn from Job. The creature certainly has a very spirited and realistic air on their coat of arms.

"Ruskin seems to me to have the best talent for *preaching* of all men now alive. He has entirely blown up the world that used to call itself of 'Art' and left it in an *impossible* posture, uncertain whether on its feet at all, or on its head."

Thus wrote Carlyle in 1862, adding, "If he could do as much for Political Economy (as I hope), it would be the greatest benefit achieved by preaching for generations past." The writer lived to see the fruition of his hope, for Ruskin straightway proceeded to treat "The Dismal Science" just as he had treated Job and the world of art, and when he had ended every one will admit that the science was even more dismal than before and that it was quite im-

HISTORIC SIDE-LIGHTS

by Renan; that Joshua was certainly a quintette, while Jeremiah was triplets, as conclusively proved by Prof. W. Robertson Smith, and, moreover, was "posthumous, traditional, anonymous, and generally indefinite," which facts may have given his prophetic Lamentations a darker and more dismal tone; that Samson had got so mixed up with Hercules, thanks to the learned and ingenious developments of Baur, Braun, Wietzke, Brockhausen, *et id omne genus*, that one could not be distinguished from the other, and it was uncertain, to tell the truth, whether either of them ever lived at all, any more than Castor and Pollux; that Daniel was "a legend" with no more positive identity than Saint Ignis Fatuus; that the episode of David and Goliath had turned out to be "not homogeneous," but that the latter lived a half-century or so after the former, which would make David's achievement still more marvellous, or quite impracticable, since even a miracle would hardly have enabled him to hit Goliath at that distance, even though

possible to tell whether it was "on its feet at all or on its head." Ruskin set forth his fantastic doctrines in a small volume entitled "Unto this last," a phrase taken from the most foolish verse of the most absurd of all the parables, "The Laborers in the Vineyard." Very naturally, his theory, the essence of which is "to pay both good and bad workmen alike," agrees perfectly with its apparent origin, and we can easily see how its author might have taken it into his head that the mission of Job was to serve as the type and forerunner of Linnaeus and Cuvier. As to the parable, since it is found only in Saint Matthew, let us hope for the credit of Christianity, of human well-being, and of common sense, that it is an interpolation.

Ruskin always had a taste for natural history, porcine and other, and an acute perception of its exact status among the great majority of his countrymen. He said on one occasion, "If an angel visited England, her sportsmen would be out at once with their guns to shoot the winged visitant," just as "Mr. Peter," climbing high among the Himalayas, "shot a cherubim." They would certainly do the same for the unicorn, if he ever should happen to stray from the royal preserves.

THE PILGRIMS AND THE SWINE

he was ten feet and a half high.¹ In view of this mitraillade of iconoclastic havoc, Adams, had he lived to face it, would certainly have thrown up his little plucky, protesting hands in the face of outraged heaven and exclaimed, "O Philology, what crimes have been committed in thy name!"

John Adams, at a political crisis, once referred to the politics of New York as "among the devil's incomprehensibilities," — a feature which they have retained to this day. Doubtless his son would have given the same character to the modern *exposé* of the Old Testament as a venerable petrifaction of incongruous fabrications, corrupt interpolations, and unscrupulous additions to the original text, which only shines with fitful lustre here and there, until even the vast and learned wisdom of philology is barely able to eliminate the true from the false.

Notwithstanding the Mosaic domination throughout New England, there was one point as to which there was a total disagreement between the Pilgrim Fathers and the great lawgiver, and that was concerning the swine, which Moses forbade as unclean and not to be eaten, or even touched, "because it divideth the hoof, yet cheweth not the cud." Here our fathers drew the line and stood to their guns. Though not a Quaker was branded, nor a witch was hung, — *sus. per col.*, — nor a single estate inherited in Massachusetts, except in accordance with the approved dictates of the Pentateuch, yet the Pilgrims saw very clearly their way to dispense with the porcine precepts of the Old Dispensation, and fought for their pork with an obstinate tenacity that defied both Leviticus and Deuteronomy together. Time has gradually revealed and justified their wisdom, until it is now apparent to all men, both here and abroad; and

¹ Wellhausen, *Prolegomena zur Geschichte Israels*, Kap. 7, II. § 4.

HISTORIC SIDE-LIGHTS

the American hog, true to his high descent and the genuine nobility of his mission, has made his way and has become a *persona grata* at every court in Europe. It was not, however, until 1892 that he was admitted to the Legion of Honor and made his triumphal *entrée* through the Arc de l'Étoile, under the diplomatic escort of Mr. Whitelaw Reid, and thus impressed upon the antiquated and effete governments of the old world a further proof of the progress of our principles, our abounding vitality, our energy, our ingenuity, our pluck and obstinacy, and of all "the wonders in the land of Ham;" wonders which are now universally admitted to be largely due to our Pilgrim ancestry, whose sterling merits constrain the learning, the wit, and the wisdom of our great metropolis to assemble each year in crowds, that they may pay them an ample tribute as the source of those qualities which have done so much to make us honored, happy, and prosperous. Thus even the descendants of "the double Dutch" have been forced to acknowledge how neatly the Pilgrims got the start of their ancestors, and when the former sought to tangle them up on the shores of Cape Cod, how they made a good landing in spite of them and thus enabled the New England swine and New England rum to start on that career which has so mightily enriched our land and has done so much to make liberty possible, practicable, and profitable. Such are the contributions of New England towards the evolution of man.

As has been said with genial and wise facetiousness by Hon. Chauncey M. Depew, whose ubiquitous tact, knowledge, shrewd insight, grasp of facts, eloquence, and sound judgment, winged and brightened by humor, have given him a name that will long shine with ever increasing radiance, "The American hog, more than any other agency, has solved the problem of the farm and

THE HOG AND HIS VIRTUES

the market. When the Western farmer would be compelled to burn his corn because the price at the seaboard would not bear the cost of transportation, this intelligent animal consumes the corn, chemically works it up into profitable pork, and then transports himself to market to clear the mortgage from the farm and add to the wealth of his country."

The hog is not half so bad as he has been painted, after all, it would seem. Ruskin, whose crest is a boar's head, has always had a *penchant* for him from his earliest youth, as he has gladly and graphically revealed in "The State of Denmark," while his friend Leslie, the painter, writes to him: "Pigs are wonderful animals, — our English elephant, I think, as to mental capacity. They always have an interest to me above other edible live stock. . . . Pigs are such cheerful creatures at sea that, as an old soft-hearted seaman once remarked, you get too partial towards them and feel after dinner as though you had eaten an old messmate." Even Cardinal Newman has a good word for him and makes Jucundus in his soliloquy say, "I've often thought the hog is the only really wise animal. We should be happier if we were all hogs. Hogs keep the end of life steadily in view." Mr. Senator Depew was quite correct as to the creature's intelligence, and what with the support of Franklin, Lincoln, Leslie, Ruskin, Lamb, Newman, and the Pilgrims, the pig can almost stand "erect in native honor clad" and say, "Am I not a man and a brother?" Certainly no animal possesses a greater faculty for adapting himself to circumstances.

It was undoubtedly an instinctive appreciation of the claims of this American mascot that prompted the lamented Lincoln to keep a pig at the White House. It could not have been merely, as he thriftily observed, because "there was swill enough for two," but because

HISTORIC SIDE-LIGHTS

the animal was symbolic and dear to the nation as a great source of its prosperity; because it was still dearer to Lincoln's own State and to that of its adoption and to Chicago,¹ as well, where the pen is still mightier than the sword. It is in Illinois that the hog, reaching the last phase of his *Aeneid*, made so good a landing and has thriven so mightily, untrammelled by the sly, insinuating, and seductive bean and all other entangling alliances. It is there that he finally wrought out his own salvation and that of myriads of his countrymen, free and unalloyed, and thus so amply illustrated the words of the poet:—

“And stepping westward seems to be
A kind of heavenly destiny.”

From the earliest days of their settlement in New England the hog was found to be a vital part of the body politic and an essential addition to the common weal. Many references to his status appear in the writings of Governor Winthrop and of Chief Justice Samuel Sewall, the owner of Hog Island, and in the various and voluminous diaries in which the Fathers preserved to all eternity — with the aid of several societies formed for the purpose of keeping the Pilgrims and themselves before the public — an exact and piquant record of all their own and their neighbors' backslidings.² Josselyn,

¹ During the year 1898 more than ten million hogs left their various retreats and came home to die in Chicago.

² “No set of new colonists, probably, ever recorded their own history so promptly and continuously as did the founders of New England. The leaders of the Plymouth and Salem colonies wrote from the very beginning; each new colony was born writing, as one might say, — as if a baby were to raise his head from the cradle and demand pen and ink to put down his experiences. They kept back nothing, so far as they knew it, — their events, their needs, their sins; we know what they had for breakfast, though it might be clams or frost-fish; we know wherewithal they were clothed. This from the earliest period.” — *Centennial Address of Thos. W. Higginson before the Mass. Hist. Soc., January, 1891.*

A REPRESENTATIVE ANIMAL

in his "Voyages to New England," says, "Hoggs are there innumerable, every planter hath a Heard." He mentions their "feeding on shell-fish and the like," and ends with the declaration that "there is not better Pork in the whole world."

In 1634 the hog became a powerful element in laying the foundation of a new and a strong form of government in Massachusetts Bay, and Governor Winthrop tells us at great length and with much earnestness how a godless and unscrupulous sow, born in Boston, by her erratic and headstrong escapades, led to seven years' litigation, and at length became the Alma Mater, the nursing mother, of the House of Representatives of Massachusetts. This will serve to account for many things, heretofore thought hard to explain.¹

Having thus become a representative animal, so to speak, the hog soon appreciated his importance and was by no means averse to keeping himself perpetually *en évidence*, in spite of his awkward attitude towards the great Second-best and his iron code. As he was of a roving disposition and often got into trouble and into alien and inhospitable cornfields, special legislation was provided for his benefit, that his culture, training, and conduct might be properly attended to. Officers called hogreeves were appointed, and so great was their sense of responsibility that the candidates often refused to accept the honor thus thrust upon them, and willingly paid the fine of twenty shillings imposed upon citizens

¹ "Such was the origin of Representative government in New England. It has been seen that some orders for killing swine in corn were the immediate occasion of its establishment; and it is somewhat remarkable that a few years afterward, a lawsuit about a stray sow, found in Boston in 1636, of which proceeding a minute account is given by Winthrop, ultimately led to the division of the Legislature into two separate branches."—*Early Laws of Massachusetts Bay*, by F. C. Gray, LL.D., Col. of Mass. Hist. Soc., vol. viii. 3d Ser. p. 204.

HISTORIC SIDE-LIGHTS

who thus shirked their duties and displayed such a lamentable lack of public spirit. The law in the hog's behalf provided that he should be yoked, though singly, of course, and "not unequally with unbelievers," the decoration being "the full length of the swine's neck and half so much below the neck," which was very *décolleté* for those days.

At that period the hog, though unevangelical, was inevitably and unspeakably dear to the ministry, who often were constrained to take their pay in pork, and thus had the satisfaction of seeing the gradual accumulation of their salaries in their own pens or in the corn-fields of their parishioners. They greeted him with lambent smiles as meat for heaven and welcomed him *con amore*, in spite of the stern decree that none of "the peculiar people, the chosen, elect, precious," should allow themselves to be thus contaminated; and they ever stood by him to the last, feeling that he would be dearer to them in death than in life, and vividly conscious that nothing in his life became him like the leaving it; that he was not lost but gone before; that he would be united to them again before long; that he was soon to be in the haven where he would be, and so able to stand by *them* to the last.¹ Thus it befell that our forefathers experienced a certain spiritual uplifting from

¹ It would seem that Bunyan knew as much about the hog of New England and his pretensions as he did about Moses, and gladly availed himself of his superior insight to let him down a peg, as appears by the following gem from his poems:—

"OF THE FATTED SWINE."

"But Hogg, why look'et so big? Why dost so flounce,
So snort and fling away, dost now renounce
Subjection to thy Lord, 'cause he has fed thee?
Thou art yet but a Hogg, of such he bred thee.
Lay by thy snorting, do not look so big,
What was thy Predecessor but a Pig?"

PORK AND BEANS

the contemplation of the hog, and the fructifying of his broody mate, big with an expansive dividend, quite distinct from any carnal or other secular interest. The sense that the clergy¹ had a lien upon him and were especially interested in his fatness, led them to recognize his peculiar adaptation to his surroundings, like the Calvinistic creed, the ice, the granite, and the other products of the alleged soil of Massachusetts. When he died, his taking off was in a good cause and not in vain; though his agonizing and inconsiderate appeals for succor, "heard round the world," were tragic in the extreme and would have moved to pity the heart of any one who did not clearly perceive that they merely betokened and accentuated the ripening of his greatness, and that his decease was simply a phase of his progress "per aspera ad astra," and that his last thought in all probability was, "Sit anima mea cum Puritanis."

It was when wedded to the bean that the pig was most thoroughly appreciated and most completely rounded out his mission. The bean of our forefathers, which resembled the angels who, as Saint Chrysostom said, "do not toil, but let their good works grow out of them," was of aboriginal descent, and though science stigmatized it as *Phaseolus vulgaris*, was really the vegetable Pocahontas of New England. It was the Pilgrim that first trained the bean to wed her pork, and that first recognized from afar the rich promise contained in such a savory and nutritious union.²

¹ This abnormal clerical communion seems to have attained to a substantial development in the mother country in the seventeenth century, for we read in the Diary of Anthony & Wood that in 1681 at Oxford they had "altered and changed" the plg-market into the Divinity School, with dormitories where the students might elaborate their sermons and thus insure the requisite "virtus dormitiva."

² In a work by Alice Morse Earle, entitled "Customs and Fashions of Old New England," the writer says: "Josselyn gives a very full

HISTORIC SIDE-LIGHTS

"For contemplation he, and valor, formed :
For softness she, and sweet, attractive grace."

The Christians of that day were not raised under glass, as in this deciduous age, and they sorely needed the ripe and harmonious equilibrium which a cube of pork infused into the bosom of every bean-pot, and that exuberant and unctuous richness which clothed it as with a garment down to the ground. This symphony became the mouth better than Sternhold and Hopkins, and proved a better tonic for his physical comfort than the latter did for his spiritual. Hence arose an odor of sanctity, suggestive of inner grace and spiritual life. Far off its coming shone. It blessed both him that gave and him that took, and thus rendered the mere asking of a blessing almost, one might truthfully say quite, superfluous; for the blessing had already been inherited in anticipation, and was actually being dispensed before their eyes, as they realized that their hope was on the verge of full fruition, as of a union that had been blessed

list of fruits and vegetables and pot-herbs, including beans, which were baked by the Indians in earthen pots, as they are now in Boston bake-shops."

As to the latter part of this statement, there is no proof, but the evidence in fact seems to point quite the other way. Daniel Gookin, who was Superintendent of all the Indians in Massachusetts from 1656 to 1687, and was perfectly familiar with their modes of life, writes: "Their food is generally boiled maize, or Indian corn, mixed with kidney-beans, or sometimes without. . . . The pots they seethe their food in, which were heretofore, and yet are, in use among some of them, are made of clay or earth, almost in the form of an egg, the top taken off. . . . The clay or earth they were made of was very scarce and dear." (Gookin's Hist. Col.)

Professor Putnam, of the Peabody Museum of Archaeology, writes me that "we have no evidence that any New England tribes baked their beans. It is probable that they boiled their beans and corn and other vegetables." He also says, "In Indian graves in Massachusetts I have found pottery vessels which correspond with Gookin's description."

IN UNION IS STRENGTH

from above by the inspiration of a wise instinct and the approval of gracious nature.¹ No wonder that the Pilgrims took a certain carnal and satisfactory pride in this homely *chef d'œuvre*, this domestic *pas de deux*, and felt supremely conscious of the perfect adaptation of each to each, like that of Saul to Jonathan. "They were lovely and pleasant in their lives, and in their death they were not divided." It is a comfort to see that this union still continues; is often present at good men's feasts and "ministers to the general joy of the whole table," as redolent of historic and domestic interest, of prosperous economy, and of the eternal fitness of things, when once their fitness has been proved beyond a doubt. As a result of this high and holy ministry, this fore-ordained alliance, we perceive, with various other truths, that even Moses did not know all there was to be known, that in union is strength, and that from the very first the average Yankee recognized a good thing when he saw it, and was able to make the most of it. His motto, like that of the bean, has ever been "Excelsior."²

¹ So far as pork and beans were concerned, the Anglo-American alliance had already been begun nearly 200 years ago. In a letter to his friend Chatwode in 1714, Swift, "that hog of letters," as Lowell called him, exclaims, "Did he tell you what cursed Bacon we had with our Beans?"

² As to the bean, it has been consecrated, as it were, by religious affinity, like the odor of sanctity. Cardinal Bona, in his *Rerum Liturgicarum*, lib. ii., cap. xiv., says the Church in ancient times was wont to bless the new fruits, and especially the bean, during the most solemn part of the Mass, "the Canon," in the well-known *Oratio "Nobis quoque peccatoribus."* This was on the feast of the Ascension, showing that even in those days the motto of the bean was Excelsior.

"Benedic, Domine, et has fruges novas fabae, quas tu, Domine, rore coelesti et inundantia pluviarum ad maturitatem perducere dignitus es ad percipiendum nobiscum gratiarum actionem in nomine Domini nostri Iesu Christi, per quem haec omnia, Domine," etc.

"Bless, O Lord, these new fruits of the bean, which thou, O Lord, hast thought worthy through the dews of heaven and the outpouring

HISTORIC SIDE-LIGHTS

The learned researches of later days have verified the innate power of this blessed combination and the fortunate instinct from which it arose.¹ Though at times it searched the reins and reminded the Pilgrim of Job when he "filled his belly with the east wind," yet its powerful vitality endured to the end and enabled our fathers to get as tenacious a pull on this world as they felt sure they had on the next. Thus they were enabled to sit through the two hours' sermons of the Reverend Messrs. Chauncey, Hooker, Cotton, Mather, and other "magnalia Christi," and their prayers as well, to the bitter end, while it gave those holy men such a superabundance of wind that they could preach *ad infinitum*

of abundant rain to bring to maturity, that we might realize the work of thy gracious favor in our behalf, in the name of our Lord Jesus Christ."

¹ Ample justice has been done to the prescient wisdom and timely forethought of our Puritan forefathers by Mr. W. O. Atwater in "The Century" for June, 1888, in an article entitled "What we should eat."

"The cod-fish and potatoes and pork and beans which have long been so much used in and about New England form a most economical diet; indeed, scarcely any other food available in that region has supplied so much and so valuable nutriment at so little cost. The combination is likewise in accord with the highest physiological law. Half a pound each of salt cod-fish and pork, two-thirds of a pound of beans, and three pounds of potatoes would together supply almost exactly the 125 grams of protein and 3500 calories of energy that our standard for the day's food of a workingman calls for.

"I am told that the mixtures of these materials, largely known as fish-balls and baked beans, are being exported from Boston in large quantities. Possibly this is an indication that the outer world is growing wiser, and it is doubtless a compliment to Massachusetts legislators that the restaurant under the gilded dome on Beacon Hill is popularly called 'The Beanery.'" Praise from a source so learned and so wise is praise indeed.

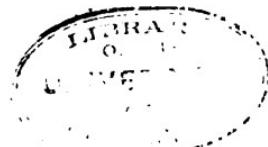
To this extract I venture to add an item to the effect that until within a half-century or so Beacon Hill and Beacon Street were invariably pronounced Bacon Hill and Bacon Street, doubtless a popular tribute to the hog's share in the prosperity of the Commonwealth.

THE GLORIES OF THE BEAN

without turning a hair of their protracted and orthodox wigs, or showing any more signs of exhaustion than a pair of bellows — like Virgil's mares, "vento gravidae." Not in vain had they read in their Pliny "fabam voci prodesse," — that the bean was good for the voice, — and in their Xenophon that the sacrifice of "whole hogs" to Zeus by that cunning and ambidextrous leader had saved the wrecks of the Ten Thousand and covered their final escape from the barbarians.

Such was the "benevolent assimilation" which took so prominent a part in conducting our forefathers towards that full fruition which we now enjoy, and which is actually the triumphant outcome of a keen sense of the resources of nature, which she ever so amply proffers to those in need.¹

¹ The beneficent Franklin, with his natural philanthropy and quick appreciation of the blessings that the swine had conferred upon his fellow-citizens, gladly welcomed an opportunity to extend this ample boon to other lands less richly favored. Mr. Parton, in "The People's Book of Biography," informs us that "Franklin entered warmly into a scheme for sending a ship to the Sandwich Islands for the purpose of stocking them with pigs." Thus a way was gradually prepared for the support of the missionaries from New England who afterwards settled there, and for the subsequent annexation of Hawaii. In all which we recognize the finger of Providence guided by the hand of Franklin.



PART V

Hercules, Adams, and Franklin. — Judgment of Hercules. — Lord Shaftesbury. — Bishop Lowth. — Hercules and the Continental Congress. — Hercules and Prodicus. — Career of the Hero. — Gladstone. — Robert le Diable. — Professor Müller. — David Sears and his Fourth God. — Hercules in Art. — The Greek Sculptors. — The Lansdowne Hercules.

HAVING wandered apparently far from my immediate subject, which is to record some few facts connected with the early stages of our national seal, I now return to the letter of Adams, which thus continues:—

“I proposed the choice of Hercules, as engraved by Grubelin in some edition of Lord Shaftesbury’s work. The hero resting on his club; Virtue pointing to her rugged mountains on one hand and persuading him to ascend; Sloth, glancing at her flowery paths of pleasure, wantonly reclining on the ground, displaying the charms both of her eloquence and person to seduce him into vice. But this is too complicated a group for a seal or medal, and is not original.”

From Moses to Hercules may seem a far cry to this generation, but it was decidedly otherwise in the days of which I am writing, and especially with Adams and Franklin, both of whom felt the influence of these two demigods very keenly. This was peculiarly the case with Adams, to whom Hercules had, very early in his career, begun to present himself as a guardian angel, dispensing sweetness and light, and a helpful and powerful mentor, such as Xenophon found him in the famous Retreat of the Ten Thousand, — that “high-water mark

ADAMS AND HERCULES

in military history," — when he offered up thankful sacrifices as to a saving protector and guide. As early as his twenty-third year we find these words in Adams's diary: "The other night the choice of Hercules came into my mind and left impressions there which I hope will never be effaced, nor long unheeded. . . . ' Which, dear youth, will you prefer, a life of effeminacy, indolence, and obscurity, or a life of industry, temperance, and honor? Take my advice.' "

Apparently Hercules was never out of his thoughts to the end. Even in Paris, among all the cares and labors of his important position, he writes to Mrs. Adams in the spring of 1780: —

"There is everything here that can inform the understanding, or refine the taste, and indeed, one would think, that could purify the heart. Yet it must be remembered there is everything here, too, which can seduce, betray, deceive, deprave, corrupt, and debauch it. Hercules marches here in full view of the steeps of virtue on one hand, and the flowery paths of pleasure on the other, and there are few who make the choice of Hercules. That my children may follow *his* example is my earnest prayer; but I sometimes tremble when I hear the siren-song of Sloth, lest they should be captivated with her bewitching charms and her soft, insinuating music."

By Franklin also, though he looked upon Hercules from a point of view very different from that of Adams, the hero had long been regarded as a prolific influence for the promotion of the public weal, as a fertile source of political inspiration, and as a potent emblem of authority.

Hercules and his exploits seem to have been very familiar to Franklin from the Homeric aspect. On the 20th of November, 1781, he received the news of the

HISTORIC SIDE-LIGHTS

surrender of Lord Cornwallis, and on the 26th of that month he wrote to Adams, "The infant Hercules in his cradle has now strangled his second serpent and gives hopes that his future history will be answerable." In the succeeding summer he made plans for preserving this suggestive emblem in the form of a medal, as he was very much pleased with the design and it was often in his thoughts. On one side was Hercules with the serpents and the words, "Non sine diis animosus infans," — "The courageous child was aided by the gods." For this he was indebted to his friend, Sir William Jones, to whom he wrote to express his sense thereof in a letter dated 17th March, 1783, "for some of your ideas and for the mottoes you were so kind as to furnish." A copy of the medal in gold was sent to Louis XVI., and others of less costly material to various friends and high dignitaries.

If Franklin had known the source of the motto, his quick wit would probably have detected a certain inaptitude in the use to which he put it. It was taken from the Ode to Calliope, by Horace, in the third Book of his *Carmina*.¹ The ode was written in praise of his friend and patron, the Emperor Augustus, one of the most cruel and heartless tyrants ever known; and the "courageous infant" was the poet himself, who at every age was about as different from Hercules as it would be easy to conceive. He represents himself as having fallen asleep in the woods on the Apulian Hill, when tired with play. The wood pigeons covered his infant form with laurel and myrtle leaves and thus preserved him from the snakes which he so greatly dreaded.

¹ "Ut tuto ab atris corpore viperis
Dormirem et ursis, ut premerer sacra
Lauroque collataque myrto,
Non sine dis animosus infans."

HORACE AND HERCULES

Thankful for his escape, when he awoke, and much elated by his bravery, he was convinced that he had been protected by the Muses, who had proved as friendly to himself as they had always been to Augustus. From this it is plain that there was a radical difference in the two heroes. This is the second time that Horace's imperial patron was brought into a connection, more or less close, with our early history, as will be seen on a future page of this volume.

From what has been said in reference to Hercules and Moses, — who may have been contemporaries for all that is known to the contrary, — it will be easily seen why it was that these two demigods shone like kindred stars in the estimation of our fathers, who would gladly have identified the young republic with names to them so glorious and so worthy, and would have placed their deeds imperishably on record, where the coming nation might daily see them and be encouraged to profit by their grandeur.

As to Hercules, it was Lord Shaftesbury who was largely responsible for the new light in which the hero suddenly dawned upon all English-speaking people in the early part of the eighteenth century, and especially, at a later date, upon our forefathers, many of whom so cordially sympathized with the liberal and radical notions of that noble philosopher and were very familiar with his works. To Lord Shaftesbury "The Judgment of Hercules, according to Prodicus," visionary as was its scheme, absurd its details, and utterly fabulous its origin, seemed a divine revelation and a new apotheosis of virtue, that might well serve for the regeneration of man. When he had thus been led to adorn this fantastic allegory with a setting of such artistic and typographical luxury as had never before been seen, the hero was quickly welcomed by a tidal wave of popular

HISTORIC SIDE-LIGHTS

applause. Then it was realized that Lord Shaftesbury and Prodigus had between them translated the pugilist, robber, adulterer, and general ruffian into a saint, an oracle, and an ennobling symbol of virtue successfully struggling with the powers of darkness. In this new evangel, this Hercules *renaissance*, the poets of that day found a fresh and fertile source of inspiration, and Shenstone, Lowth, and others paid it the tribute of the best that was in them. Even William Dunscombe responded to this new furore in the "Whitehall Evening Post" for October 24, 1724, and we learn "there was such a demand that in a few days the paper was out of print." Under these circumstances it is not strange that Adams regarded this Gospel of the eighteenth century as another "light shining in darkness" and as worthy of an equal place with the Decalogue; that, with his inborn capacity for great thoughts and his firm resolution to endure and to defy trial, labor, and temptation unscathed, he should have gladly welcomed the support of its purifying influence and have been eager to impart its heroic glow to others.

The general enthusiasm over the reconstruction of Hercules and the revival of that hero's cult were still farther quickened by the poem of Bishop Lowth, which consisted of nearly three hundred really meritorious verses. This was published in 1748, and one can easily imagine with what appreciation Adams, the life-long devotee of sturdy and uncompromising rectitude, must have absorbed every line thereof. It must have been with a sacred flame of joy that he read the concluding stanza, conscious as he was of his own high aims, and of the noble ideals that had inspired his life thus far and were to consecrate it to the end.

"Unmoved in toils, in dangers undismayed,
By many a hardy deed and bold emprise,

HERCULES AND THE POETS

From fiercest monsters thro' her powerful aid,
He freed the earth! Thro' her he gained the skies.
'T was virtue placed him in the blest abode;
Crowned with eternal youth, among the gods, a god."

It is edifying to observe the contrast between the narrative of Xenophon and the various amplifications of other writers, as well as the difference between the pictorial and the poetic treatment thereof. As the descriptive features of both Virtue and Pleasure in the original essay cover hardly a dozen lines, free range is left for the imagination, and the opportunity has been fully improved by all parties concerned. The painters, with the exception of Lord Shaftesbury and his vagaries, have a general agreement among themselves, based on the report of Xenophon and the portrayal thereof by Pier di Cosimo, now at Dresden, while the poets take but little notice of Xenophon, of each other, or of the various painters, though Bishop Lowth, at least, must have seen the picture by Lord Shaftesbury as well as that of Poussin, since each was but a few miles from Overton, of which he was vicar when he wrote his poem in 1748. "The Judgment of Hercules," by Shenstone, which, as Disraeli says, "failed to attract notice," appeared in 1741, and the florid fluency of its pentameters is very agreeable and not without merit. Pleasure "lets herself into speech" with much vivacity and glows sparkling on to the end.

"She ceased; and on a lilyed bank reclined:
Her flowing robe waved wanton with the wind;
One tender hand her drooping head sustains;
One points expressive to the flowery plains."

We also read of —

"Her fond, contagious airs of lawless love.
Each wanton eye deluding, glancing, fired,
And amorous dimples on each cheek conspired."

HISTORIC SIDE-LIGHTS

The bishop pays his devoirs to the enchantments of Pleasure with equal warmth and minuteness, and one somehow gets the impression that in his earlier days she may have dawnded upon him in her own bewitching person. His poetry is of about the same style and merit as that of his predecessor.

“ Lightly she danc’d along : her robe betray’d
Thro’ the clear texture every tender limb,
Height’ning the charms it only seem’d to shade :
And as it flow’d adown, so loose and thin,
Her stature show’d more tall, more snowy white her skin.

“ Oft with a smile she viewed herself askance ;
Even on her shade a conscious look she threw ;
Then all around her cast a careless glance,
To mark what gazing eyes her beauty drew.
As they came near before that other maid,
Approaching decent, eagerly she press’d
With hasty step, nor of repulse afraid,
With freedom bland, the wond’ring youth address’d,
With winning fondness on his neck she hung ;
Sweet as the honey-dew flow’d her enchanting tongue.”

And so on with truly fervent and episcopal rapture.

The same profuse abandon to the fascinations of Pleasure is noticeable in this subject as treated by the Rev. Peter Layng, Rector of Everton in Northampton, whose poem was published in the same year as Bishop Lowth’s, though the charms of Virtue are described in the briefest and most perfunctory manner : —

“ The One, like Beauty’s fair and potent Queen,
With all the labour’d Elegance of Art
Impress’d the Lustre of each native Charm :
Stuck on her Cheek the bright Vermilion glow’d ;
And down her snowy Neck in wavy Curls,
Her fragrant and ambrosial Tresses hung.
Her wanton Eye, that still new Conquests sought,
With artful Lear of meretricious Glance,
Too easily ensnar’d her Lovers’ Hearts.”

PRODICUS AND LORD SHAFTESBURY

There is not one word of all this in the Prodician text.

To the reflecting mind, however, all this apparent deviation will seem but natural, as the divine poetic temper is very excitable and often yields to the pleasant influence of the genius loci. Readers of Wordsworth will not fail to recall the fact that the only time in his whole life that he was thoroughly fuddled was when he first went to the rooms once occupied by Milton in Christ College, Cambridge. Here in "the innocent lodge and oratory" of the author of "Comus," as "one of a festive circle," he poured out libations to the great poet's memory,

" till pride
And gratitude grew dizzy in a brain
Never excited by the fumes of wine
Before that hour, or since."

The effect being that, though "through a length of streets he ran, ostrich-like," he was actually too late for prayers!

If the Continental Congress had adopted the suggestion of Adams and had chosen for a symbol of the new republic "The Choice of Hercules," as represented by Lord Shaftesbury and taken from the famous fable of Prodicus, the moral effect might have been good for the time being, but it would have been based upon an equivocal basis and exposed to divers interpretations. Prodicus was "the most respectable among the Sophists," an ambitious and eloquent rhetorician of the fifth century B. C., who cared much for striking effects and little for facts. His fable was like "an allegory on the banks of the Nile," and was merely the fruit of his fantastic imagination. It disagreed entirely with the general opinion of Hercules in his day and with any inferences that could be drawn from all that was then known, or supposed to be known, concerning his career.

HISTORIC SIDE-LIGHTS

It ought perhaps to be stated here that not a single fragment of the original essay of Prodicus has survived to our time and that the earliest and only account thereof is to be found in the "Memorabilia" of Xenophon, who gives it, probably with various curtailments, as having come from the lips of Socrates. Since the latter, according to his pupil, did not pretend that his own report was exact, but adds, "so far as my memory goes," the result can only be regarded as a report of a report and thus sketchy and uncertain, though it is likely that we have a sort of synopsis of the work, and sufficient to afford a correct idea of its tenor and object. This appears the more plausible from the fact that Socrates and Xenophon were contemporaries of its author, and that the "Memorabilia" were composed not long after the death of the former. We find no expression of opinion on their part, or by any other writer, as to the merits or demerits of the fable, but each of them seems, as a professed friend of moral wisdom, to offer a tacit approval thereof simply by quoting it, though Socrates evidently seeks to cast a slur upon it by saying that Prodicus "ostentatiously parades it before most of his disciples," a statement that seems very natural, since Socrates was no friend of the Sophists. As Prodicus is said to have been very fond of money, he would naturally make frequent use of his fable from its popularity and its consequent profitable quality. When Plato in the "Protagoras" represents Socrates as calling Prodicus "an all-wise and inspired man," and to endow him with "a wisdom more than human and of a very ancient date," he must have designed to give a forcible example of that sarcastic irony of which Socrates was a past-master and with which he so completely annihilated Thrasymachus, another eminent Sophist; for antiquity reveals to us nothing whatever that would authorize such

XENOPHON AND PRODICUS

extravagant eulogy. Though Professor Brandis states that "Plato manifestly makes Socrates occupy his own place and transfers to him the doctrines that were peculiar to himself," it is very clear that Plato never could have intended to give that estimate of Prodicus as his own, and all the more that he never even mentions him elsewhere in a way to commit himself to an unprejudiced opinion.

A certain allowance should be made in our estimate of this moral lesson of Prodicus by reason of the attitude of its reporter, Xenophon, towards its other reporter, Socrates, and towards Hercules as well. Though Professors Brandis and Müller (the latter in his "History of Ancient Greece") say that "in regard to the higher matters of philosophy, Xenophon can only claim the dubious merits of a Boswell, who seeks to record, to the best of his ability, the conversations of a very superior man, which he admired and listened to but did not thoroughly comprehend," and that, according to Professor Brandis, "he refrains from mixing up with his representation anything peculiar to himself," yet it must be remembered that Xenophon was a great admirer of Hercules, though not apparently from a moral but from a military and Homeric point of view. Thus, though unwittingly, he might easily have been led, from loyalty both to the hero and to Socrates, to see that the former at least did not lose anything at his hands, or might even be allowed to get the best of any transaction in which he was concerned.

In the *Anabasis*, so naturally eloquent and truthfully picturesque,—that charming chronicle of victory plucked from the very jaws of defeat by that immortal host which neither flood nor famine, fire nor frost, could daunt so long as it was stayed by the inspiring ardor and the worthy deeds of its intrepid commander,—

HISTORIC SIDE-LIGHTS

we read that Hercules was honored and worshipped by its leader as a tutelary deity, and that to his favor the final achievement of glory and salvation was chiefly due. To his inspiration we seemingly owe one of the grandest sentiments from Xenophon's pen. On the verge of the last contest that awaited his troops before entering the confines of their own country, the leader said, "Reflect that you are at the very gates of Greece. Follow in the steps of Hercules, our guide. Sweet were it surely by some brave word or noble deed, spoken or done this day, to leave the memory of one's self in the hearts of those one loves." (*Anabasis*, book vii., chap. v.)

As Freeman observes in his Essays on "The Historians of Athens," "While we reverence the set speeches of Thucydides for the deep teaching they contain, we cannot but feel that the shorter and livelier speeches and rejoinders, preserved or *invented* by Xenophon, give us a truer picture of the real tone of a debate in a Greek assembly."

With the exception of the floating wreckage cast ashore by tradition, all knowledge of Hercules at that period was to be found only in the works of Homer, who seems to have flourished about four centuries before Prodicus and was both the best and the earliest authority on the subject.¹ The character and exploits

¹ "And thus it is that Homer, from living in the midst of an intermixture and fusion of bloods, continually proceeding in Greece, acquired a vast command of materials, and by his skilful use of them exercised an immense influence in the construction of the Greek Religion." — GLADSTONE, *Juventus Mundi*, 1869, chap. vii.

On a still later occasion Gladstone said: "Undoubtedly the three greatest men who ever lived were Homer, Dante, and Shakespeare. Homer created a people, a language, and a religion. Dante created a people and a language, but not a religion. Shakespeare did not create any of the three, but I am inclined to think that his reputation will increase and that in another century he may be universally

THE HOMERIC HERCULES

of the hero as they appear in the works of Pindar, Euripides, *Aeschylus*, and other contemporaries of Prodicus, were merely expansions or repetitions of, or additions to, the Homeric type. They revealed not the faintest aspiration, youthful or other, towards moral excellence or lofty aims, and we meet with no suggestion of any basis for the seductive allegory of Prodicus. On the contrary, one finds all the additional traits in his history invariably for the worse and his character steadily deteriorating, as time rolled on, until Euripides, about 425 B. C., portrays him as the murderer of his wife and children. By the end of the second century, B. C., the Greek artists had often represented him in a state of uproarious intoxication. As early as the sixth century he had already figured on numerous Greek vases in the act of robbing the temple at Delphi of its sacred tripod; likewise as purloining the apples of the Hesperides, and, in short, as stealing anything of value that he could lay his hands on and not hesitating to kill every one that resisted him. To Pindar in the first half of the fifth century B. C., he was the strangler of serpents acknowledged to be the greatest man who ever lived." See the "Spectator," Dec. 8, 1898.

As Freeman wrote of Gladstone, "The dramatic aspect of the several deities, the conception which Homer had formed of each, their powers, their functions, their physical and moral attributes, the features in which Homer's idea of each differs from that of later writers — all these points have been studied by him with minute and affectionate care, and they are brought out in his work with a fulness and accuracy of detail, with an union of taste and moral feeling, such as we have never seen before." — *Historical Essays*, 1873.

I designedly omit to mention the works of Hesiod, although he may perhaps have lived before Homer, partly because his references to Hercules are of no particular importance, and partly because, such as they are, they quite agree with those of his fellow poet. Moreover, as Hesiod was "the father of didactic poetry in Greece," if any edifying element in the life of Hercules had ever come to his notice, he would certainly have made the most of it. He was not one to waste such a treasure-trove.

HISTORIC SIDE-LIGHTS

in his "saffron-dyed swaddling-band;" he was also one who had "sacked the city of the Trojans;" who had "given to death many a most hateful man walking in crooked insolence;" who had slain the son of Neptune with his club, and "made war with Augeas, and killed him and all his sons but one, and caused his kingdom to sink into the deep gulf of destruction amidst the fire and strokes of the sword," with other bloody deeds too numerous to repeat.

The Homeric record of Hercules offered but scanty material for an eloquent and seductive tale with a moral tag, and nothing but the unscrupulous audacity of Prodicus would have dared to transform him into a shape under which no reader of the Iliad would ever have recognized him, that of a godly youth who scorned temptation and nobly chose the rugged path of austere self-denial that led to the abode of Virtue. It was not thus that he was revealed to Homer. In the poet's works he not only fails as a model of purity, but is depicted as a pirate, murderer, ravisher, and universal malefactor, who knew no law but the indulgence of every lust and the gratification of every passion, and who even thought nothing of outraging the sacred claims of hospitality, so hallowed in those days, by killing his host and stealing his property. It was thus that he capped the climax of his career by slaying Iphitus, when he was the latter's guest, and carrying off his fine mares, and in addition to his other crimes, is described as wounding Juno in the breast with a three-barbed arrow, without regard to the fact that she was his mother-in-law and was, moreover, the only respectable personage among the frail sisterhood of Olympus, as she alone had been really married.

Gladstone certainly puts it very mildly when he says, "The character of Heracles, or Hercules, is one of

THE GODS AND DEMIGODS

which we hear much more evil than good in the poems, if, indeed, we hear any good at all." (*Juventus Mundi*, p. 380.)

This was evidently the fruit of his riper judgment, for eleven years before (*Studies on Homer*, v. ii., p. 341, 1858) he had recorded the discovery in Hercules of "the virtues of patience, obedience, valor, and struggle," by which "he had earned a reward beyond the grave." His later studies had doubtless led him to change his point of view from the Prodigian to the Homeric. In these days "a reward beyond the grave" has a noble and edifying ring, but in the early ages of Greece, its popular meaning in every sense was quite different from any that now prevails, and, so far as the gods and demigods were concerned, seemed but the natural issue and the fitting guerdon of a career like that of Hercules. That hero would have found himself much at home when seated with the lovely-ankled Hebe, as his bride and waitress, in an assembly of divinities of doubtful reputation,—sensual, revengeful, and passionate; as riotous and irrepressible as so many animals; disdaining all the laws of decency; monsters of depravity; fighting each other; quaffing goblets and scenting or devouring the flesh of the slain; deities whose existence served no purpose but to degrade the heavenly element in man by promising the eternal gratification of every brutal instinct in another world to those who had led the most worthless lives in this.¹

Such was the recompense that Hercules received at the hands of Homer, though his far-sighted genius led him, either from a vague sense of ultimate disapproval

¹ As Adeimantus says to Socrates in "The Republic," "Lying on couches, everlastingly drunk, crowned with garlands, their idea seems to be that an immortality of drunkenness is the brightest meed of virtue." This is what Plato appears to have thought of the celestials about 400 B. C.

HISTORIC SIDE-LIGHTS

or from a desire to compromise with the claims of the proprieties, to place the hero's shade, or understudy, in Hades. There, in "those mansions, terrible, squalid, which the very gods loathe," Ulysses saw his "eidolon, wearing a 'horrid baudreich,' adorned with the battles and slaughters" of his murderous career, while about him flew "the clamor of the dead," the wailings of his innumerable victims.

In view of these facts and of the appalling uncertainties that awaited the truly good in those early days, Prodicus did well in seeking merely to transmute his hero into an inspiring model of terrestrial worth, with no attempt to forecast his future.

Such was the general ruffian and freebooter that was chosen by Prodicus to exemplify and enforce a great moral lesson and to impress upon his hearers the blissful and abundant harvest which would surely follow from the stern self-repression, the precocious rectitude and devotion which he imputed to his hero. The fitness of his example would have been very much the same, if he had made use of Venus as a bait for his allegory and had represented her as a sort of Saint Theresa, who had early decided to retire from the follies of the world and taken refuge in spiritual grandeur and the redemption of the souls of men; or if he had portrayed the vain, voluptuous, cowardly, and ignoble Paris as the Washington of his day and the type of every manly and enduring quality.

As to the various writers concerning Hercules who flourished several generations after Prodicus, they narrated much that was new, and doubtless apocryphal, in regard to his career, but it was very clear that they invariably took their cue from Homer, and not from Prodicus. We find no virtuous exploits of his commemorated, while those that were added were mostly

ROBERT LE DIABLE

far more to his discredit than even the stories in the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*. These were evidently preferred by the world at large to the delusive fiction of the Sophist, and we learn from Apollodorus and other excellent authorities that by the time Hercules¹ was nineteen years old — the age at which the virtuous Adams had already decided to imitate his Prodigian character and was teaching the Homeric view to the boys of Worcester — he had already married, quite informally, the fifty daughters of King Thespius, and had also brained his music-teacher, Linus, with his own lyre, merely for telling him the truth about his playing.² Any unprejudiced person would see at once that such a character

¹ There is much in the life of Robert le Diable, as narrated by the early chroniclers, to remind us of Hercules, and especially this hasty "taking off" of his teacher and the subsequent reconstruction of the hero by Prodicus. The incident, as told by Wynkyn de Worde, is full of a quaint and graphic picturesqueness and in the characteristic Herculean manner; a genuine "pastoral of the middle ages" as Taine calls the murderous life and death of Pé de Puyane, admiral, Mayor of Bayonne, and the Hercules of his tragic and tumultuous race generally.

"How Robert kylled his scole mayster. It fell upon a daye that his scole mayster sholde chastyse Robert and would have made him to have left his cursed codycyons, but Robert gate a murderer or bodkin, and thrast his mayster in the bely that his guttes fell at his fete, and so fell doun to the erth, and Robert threw his boke agenst the walles in despyte of his mayster, sayinge thus now have I taughte them that never preste nor clerke shal correct me, nor be my mayster. And from thens forth there coude no mayster be founde that was so bolde to take in hande to teche and correcte this Roberte, but were glad to let him alone and have his owne ways."

And yet in spite of all this untoward beginning, Robert eventually came to be styled, like Moses, "the man of God," and the biography concludes quite in the Prodigian manner: —

"Here endeth the lyfe of the most feerfullest, and unmercyfullest and myscheuousest Robert the Deuyll, whiche was afterwards called the Seruaunt of our Lord Jhesu Cryste." ("The Lyfe of Robert the Deuyll," by Wynkyn de Worde, Pickering, 1827.)

² Linus was really a martyr, and died like Saint Cecilia, "pro fide vindicata," which being interpreted means "in defence of a lyre."

HISTORIC SIDE-LIGHTS

had its limitations, and would lead to much discussion when held up to the light as a proposed symbol of national dignity and honor and a model for the encouragement of good morals.

The estimate of any character varies greatly in most cases and is often found to depend largely upon the point of view. That of Hercules, when contemplated from the towering peaks of philosophic mythology, assumes a far different aspect from the one above given. In the last work of Prof. Max Müller, "Contributions to the Science of Mythology," 1897, I find the following account of Hercules, from which it is clear that the professor thinks him "more sinned against than sinning."

"Take such a case as that of Herakles. His distant solar origin will hardly be doubted. But as soon as some of his solar labors had become popular in Greece, as soon as Herakles had become a Greek hero, there arose a demand for more and more Herakles stories, whether they were solar in their origin or not; Herakles was no longer a solar hero only, but he became what has been called a Culture-hero, that is, an ethical character, who brought light out of night, who punished the deeds of darkness, rescued the victims of violence, and was looked upon as the protector of law and order, nay, as the founder of cities and the ancestor of royal families and of whole clans."¹

Verily, there seems to be a mild flavor of discrepancy here. The professor's *résumé* of the career of Hercules offers a forcible illustration of a dictum of his in another part of his work: "We wish to explain what we can, but we cannot explain all we wish."

¹ Even Mark Twain, though he acknowledges that Hercules was "an enterprising, energetic man," concedes that it would have been "unconstitutional to call him a god."

THE SEARSARIAN CULT

If Prodicus could have foreseen what a first-class certificate, twenty-four hundred years after his death, Hercules was to receive from Prof. Max Müller, and in what a handsome way the latter was to come to the rescue of his paradoxical hero, it certainly would have sweetened his last hours and gone far towards avenging him of his artistic contemporaries and their sad lack of appreciation. It is a pity that he could not have realized that, with all his high intent, his final success was to far exceed his hopes; that Hercules was not only what he claimed, but a great deal more, and was really a grand "ethical character," like Aristotle, Saint Paul, and the truly masculine and noble Johnson (whose Herculean essence was strikingly verified when he knocked down Osborn, the bookseller, with the Septuagint), and that he was also the founder of a new religious cult, like Moses, Confucius, George Fox, Joseph Smith, Mother Ann, David Sears, of Boston, with his "Christian Liturgy" and his fourth God¹ and all the long tail of

¹ As the evolution and subsequent career of this deity of local and domestic conception may not be familiar to most of my readers, I venture to recount them in a short note. It seems the Trinity really had a father, who had succeeded in lying *perdu* ever since time was until 1847, when he was brought to light by David Sears, of Boston, who used him as a "deus ex machina" for the disentanglement of his "Christian Liturgy." As this *haute nouveauté* belonged to the No Name Series, he was christened in "The Searsarian or Christian Articles," "The Great Spirit of the Universe," probably with the design to keep other pretenders at a distance, Boston fashion. It was certainly comprehensive enough for that and really "filled out the bill," so to speak. How he had managed to keep himself so long in seclusion, does not appear, but it was probably because, like the Virgin Mary, he had "known not a man," until Mr. Sears brought him forth. His reception was characteristically cold and he soon found that he was *de trop* and likely to get so far and no father but his introducer. Having no Gabriel to blow his trumpet but Mr. Sears, and seeing that he had but a limited pull, even though born in transcendental Boston, he returned to the locality whence he came, and the place that had known him for a week

HISTORIC SIDE-LIGHTS

spiritual pretension gradually tapering down to nothing in a futile and evanescent diminuendo; that the "alle-

or so, knew him no more. He has now become archaic. "And no man knoweth of his sepulchre unto this day." In their inmost hearts the pious Bostonians of that era were somewhat scandalized by this superfluous addition to their pantheon, even though it came from a professional, high-toned member of their own quattrocento. Though, like the ancient Athenians, they were ever "eager to tell or to hear some new thing," they were compelled by instinct to draw the line at a certain point and could not easily recognize an "unknown god," even though "declared" unto them by the head of their own local nobility, who was willing to give him a proper introduction as one of his own set. In fact, three gods were fully as many as the majority of the citizens could live up to, even in Boston, and the Unitarians found even one quite as much as they could get outside of with any regard to their consciences. Hence it is not remarkable that the Sears special delivery early came to grief and that the temple built by his creator for his sole and exclusive worship, is now standing out in the cold at Longwood, unfrequented and unmolested.

The Sears conception was, of course, in every way creditable to its author's good intent, but unfortunately for the good people of Boston, about the same time that Mr. Sears was delivered of his unique abortion, Theodore Parker was relieved of another of quite a different sort. He had discovered that the fourth God was the devil, and he omitted no occasion of presenting this opinion to the world as long as he lived, even in his last final letter to his society when he went away to die in 1859. In a sermon on "Teaching for doctrines the commandments of men" he says: "The Devil is really the fourth person of the popular Godhead in the Christian churches. The power assigned to him and the influence over men commonly attributed to him is much greater since the creation than that of all the three other Persons in the Godhead. So that really, according to the practical teaching of this theology, the unacknowledged person of the Godhead is, after all, stronger than God the Father, God the Son, God the Holy Ghost."

Here indeed was a crevasse, seemingly impassable, between two of Boston's very finest, and the situation was greatly intensified, especially to those who had experienced theology, by Emerson, who was wont to style Satan "the great second-best," — a title that not only disagreed with the Parker diagnosis, but had long been admitted as belonging exclusively to Moses. The natural result was that the Deity, the Trinity, the Devil, and Moses were so sadly snarled up that very few indeed knew exactly what to believe. Here again we

THE MOTHER OF THE TRINITY

gory," so-called, was really no allegory at all, but a happy inspiration of genius, based on the perennial realities of science and the mysteries of the solar system,

see what "a superiority of knowledge" could do in Boston, though Theodore Parker kindly and modestly veils the sentiment under the plausible formula, "What religion may do for a man." There is much truth in the dictum of Josh Billings: "It is better not to know so many things than to know so many things that ain't so."

Though the Trinity seems not to have had a father previous to the paternal *trouvaile* of Mr. Sears, a mother had been provided ages ago. In the year 431 the Council of Ephesus, "the City of the Virgin," where she was both buried and resurrected, decided that she was "the Mother of God, Mary the Illimitable, through whom in the holy gospels He is called blessed, through whom the Holy Trinity is sanctified," etc. (See "A Letter addressed to the Rev. E. B. Pusey, D. D.," by John H. Newman, D. D., 1864.) As Dr. Newman wrote in 1849, "She gave birth to the Creator. She was one whom the Almighty has deigned to make, not His servant, not His friend, not His intimate, but His superior," etc. ("The Fitness of the Glories of Mary," by the same author.) There is much more of this hysterical infatuation, which it would be superfluous to quote, and yet some time later the writer in another work speaks of "the antics of Sir Robert Peel."

This belief Newman asserts to be "an integral portion of the faith." It was promulgated at Ephesus by Saint Cyril, patriarch of Alexandria, and his adherents, and was followed by "an episcopal tumult," as Gibbon tells us ("Decline and Fall," vol. v., chap. xlvii.), and by "three months of rage and clamor, sedition and blood," with the result that the saint's chief opponent, Nestorius, patriarch of Constantinople, was finally defeated and driven into banishment, poverty, and death. History teaches us that Saint Cyril was ambitious, unscrupulous, and vindictive, and ever quick to further his schemes by bribery, corruption, threats, artifice, and every other disreputable aid. It was by this means that a mother was secured for the Holy Trinity. Saint Cyril is now chiefly known as the murderer of Hypatia, whose sad fate is so graphically described by Kingsley. As he writes, "Cyril has gone to his own place. What that place is in history is but too well known." Presumably Saint Cyril reflected that the extinction of one virgin justly required the elevation of another. As for the faithful Newman, he endows the saint with "the virtues of faith, firmness, intrepidity, fortitude, endurance, perseverance, and an intense religious devotion to the honor of his Divine Redeemer and Lord." So much depends on the point of view.

HISTORIC SIDE-LIGHTS

which were to enable him eventually to get the start of Homer and Pindar, so that they and their vain and pragmatical followers would be utterly and eternally nowhere at all before the end of the twentieth century.

Unfortunately these facts were unknown to Lord Shaftesbury and John Adams, and this rich inheritance was concealed from their prophetic gaze. Thus it befell that the solar hero failed to secure a place in our coat of arms, or to obtain any but a collateral part in the system that revolves around the Constitution of the United States. In view of which we can only say: Had these things been otherwise, other things might have been different.

The discovery of Prodicus that Hercules, instead of being simply the brutal hero of a thousand crimes, was really a paragon of virtue and a steadfast star for the guidance of sorely tempted youths, must have dawned upon his disciples like a surprising revelation, and have impressed them, even in that remote age, with the truth afterwards to be so wisely proclaimed by Henry V., —

“There is some soul of goodness in things evil,
Would men observingly distil it out,”¹

¹ This saying of Henry V. is a pregnant truth from the very heart of things and has been and still is exemplified in numberless forms. “There is a budding morrow in midnight,” and so there is in a thousand other black and unpromising shapes. Even Sodom and Gomorrah did not live in vain, for a distinguished French chemist has discovered that the waters of the Dead Sea, in which those cities have long been held in solution,—so different from the “culture fluid” of Boston!—are certain death to every species of microbe except tetanus, or lockjaw, an exception which after all does not much matter, as there is quite enough jaw-ing back and other talk in the world already. As Carlyle said to the Edinburgh students in 1866, “It seems to me as if the finest nations of the world—the English and the American, in chief—were going all off into wind and tongue.”

Madame Boucicault, proprietress of the well-known Bon Marché, in Paris, was so smitten with remorse on her death-bed that she left

PRODICUS AND HIS DEVOTEES

and they must have been fairly dazed by the genius of a master who could produce such beneficent results from so much repulsive and incongruous material. From whatever cause, whether from the amazing audacity of the author of the fable, who seems, like Franklin, to have detected certain latent cravings of his age and to have swayed level with the demand therefor; or from a romantic approval of its sentiments, which suggested a far higher type of conduct than the religion of the time;¹ or from a sudden and contagious reversion of feeling among a limited class, — it must be admitted that the work of Prodicus soon achieved a certain degree of popularity with thoughtful and intelligent persons, and especially among those of higher aspirations than the masses, who welcomed it as an aid towards the development of a better moral ideal. To them, it was like the precious jewel which “the toad, ugly and venomous,” wears in his head.

It was gradually realized, however, that Prodicus had done all he proposed to do with his imaginary character, and had intended it merely as a suggestive help

five millions of francs to found a hospital for the benefit of the families of the thousands of tradesmen whom her business methods had ruined. It is pleasant to reflect that this noble and edifying example has been followed in the capital of New England.

A prominent tailor of Boston bequeathed a large part of his fortune for the purpose of giving excursions to the descendants of those who had been impoverished by his enormous bills, in the hope that sails down the harbor and a sight of Deer Island, and trips to Mount Auburn and other popular resorts in the vicinity of that city, might enable his beneficiaries to forget for a few brief moments the wrongs they had indirectly suffered at his hands.

¹ Carlyle, in “Sartor Resartus,” says: “The Old World knew nothing of Conversion; instead of *Ecce Homo*, they had only some *Choice of Hercules.*”

Also, in “Wolton Reinfred,” he exclaims: “O Prodicus! Was thy ‘Choice of Hercules’ written to shame us that after twenty centuries of ‘perfectibility’ we are here still arguing?”

HISTORIC SIDE-LIGHTS

and stimulus to those possessed of virtuous tendency, that they might develop it as they pleased. The Sophist simply provided his hero with a hill and a resolution, which might prove indomitable or not, according to circumstances; and what he finally did with them their inventor never saw fit to reveal, probably feeling himself hardly able to cope with the avalanche of adverse testimony. As the Rev. Mr. Farebrother wisely says in "*Middlemarch*" (from every point of view the greatest novel ever written), "'The Choice of Hercules' is a pretty fable, but Prodicus makes it easy work for the hero, as if the first resolves were enough. Another story says that he came to hold the distaff and at last wear the Nessus shirt." In spite of the new departure with which the hero was favored, we have no evidence that he ever sought to prove his faith by his works. After the first feeling of novelty had died away, he must have found his rôle rather an incubus than otherwise and would naturally be at a loss how to dispose of anything so utterly foreign to his past experience. Unless he bore his resolution to the "abode of Virtue" on the almost inaccessible heights to which the goddess points him in Lord Shaftesbury's picture, and left it there "pour encourager les autres," we are not likely to learn his disposition thereof. When Prodicus had once "given him his washing," as Saint Paul did to Saint Thecla, he felt entirely free from any farther responsibility on his part. He was content to have revealed the latent beneficence of iniquity, when judiciously cultivated, and left the harvest to be reaped by others. It was a far cry from Homer to Prodicus, and the latter very likely reflected that the true inwardness of a hero, his "soul of goodness," however deeply buried, might well have had time to ripen, in the course of four centuries, like a pumpkin on a dung-hill, into ample and exemplary proportions.

THE ARTISTIC HERCULES

Such a purgatory might possibly have served to translate even Hercules into a higher sphere and make him a radiant source of moral inspiration.

The famous sculptors of the fifth century before Christ; the era of Phidias, Skopas, Polykleitos, and others of equal fame; that prolific age of creative genius which so richly endowed the world with fresh and immortal types of men and gods, found ample inspiration in the cult of Hercules, which, as Helbig observes, had become "extraordinarily popular in Attica" during the preceding century. The numerous forms of beauty that resulted from this spur to their imaginations are too well known to need mention here. Not a few of them still exist for our learning and also for our gratitude to the merciful or fortunate forbearance of time. I refer to these merely to emphasize the fact that among them all not a fragment remains to connect the sculptors of antiquity with the Hercules of Prodicus, or to suggest that his idea of the hero was thought worthy of commemoration in marble or bronze. The great masters who lived in the days of that Sophist and doubtless may have listened to his eloquence, failed to respond in any way to his didactic tale, and, if they thought of it at all, probably regarded it as one of the "things that would have been better left unsaid." This was by no means strange, as their own sympathies, and those of the great mass of their admirers, must have been entirely at variance with that novel, goody-goody Hercules, whose claims to regard not only did not rest on any basis of fact or tradition, but were merely sentimental and "*une quantité négligeable*," at the best. Though this new departure found a certain favor with those who liked a moral lesson to impart with patronizing unction to their sons or pupils, artists generally eyed it askance, or even with positive repugnance, and cared not to

HISTORIC SIDE-LIGHTS

transmit it to future generations. Not only did the Homeric idea of Hercules prevail with the people at large, but the artists for the most part followed their lead, and though there were certain glorious exceptions to this, these never offered any suggestion of Prodician influence, or of moral tone, except in so far as this latter influence could flow from pure, abstract beauty of form and feature.¹ No image of the hero has yet been found that seems to present him in the rôle of a youthful and contrite bridegroom, about to be wedded to Virtue, for better or worse, with a far-away look in his eyes and the visible signs in his face of an ardent longing for the advent of "Pilgrim's Progress" and "Sandford and Merton." Hercules was the favorite subject of Lysippos, who modelled him in a hundred different shapes, and even transmuted Alexander the Great into his form and aspect, but even he never got so far as that.

It was apparently to Polykleitos, in the latter half of the fifth century, that we owe a nobler and more elevating type of Hercules than any that had before been created. He sought to represent the hero merely as an

¹ In a learned essay by F. G. Welcker on "Prodicus of Keos, the Forerunner of Socrates," the author speaks of the immense effect and renown of the allegory and mentions the frequent imitations of it by other writers. Bottiger, also, in his "Hercules in Bivio e Prodigio Fabula," refers to the works of art of which the fable was the source and to the strange fascination felt for it. Unfortunately, these statements would seem to be largely conjectural, as no name of any first-class writer is cited, except Socrates and Xenophon, nor is any distinguished artist mentioned as having illustrated the discourse of Prodicus by brush or chisel.

The only souvenirs thereof that are known to exist at the present day are two small vase-paintings, of little merit, and, in fact, hardly worthy of preservation, except from this connection.

One of these is much better than its companion and is described in the "Annals of the Archæological Institute," vol. iv., pp. 473-498. The other is mentioned by Bottiger, in the work above quoted. Welcker's essay is to be found in his "Kleine Schriften," pp. 393-541.



HERCULES, BY POLYKLEITOS



POLYKLEITOS AND HERCULES

ideal of manly beauty, youthful and unbearded, with no suggestion of untamed force or other brutal feature, except the swollen and lacerated pancratiast ears which invariably indicate his rôle as a boxer. In these respects the type was a great improvement on that of Myron and other artists of a preceding period. The bust which Polykleitos thus originated has survived in various replicas to this day, and Furtwängler, in his "Masterpieces of Greek Sculpture," gives a photograph of one now in the collection at Broadlands in Hampshire, the former seat of Lord Palmerston and now of the Right Hon. W. Cowper Temple.¹ It is known to represent Hercules by the rolled fillet that encircles his head and was his peculiar emblem as a victorious and glorified athlete. It is an eminent example of beauty in repose, calm and impassive, with a certain air of reserved force, "the hiding of his power," a perfect portrayal of that still harmony and blending softness of union which is the last perfection of self-contained strength; a noble psalm in marble. It was thus that Saint Bruno revealed himself to Houdon in that masterpiece of high artistic achievement at Rome in the church of Santa Maria degli Angeli. The features show no sign of any effort at characterization, but seem lit, as with an inner glow, by a sense of conscious triumph and the serene composure of a sweet and serious dignity, — a dignity that soars high above all earthly discords and the struggles of the arena. Though clearly not modelled with such intent, this work might well serve as the beau-ideal of a Müller type, a Culture-hero, "who brought light out of night and was looked upon as the protector of law and order."

It would be foreign to my subject to offer any further

¹ A photographic copy of this noble head is given on the opposite page.

HISTORIC SIDE-LIGHTS

development of this type of Hercules. I can only add that it proved the prolific germ of far resonant action, and soon became so popular with the fellow-artists of its creator and with the people as well, that numberless copies were made as time moved on, chiefly for the adornment of palestrae and gymnasia, where, almost invariably in the form of a terminal bust, it presented the attractive aspect of grand and elevating beauty, "ever young and fine, like the rainbow." Its fame is attested by the numerous examples that have survived to this day, fifteen of which have been identified in Rome alone by Botho Graef, who has made them his special study. These are mostly, if not altogether, replicas of lovely originals, apparently done by Praxiteles or Skopas, though the replicas are not all of equal merit. These artists seem never to have wearied of this charming prototype, this seductive and inspiring model, which, like a strain of rich melody, was to them the source of a thousand variations, all essentially quick with the magnetic *motif* of their type, but each with its own peculiar character. At the hands of these successors of Polykleitos, who were nimbly responsive to the dictates of nature and filled the past with shining shapes, it became more emotional, more pathetic, more gracious, and more amply enriched with a depth of spiritual meaning than when it left his presence. Often crowned with a garland of poplar, vine or ivy leaves, delicately and graphically carved by a skilful artist, it delighted the eye and impressed it with the all-pervading power of genius, while it seemed, on its heaven-born mission, to rise like a pure white lily from the black and turbid depths of Herculean depravity.

One of the very best of these, perhaps the best, was found at Gensano in 1777, and is now in the gallery of the British Museum. An engraving thereof is given in

THE GENSANO HERCULES

Roscher's marvellously learned "Lexikon der Griechischen und Romischen Mythologie," 1890. The author highly praises it and traces its source to Praxiteles. He also mentions the "deep, soulful expression, as if the hero had known suffering, though yet filled with a restless striving."

In this exhaustive work, no less than one hundred and sixty columns of fine print are given to Heracles, but the writer does not think it worth his while to devote a line to the Hercules of Prodicus, or even to mention the latter's name.

A photograph of the above "term," taken expressly for this work, is to be found opposite the titlepage thereof.

In the "Description of the Ancient Marbles in the British Museum," issued in 1812, it is said that this is decidedly a representation of Hercules: —

"In the first place, the short, upright hair on the forehead is peculiar to him; secondly, the wreath encircling the head is composed of the poplar, a tree which was particularly sacred to him, and, lastly, the bruised and lacerated appearance of the ears proves that it was certainly intended for Hercules, who is very seldom represented without these peculiar marks of injury.

"This head is in the finest preservation, the only restoration it has received being a trifling part of one of the ribands, or lemmisce, which fasten the wreath and descend on each shoulder. It was found in the year 1777 near Gensano, in the grounds belonging to the Cesarini family. Height, 1 foot 4 $\frac{1}{2}$ inches."

To the above might have been added the fact that the right ear in particular is swollen and lacerated, and the left very little so.

It is probable that few full-length figures, based on

HISTORIC SIDE-LIGHTS

this type, were ever made. At any rate, only one is now known to exist, and that was found among the ruins of Hadrian's villa in 1790. From Italy it was taken to England, where it has been ever since in the gallery of Lansdowne House. Of this it is naturally the rarest and brightest gem, since it is generally regarded as not only the finest male statue in England, but one of the best yet discovered. Of heroic size and remarkably well preserved, it has the fillet of a victorious athlete drawn through the short and curly hair. The amply rounded chest, the massive shoulders, with their muscular beauty of outline, as of Atlas in his youth, proclaim a latent force, the graceful intimation of conscious strength. Though generally assumed to be a copy of an earlier work, the most learned and intelligent German critics assign its *motif* and first inception to Skopas, when in the ripening dawn of his faculties. Nothing can surpass the consummate loveliness of this marble masterpiece and the fulness of content with which the eye rests upon its presentment of hale and heroic manhood united to fineness of nature and the tokens of delicate sensation. The sculptor had evidently quite disregarded the merely animal and muscular attributes of Hercules, and sought, by the magic of his gracious and endearing art, to portray him as a youthful demigod, serenely sensible of his perfect symmetry of form and feature, and radiant with that beauty which is "its own excuse for being." This was a *coup de maître* of which any artist might be proud, and one can hardly imagine how sculpture could exceed the harmony of fire and grace, the warmth of feeling and internal tenderness, the pregnant energy of attitude and the noble, unconstrained freedom of the whole movement that compose its strong individuality and are the proofs of its spiritual conception. Such is the



THE LANSDOWNE HERCULES

15. 8. 1918

15. 8. 1918

HERAKLES KALLINOCHOS

omnipotence of that genius, akin to the divine, which betokens the celestial birth of man and at times illuminates the whole earth with the radiance of those "clouds of glory" which attend us "when we come from God, who is our home."¹

Under an aspect very similar to this must Hercules have appeared to the imagination of the poet Archilochus, three centuries before the time of Skopas, when he salutes him as "kallinochos," or brilliant victor. If the hero had been thus portrayed on the seal of the United States, instead of the huge and repulsive agglomeration of muscular tumors, whose protuberance is equalled only by their ponderosity, conceived by Lord Shaftesbury after such infinite labor, and suggested by Adams, with outlines about as soft and graceful as those of "the stern and rock-bound coast" of his own native Commonwealth of Massachusetts, then might our country have done well to condone the evil doings of the demigod in view of the divinity conferred upon him by genius and of the mighty incentive of such a form to national culture and the highest artistic feeling.

Notwithstanding the general disdain of the sculptors, after lying hidden for the most part during nearly fifteen hundred years, though with a rare outcropping at remote intervals, the "Judgment of Hercules" suddenly took its share in the rising splendor of the Renaissance

¹ This work was seen at Lansdowne House by Dr. Waagen, who praises its "noble head and vigorous forms." He further adds, "Judging by the treatment, an excellent work of the time of Adrian," i. e. about 100 A. D., which shows that art criticism has made great progress since that writer's day.

Michaelis, however, says it is "unmistakably in the spirit of Lysippus," *Ancient Marbles in Great Britain*, 1882. This opens a large area for indefinite discussion as to the actual author, though Furtwängler, Overbeck, and Roscher have decidedly the last innings, as they are decidedly superior to all their predecessors in comprehensive learning, acute criticism, and sympathetic intelligence.

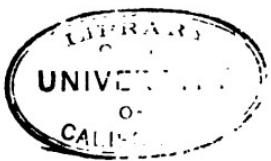
HISTORIC SIDE-LIGHTS

and revealed itself as a fitting subject for the painter's art. It was represented on canvas by Pier di Cosimo in the first decade of the sixteenth century and by Annibale di Carracci and Nicholas Poussin in the seventeenth, who thus showed their faith by their works. To the last-named painter the classic origin of the subject and its atmosphere of ancient hero-worship made it peculiarly attractive, by the offer of an ample occasion for the display of his talents and his inherent enthusiasm for ancient art. His picture of Hercules is now in the well-known gallery of Sir Henry Hugh Arthur Hoare, Bart., at Stonehead, Wiltshire. Though it can hardly be called one of his best works, it is certainly not a bad example. His subject is seen at once to be a painted statue taken (with the exception of the head), and that with remarkable fidelity, from the antique form of a youthful athlete. We here at once discern Poussin's chaste correctness of drawing and what Ruskin terms his "sternly Greek severity of treatment," his noble outlines and breadth and precision of hand. Here, also, are apparent his skill in composition; his elegance in the grouping and disposition of his figures; his truly grand and poetic feeling in landscape with that air of conscious self-reliance which so strongly characterized his works.¹ It would appear from the three figures that constitute the group of which Hercules is

¹ These qualities have been well exhibited by Sir Robert Strange, in his engraving of this painting by Poussin, and particularly of the figure of Hercules. No one was better fitted than he to do them justice, both from natural fondness for the antique and from his firm, definite, and essentially flowing lines. He is deservedly famous for the richness and transparency of his flesh, and in presence of his delicately rounded contours the lack of color is hardly missed. In this respect he adds, as it were, a certain degree of gilding to the refined gold of Poussin, who was not noted for his coloring, which he mostly tolerated merely as a necessary adjunct, as a sermon is an appendix to the text.



THE CHOICE OF HERCULES, BY POUSSIN



HERCULES AND POUSSIN

the centre, that the artist felt more strongly attracted towards his *pièce de résistance* than towards either Virtue or Vice. At any rate, they are not drawn with so much care or so much skill as Hercules, and one is driven to the irresistible inference that each of these allegorical creations merits much more credit than is generally given her, Vice for not making more efficient use of her bewitching charms than she did, and Virtue for resisting the hero's fascinations so long. The stand taken by the hero was nothing compared to that of the two heroines. Few could have long resisted the allurement of such a presence, and doubtless even Virtue removed herself as promptly as possible from an ordeal that must have been so extremely trying to all parties.

It is remarkable that Poussin had plainly the same *penchant* for Hercules as that felt by Adams and Franklin, and for Moses also. He painted each of these characters at least a score of different times and under various forms and conditions. For none other of his numerous subjects did he display the same degree of interest and devotion, in spite of what Ruskin styles his "want of any deep sensibility," nor did he portray any others so often. It is even said that in his famous decoration on the ceiling of the Louvre, representing "Hercules destroying Folly, Ignorance, and Envy," the artist has given the demigod his own features.

PART VI

Lord Shaftesbury and his Painting of the "Judgment of Hercules." — His Preparations for the Evolution of a Chef d'Œuvre. — Letters to his Friends. — Pierre Coste. — Philolopy. — Lord Shaftesbury's "Notion." — Final Edition of his "Characteristicks." — Paolo di Matthaeis. — The Young Milo. — Hercules between Virtue and Pleasure. — Lord Shaftesbury's Engagement and Marriage. — Virtue on Canvas. — Virtue and her Hill. — Pleasure and her Traits. — Raphael, "the sociable spirit."

IT may be well as a matter of historic and collateral interest to give some account of the design proposed by Adams for our national seal and to describe its exact character. Though the subject itself had already been treated, as above stated, by Pier di Cosimo, Annibale Carracci, Poussin, and others, the peculiar aspect under which it had become familiar to Adams was due to the pretentious dilettanteism of the third Earl of Shaftesbury, who fancied himself the possessor of a specially fine taste in art, and also imagined that a really great masterpiece could be as easily and successfully planned as a house or a ship; that it was not necessarily the inspiration of genius, but could be thought out by almost any person of average learning and talent, if sufficient time were bestowed upon it, and that all the essential features thus evolved could be imparted to a clever artist, who would portray them on canvas and produce a work, noble, fruitful, and immortal. With the view of testing this theory and of parading his own culture by the representation of an event of classic and literary interest, Lord Shaftesbury set to work upon the ingenious and plausible scheme which resulted in the painting of "The Judgment of Hercules." Upon

LORD SHAFTESBURY

this scheme his Lordship was engaged while spending the last few months of his life at Naples in 1712-18. It was elaborated with much assiduity and incessant discussion, and his absorption therein is still attested by numerous carefully written pages on file with the "Shaftesbury Papers" in the Record Office at London. When nothing farther could be done to insure success and no more suggestions could be offered by united ingenuity and learning, the various ideas of the noble inventor and his friends were committed to writing, for the benefit of the artist who was to carry them into execution.

This subject naturally commended itself to Lord Shaftesbury's mind both from his moral sympathies and from his Socratic and other philosophical studies. He has left a short account of the circumstances under which his attention was first called to it in a letter to "Lord * * * * *" [i.e. Lord Somers] from Naples, dated "March 6, 1712." This is printed in his Lordship's works under the title of "A Letter concerning the Art or Science of Design":—

"For even this very Notion had its use chiefly from the Conversation of a certain Day which I had the happiness to pass a few years since in the Country with your Lordship. 'Twas there you shew'd me some Ingravings which had been sent you from Italy. One in particular I well remember, of which the Subject the very same with that of my written Notion inclos'd. But by what Hand it was done, or after what Master, or how executed, I have quite forgot. . . .

"I resolv'd at last to engage my Painter in the great work. Immediately a Cloth was bespoke of a suitable Dimension and the Figures taken as big or bigger than the common Life, the Subject being of the Heroick kind and requiring rather such Figures as shou'd appear above ordinary human Stature."

HISTORIC SIDE-LIGHTS

Notwithstanding the above lucid explanation as to the origin of his picture, — an explanation which was written “a few years” after the occurrence of the facts narrated, — it seems more natural to suppose that Lord Shaftesbury’s attention was first called to the artistic opportunities of the fable of Prodicus by the fine work of Poussin (to which reference has already been made, and which was in the gallery of the Hoare family about ten miles from his own seat in the adjoining county of Wilts), and had reflected how much better a work he could devise himself on a subject so attractive to his enterprising mind. He had never had occasion to learn, nor had been obliged to practise “the art of repression,” and he would, of course, not for a moment doubt that he knew as much about painting as he professed to know about Moses, Homer, and Mr. Hobbes; about Egypt and Greece; about Prometheus and Queen Elizabeth; about love and the ladies; about Life, Liberty, “enthusiastic Atheists,” and “the Leviathan Hypothesis,” and very many other things too numerous to mention, on which he wrote without stint.

This “Little Treatise,” as Lord Shaftesbury styles it in his letter to Mickletonwaite of Feb. 23, 1712, was at first so brief as to “come within the Compass of a Sheet of Paper,” and was the result of “what had pass’d in Conversation with my Painters and some other Virtuosos with whom I can converse only in French.” It was dictated in that language by his Lordship to Mr. Crell, his secretary, who afterwards “transcribed it from the foul,” or first rough draught, for the instruction of Paolo de Matthaeis, who under Shaftesbury’s directions was to paint his “great Piece of History” aforesaid. It was subsequently corrected and, it would seem, expanded into a long essay by Mr. Coste, a Frenchman of learning and prominence, who was also a

PIERRE COSTE

friend and correspondent of Shaftesbury, and had been requested by him to "make this Piece truly *original*, as it now is, by *touching it up* and converting it wholly into pure language with his masterly hand and genius" (from manuscript letter above quoted).

Pierre Coste was a Huguenot savant, who had been banished by Louis XIV., — the curse of his nation and of his age, like the present German Emperor, — and had taken refuge in England. He was a voluminous and multitudinous writer of incorrect translations and dreary books, which served no other purpose than as an infallible remedy for insomnia. He translated the works of Locke and Newton's Optics; also a treatise on "Divine Love" and on the "Education of Children;" also various other books too numerous to mention. He also wrote a life of the Great Condé, a perfect flood of biographical verbosity, a *chute de paroles*, which well illustrates "How the water comes down at Lodore." He wrote nothing about art, and there is no evidence that he knew anything about it. He seems to have been the very last person that would have been selected to correct and enlarge even such an essay as that of Shaftesbury, and he was apparently chosen because he was "the most senseless and fit man" for that office. The work thus polished and inflated was subsequently brought out anonymously in Paris and Amsterdam in the fall of 1712, under the supervision of Mr. Coste, with the title of "Raisonnement sur le Jugement d'Hercule." It achieved a *succès d'estime*; and Micklethwaite, a well-seasoned sycophant, writes from London "December y^e 23d, 1712": —

"Mr. Coste has gain'd great notice here only barely for Publishing Le Jugement d'Hercule, which Piece is wonderfully Admired and Inquired after. I find it has been Twice painted in Holland single and in y^e Paris Journall."

HISTORIC SIDE-LIGHTS

A few months later in the same year it was translated into English and published in London. It is now to be seen in the "Characteristicks" of Lord Shaftesbury as "A Notion of the Historical Draught or Tablature of the Judgment of Hercules, according to Prodicus," — a title which compactly defines the heavy gambols and lumbering, affected style of its author. As it now appears, the treatise has expanded from "the compass of a sheet of paper" into nearly fifty big pages.

The French reconstruction was begun through the agency of Micklethwaite, though Shaftesbury afterwards wrote to Mr. Coste himself: —

"De Naples le 29^e Mars, 1712, avec le MS. du Raisonnement sur le Jugement d'Hercule.

"Voyez je vous prie, quelle extravagance ! Je vous écris en François, moy qui de ma vie n'ay jamais n'en écrit en cette langue que deux ou trois petites lettres par votre assistance. . . . Qu'il sache donc et que vous sachiez qu'en cas que vous ne trouvez cette Piéce tout-a-fait mauvaise, je vous serai extrêmement obligé si vous vouliez prendre la peine de la corriger d'un bout à l'autre et de la rendre, s'il est possible, originelle.¹ Alors je n'auray pas honte de la monter a quelques uns de nos Virtuosi ; ce qui sera peut-être a l'avantage du Tableau que je fais peindre actuellement."

From this extract it is plain that his Lordship was not a fluent writer of French, and that his style was *tout-a-fait* Franklinesque so far as that language was concerned.

It is quite obvious that the whole of Lord Shaftes-

¹ This word, like the same word in the letter above quoted, seems strangely inappropriate and altogether self-contradictory. How could a writing be made "original" that was the united vocal contribution of several persons, and had afterwards been dictated to a scribe by one who only heard what these persons said and had then been "touched up and converted wholly into pure language" by a French writer a thousand miles away?

LETTERS OF LORD SHAFTESBURY

bury's "Notion" is not his own, but a sort of literary and artistic mosaic to which probably he supplied a few bits here and there, though he afterwards adopted the sum total as his work.

I give here a few excerpts from the letters of Lord Shaftesbury which have never before been in print, in order to show the progress of his proposed design and his characteristic attitude towards it, as well as his ambitious aims in its behalf.

On the 23d of February, 1712, his Lordship writes to his friend Micklethwaite:—

"... In the mean while I have a noble *virtuoso scheme* before me, and design, if I get Life this Summer to apply even this great Work (the History Piece bespoke and now actually working) to the Credit and Reputation of Philol.

"I know that by what I have said I must have highly rais'd your Curiosity, which till next Post I am unable to Satisfy and then you shall have it all before you by the Copy of a Little Treatise (w^h Mr. Crell is now actually transcribing from the foul) written or rather dictated on this Subject of the Great Piece of History in Hand and which will come within the compass of a Sheet of Paper. But it being writ in French for y^e Painter's Use, you can not have it in its right Condition till it be thought over anew and *translated* into its Naturel English. 'T will be in Mr. Coste's Power to make this Piece true *original* as it now is, by *touching it up* (as the Painter's Phrase is) and converting it wholly into pure Language with his masterly Hand and Genius. And in this Condition I could willingly consent he should carry it or send it over to his friend to be inserted in the very next *Bib. Chois.* of his Friend's Friend, Mons. Le Clerc. Now these Scholars and Great Men of Learning are (I know) very little given to these Virtuoso-Studies, yet I cannot but fancy that if Mr. Coste gave in to it heartily he could ingage them also and even without using authority or telling names, might introduce

HISTORIC SIDE-LIGHTS

the matter into y^e world, which afterwards might more agreeably and by a Gradual Discovery come to know this Author and that of *Char—cks* to be the same. For by the time that this Little Treatise could be published a large Plate after the Great Piece wou'd be finish'd at Rome by an Excell^t Ingraver, Condisciple with 'my History Painter and bred with him at Rome under *Carlo Morat*. . . .

"But all this will depend on Mr. Coste, whether his Affairs or Humour (for in things of this Kind Fancy and humour must govern in the best men) will allow him to mind such a Virtuoso-Business as this. And in this Case you must ingage him with all to bring with him from Holland the best Edition or two (with Notes) of Cebe's Fable [? Table] with the ordinary ugly Prints (such as there are) of this beautiful Socratick Piece, which I shall have time to study at Leisure and fit for a Companion to this other Socratick, more simple, and (in painting) more exact, natural and just Piece of Prodicus now carrying on, and upon which I have compos'd my little Treatise in French from what has pass'd in Conversation with my Painters and some other virtuosos with whom I can converse only in that Language. So here at last you have my Secret out and if S^r John should in his comical way ask you 'Well, *Mick!* What do you think my Lord's hatching? I believe it is a young *Milo*.' You may tell him yes; and that the Egg will be sent you ready peep'd (as y^e Hen-housewives say) for you to bring forth and help the Chick into y^e world. I can assure you a friend of yours said yesterday that the Face and Air of the young *Milo* was mighty like you and so I really think, tho' it has not so much of the *Adonis* (you may believe) as my young hunting gentlemen in St. Giles's Cedar Room.

"But this is not the only View Of Service which I ground on this chargeable and high attempt. Our present Great Minister, or at least some future one, may possibly have some compassion for y^e poor Arts and Virtuoso-Sciences, which are in a manner bury'd here abroad and have never yet rais'd their Heads in Britain. It might be well for

"CHARACTERISTICS"

your joyst Interest and S^r John's as Friends to one Another and to me, if through your hands a Present should be made of a glorious Piece not only worthy of a Prime Minister, but even of the reigning Prince, or of some Prince of the Royal Family to whom the Piece itself may be a Council and Instruction. Pray lay this saying up in your Memory, for I should hardly bestow my time and Pains with about fourscore Pistoles prime Charge and with so many consequent Expences for the sake of a Piece of Furniture merely for St. Giles's, or as a mere Ornament to *Philol.*"

The word "Philol" used in this letter is an abbreviation of Philology. It was evidently coined, as was "tablature," by Lord Shaftesbury for his own private use and edification, and is another proof of his taste for fantastic conceits and frivolous oddities. If expressed in English according to the rules generally applicable to similar words of Greek derivation, it would mean "a fondness for husks." By his Lordship it was employed as a synonym for his "Characteristics." This is apparent in a letter, now among the Shaftesbury Papers, from his friend Micklethwaite, dated "London, Aug. 29, 1712."

"He [Mr. D——y] [*i. e.* Mr. Darcey,] assured me Two days ago that He has still a Hundred left of y^e first Edition, which I must own provokt me very much, but it was of no use to tell him so. I know from y^e Book-sellers how great a Fame Charac. [Characteristics] have and how well they sell; indeed for some months last past y^e Town has been empty of all the Polite-Men, and what can we expect now; how should Philology be minded here when both Partys are so taken up & divided betwixt Apprehension & Joy? Mr. Stanhope says Charac: will sell mightily as soon as we have a Peace, Learning will come in Fashion & Philology be necessary; that it is the only Book in our Language where, &c., &c."

HISTORIC SIDE-LIGHTS

Sometime during the year 1712, the "Raisonnement" was translated into English, and obviously, by Lord Shaftesbury himself,¹ as it reveals many of his peculiarities of style and expression. In this way, he showed his approval of Mr. Coste's expansion and "touching up." This translation was published in 1713, though not in time for Lord Shaftesbury to see it in print, as he died on the 4th of February of that year.

As might have been inferred from what I have written, the "Notion" contains the most minute directions for the fabrication of a first-class work of art. It is a terror "di lavoro." Not a single item is omitted from the programme, the performance of which was to be attended by such perfect and foreordained success. No feature, no attitude, no expression, fails to be properly enumerated and to be fortified by appropriate citations from the best authors of antiquity. The treatise is composed in his Lordship's usual labored and bombastic style, and is an absurd farrago of obsolete nonsense, heavily weighted with Latin verses and fine,

¹ On Feb. 23, 1712, Lord Shaftesbury wrote to Micklethwaite: "But it being writ in French for y^e Painters' Use, you cannot have it in its right Condition till it be thought over anew and translated into its Naturel English." From this it appears that the "right condition" of his treatise had not been attained by "the masterly hand and genius" of Mr. Coste, nor by his "touching up," nor by his "truly original and pure language."

The publication was probably looked after by Micklethwaite, as is apparent from a letter of his to Lord Shaftesbury dated "London, Dec. 23d, 1712."

"It was great satisfaction to me to find that you had thought of printing the *Notion* in English. I am more and more convinced that if I don't do it, some body else will, so that I have spoke to D——y to get y^e same paper as y^e Charac, and after Xmas holidays are over we shall begin to print it in y^e very same manner and letter as the *Letter of Enthusiam* and I hope before that time we shall receive your Title-page. I am every day solicited by one or other about it and I have ventured to promise it shall be done."

THE GLORIOUS PIECE

far-fetched phrases of distorted English; a wild fandango of aesthetical speculations based on "The Unity of Design according to the just Rules of poetick Art." A typical souvenir of the writer, well padded with pompous, pedantic, and prosy platitudes, it would always serve to identify him to the remotest ages, as the mummy of Nebuchadnezzar was recognized by his cud, when discovered by Layard among the ruins of Nineveh. Dreary and mechanical, the whole production must have had a most depressing and paralyzing effect upon the painter, who was constrained by a liberal *douceur* to carry the author's notions into effect, and thus to pull the cord of the shower-bath that was to benumb and drench him from head to foot.

"‘Ah,’ said Hercules, responsive,
‘When that duffer takes the floor,
I think of Erymanthus and
My tussele with the boar.’”

The engraver of his Lordship's fancies must have had quite as much to contend with as his painter.

During the gestation of “the glorious piece,” as he termed it, which was costing him so much thought, time, and money, Lord Shaftesbury was also devoting the last few months of his life to the equipment of a new and final edition of his “Characteristicks.” This was to be not only a *chef d'œuvre* of the printer's art, but of the engraver as well, who was to decorate it with “Hirogliphics, both the Lapidary and Flourish kind” (his Lordship was nothing if not obscure), designed by the author and engraved by Gribelin, one of the best artists in that line of his day. On “this great Concern of my Life” Lord Shaftesbury worked incessantly, apparently regarding it as the last bequest of a great genius to posterity. As he wrote to Micklethwaite, “If I live to see this, it will be my sufficient *Nunc Dimittis*.”

HISTORIC SIDE-LIGHTS

The consummation of this exhausting "virtuoso-scheme" his Lordship unhappily failed to see, but the results were exactly what might have been expected. The designs were petty and finical, abstrusely labored, profoundly allegorical, and entirely void of artistic feeling. The arduous efforts of the engraver were dispersed among innumerable hindrances, and he probably saw his salvation in his patron's final departure. As an example of the instructions he was continually doomed to receive, scores of pages of which are yet to be read in the "Shaftesbury Papers," the following extract may be of interest. It relates to a sketch which his Lordship had concocted for the second volume of his new edition, and which was a complicated assortment of small details, which were significant in the extreme to their inventor, but quite unmeaning to any one else. These do not occupy even a tenth part of the engraving, which is only about three and one-half inches square, and one can hardly realize the eye-blinding struggles of the engraver to give them the expression which his patron thought indispensable, though they enable one fully to appreciate the exact quality of the latter's feeling for art in any form.

"1. In the Top-Flourish, more Land and less Sea, as I said before.

"2. The Ants and Bees on either hand to be as plainly express'd as possible in so Little as this will be, and rather than fail to make a few Ants and Bees of a Larger Size (as nearer advanced and on a forwarder Ground) which may appear flying or creeping in the near Branches of the Grotesque work.

"3. In the Bottom Flourish you will observe the last Greek Letter ν of the word τάρτων is too near the next and the last word ἐν. Mr. Gribelin will Divide and place the three Words more regularly.

PAOLO DE MATTHAEIS

“4. The Spider’s Webb is not so exactly round and regular as it ought to be, in this emblematical kind. The Spider too in the Center must lye more round or orbicular (suitable to the Orb hard by to which the Emblem relates) and Flys caught in the Webb must be much smaller in proportion and almost indiscernible.

“5. The Bird on the Nest, Mr. Gribelin will do very neatly, Leaving room for the appearance of the Young Birds-Heads in the Nest.”

And so on *ad nauseam*.

The *capo d’opera* thus perfected in his Lordship’s brain, was produced on canvas some few months before his death by Paolo de Matthaeis, an Italian of good repute, who had done various frescos and other works for churches in Rome and Naples. He labored at his task of bricks without straw under the perpetual observation and guidance of his patron, who, of course, saw that there was at least as much of himself in the result as of his employee. As Shaftesbury wrote to Micklethwaite from Naples, Sept. 1, 1712: “Now concerning the Picture I shall say no more in modesty, since it carrys so much of my own Thought, Design, and I may allmost say, Workmanship along with it.” In 1713 it was sent from Naples to the Shaftesbury gallery at Wimborne St. Giles, in Dorset, where it was promptly entombed, and where it still remains, while few or none ever care to go out of their way to see it. It is an excellent instance of the inevitable failure of any attempt to construct a masterpiece to order, however favorable the circumstances, however plausible the theory on which it is based, or however minute and learned the instructions. The painting would long since have been forgotten in deserved oblivion, had not a copy of it been engraved by Gribelin by Shaftesbury’s order and published after his death with a most sumptuous edition of

HISTORIC SIDE-LIGHTS

his crotchety lucubrations.¹ Thus it comes to the surface at rare intervals, though, as it is vastly smaller than the original, its many demerits are far less conspicuous.

The outcome of this literary and artistic amalgamation was an arrangement of three figures — life-size — in the foreground, backed by a tumultuous display of trees, tapestry, vases, hills, and other impedimenta, supposed to be the “episodick Parts” necessary to the perfection of the design, while Hercules in the centre leans on his club — almost the only thing on his person — apparently in order to support the superincumbent pressure of his huge and unelastic frame. “He looks towards Virtue,” so we are informed by his Lordship, “earnestly and with extreme attention, having some part of the Action of his Body inclining still to-wards *Pleasure*, and discovering by certain Features of Concern and Pity, intermix’d with the commanding or conquering Passion, that the Decision he is about to make in favor of *Virtue* cost him not a little.” He is likewise so drawn as “neither by the opening of his mouth, or by any other sign, to leave it in the least dubious whether he is speaking or silent. For ’tis absolutely requisite that *Silence* shou’d be distinctly characteriz’d in Hercules, not only as the natural effect of his strict attention and the little leisure he has from what passes at this time within his heart, but in order withal to give that appearance of Majesty and Superiority becoming the Person and Character of pleading Virtue; who by

¹ For some reason not very easy to explain, Lord Shaftesbury always terms his hero Milo in his letters. April 5, 1712, he writes to Micklethwaite: “My young Milo, or Herculean Tablature, has indeed succeeded to a wonder, and I am now actually getting it engraved on a noble large plate of a foot and some inches square. I may perhaps think of reducing this again to a less size for the several volumes of *Philol.*”

VIRTUE AND HERCULES

her Eloquence and other Charms has ere this made herself mistress of the Heart of our enamour'd Hero." If all this was meant by the mere silence of the hero, it is quite possible that there was no exaggeration after all in the volume of significance suggested by Lord Burleigh in "The Critic," when he "comes forward, shakes his head and exit." It is another proof of the truth of Dangle's remark that "there certainly is a vast deal to be done on the stage by dumb show and expression of face; and a judicious author knows how much he may trust to it."

Of the two seductive aspirants for the decision of Hercules, Virtue "stands well forward," as his Lordship prescribed, *planté-là*, with the air of having been made to order, like a "moral wax figger,"¹ and swaddled in a cumbrous mass of redundant drapery. She is provided with a sword, like Paul; with a helmet, like Pallas; with a bit, like Pegasus, though the latter is not in her mouth; otherwise she could not preach to Hercules at such great and somniferous length.

Of these three emblems we learn from our author that the helmet and the bit are really essential to her complete outfit as expressing "the double effect of Forbearance and Indurance, or what we may otherwise call Refrainment and Support, and at the same time these are really portable Instruments, such as the martial

¹ In the same pose — ethical, characteristic, ostentatious, and statuesque-pictorial; with the same wealth of superabundant drapery and much massive and imposing support from admiring nature, architecture, and the writings of Xenophon — does his Lordship, as painted by Closterman and engraved by Gribelin, still appear in the act of marshalling the way to his works, under the title of "The Honorable Anthony Ashley Cooper, Earl of Shaftesbury, Baron Ashley of Wimborne St. Giles and Lord Cooper of Pawlett." There he certainly dominates the situation, with the complacent air of one who has fully digested the past, the present, and the future, and hungers for more worlds to conquer.

HISTORIC SIDE-LIGHTS

Dame, who represents *Virtue*, may be well supposed to have brought along with her;" and he might have added "been sure to cause an abnormal sensation wherever she went," with her flying artillery.

Whether it is true that Virtue was modelled after the form and features of Lady Shaftesbury, will never be known, but the fact is intimated by the obsequious Micklēthwaite in a letter dated London, Dec. 23, 1712.

"All your Acquaintance that know L^r Shaftesbury and have any Eyes that way found a perfect resemblance of her in y^e Goddess of Virtue, not only her exact Side-Face, but her very Form and Limbs, and indeed y^e Character is very suitable. There is something more sublime and yet Easy in y^e whole Picture than in any I ever saw."

This incense must have been intended by Micklēthwaite as a return in kind for his *confrère's* blarney in his letter of Feb. 23, 1712. "I can assure you," wrote his Lordship, "a friend of yours said yesterday that the Face and Air of the young Milo [i. e. Hercules] was mighty like you, and so I really think, tho' it has not so much of the Adonis."

Luckily for his peace of mind and self-complacency, Micklēthwaite had not then seen the painting, nor did he see it till after his Lordship's death, when he must have been much impressed with his appearance "in the skanderlus attire of the Greek slave."

Lord Shaftesbury, in spite of his profusion of "Characteristicks," did not succeed in winning the charmer that had taken his fancy, and had become very loath to marry at all. His nearest relations, however, were fearful that the deistical dynasty might come to an abrupt end, and as the result of their persuasions, his lordship finally chose "the youngest daughter to late M^r. Ewer, of Hartfordshire; her mother a Montague,



The Right Honorable Anthony Ashley
Cooper Earl of Shaftesbury Baron Ashley of
Winterton S. Giles, & Lord Cooper of Pawlett.
Closterman Pinx. *Sam: Gribelin Sculps.*

LORD SHAFTESBURY, BY CLOSTERMAN



LADY SHAFTESBURY

grand Daughter to the old Lord Manchester." As he writes to his friend Wheelock, "Windsor, Aug. 8. 1709":—

"Those who have been ungrateful, unworthy and treacherous friends, will be thunder-struck with this account when they hear w^t they so little expected, believing all my Talks of Marriage to be only threats or boasts; and that if anything tempted me it would not be so much my Family's preservation and y^e Concern of children, as Riches, Interest, or at least Witt, Beauty, or some of those tempting objects w^{ch} they thought I was by my retirement safe from. So y^t they look'd on me as a safe deceasing Batchelour y^t would leave no Issue behind me, nor indeed any thing but my crabed Books, Writings and Philosophy. But they will be surpriz'd by this day or To-morrow seven night when I shall send 'em an account of my being the 3d or 9th day after to be marry'd to a *very young Lady*: not for Love's sake (since I never saw her till the match was resolved on), nor yet Riches, but for my Family's sake only and my own Ease in a private and Country Life. But I can now tell you (w^{ch} I could not before) that I have seen the Young Lady and I protest I think she is injured in having been represented to me as *no Beauty*, for so I writ you word before I had seen her: Whether I am partial, I cant say positively, for when one comes, as I did, to y^e sight of one whom we had chosen by Character and had determined to be one's Wife, one may be allow'd to be a little byass'd in judgment as to y^e person and appearance of y^e Lady. One may be supposed to see with other Eyes than ordinary, and 'tis fitt it should be so. Therefore with these *other Eyes* of mine let me tell you I think I was wrong when I said from common Report y^t she was *no Beauty*, for I think her *a very great Beauty.*"

There is nothing but the flattery of Micklethwaite to prove that she, Lady Shaftesbury, bore any likeness whatever to the Virtue in the picture, but if, when

HISTORIC SIDE-LIGHTS

thus got up for exhibition, she did detect any resemblance, she could hardly have been exhilarated to find herself discoursing at large to a society so mixed, so dubious, and in such an extremely scanty *deshabillé*.

But to return to Lord Shaftesbury's complicated goddess.

She rests awkwardly (and superfluously, it would seem) "with her full poise upon one foot, having the other a little advanced and raised on a broken piece of ground or rock, instead of the Helmet or little Globe on which we see her usually setting her foot," all which sounds quite plausible; but the inevitable effect of her forced and stilted attitude on the spectator is that, if Virtue were to remove her foot (it is a very big foot too, like the foot of a mountain and clearly made for use, No. 10 at least) from that rock for a single instant, the whole mechanism would come apart in tumbling ruin and cover the ground with its *disjecta membra*.

The goddess emphasizes her remarks by pointing towards the almost inaccessible heights which Hercules is to mount as the reward of her eloquent persuasions; though how this is to be done by a demigod weighing at least a quarter of a ton and simply dressed in a little brief lion's-hide, so little and so brief that it really hides nothing, — *non constat*, as the lawyers say.

The rôle of the Shaftesbury Virtue¹ is evidently to point out steep paths to others and not to climb herself, though the noble author plainly wishes his readers to

¹ As Mandeville observes in his "A Search into the Nature of Society," "The calm Virtues recommended in the 'Characteristics' are good for nothing but to breed Drones and might qualify a man for the stupid Enjoyments of a Monastick Life, or at least a Country Justice of the Peace, but they would never fit him for Labor or Assiduity or stir him up to great Atchievements and perilous Undertakings."

VIRTUE AND HER HILL

understand that Virtue knew all about it and had been there already and could climb on an emergency, as he goes on to state that she was "neither lean, nor of a tanned Complexion, and must have discovered by the Substance and Color of her Flesh that she was sufficiently accustomed to Exercise." This would naturally be a *sine qua non*, if she were obliged every night before retiring to her chaste couch to leave the machine to look after itself and mount to her abode on the heights aforesaid, though it strikes the average spectator as rather mysterious that she strives so mightily to induce Hercules to accompany her, and thus expose her verbosity to misconstruction on the part of those who had never shared the advantages of a charitable eye and ear infirmary.

Ever since the time of Hesiod,¹ about eight centuries before the Christian era, Virtue seems to have been accompanied by a hill wherever she went, and she evidently needed it in her business. All the Greek poets — Pindar, Tyrtaeus, Simonides, and many others — clearly took this view of her, as an otherwise unprotected female, and looked upon a hill as her indispensable *rude mecum*. Hence, if her votaries couldn't climb, her influence was of no avail and she had no farther use for them. It was evidently her peculiar

¹ "But before Virtue the immortal gods have set exertion; and long and steep and rugged at the first is the way to it, but when one shall have reached the summit, then truly it is easy, difficult though it be before." — *Works and Days*, 284 fol.

This passage is quoted in the *Protagoras*, where it is placed by Plato in the mouth of Socrates, as if uttered by him: "I dare say that Prodicus would say, as Hesiod says," etc. This will account for the prominent part taken by the hill in the "Judgment of Hercules" as narrated by Xenophon and in all the pictorial illustrations thereof, more conspicuously in the painting by Poussin. In every phase of its presentment, the hill greatly intensifies the whole situation and forms its largest feature and most prominent motif.

HISTORIC SIDE-LIGHTS

mission, like that of Job, to "strengthen the feeble knees."¹ A hill was then as necessary to her vocation as a hump to a camel, which, though homely and slow, is very correct in its habits and sensitively virtuous. As he feeds chiefly on the passionate and seductive bean, abominated by the chaste Pythagoras (who had nothing of the Yankee in him, unfortunately), he fears that he may be tempted from the paths of rectitude, and there being no hills in the desert (nor could he climb them if there were, any more than he could skate), he takes his own with him, that it may serve him as a refuge and support when the shades of night are falling fast and his tuneful voice, like a bagpipe crying in the wilderness, fails to afford him the comfort and solace for which he longs. Thus fortified by an eminence on his own premises, in his back yard, as it were, he is ever subject to the all-pervading stimulus of its invigorating presence and rests secure from temptation.

"The shelter of his hump
Is sweeter than the roofs of all the world."

Such was the aspect under which Virtue secured the cordial approval of Adams and which he wished to have employed as a feature of the seal of the new republic and thus be kept perpetually *en évidence* before her youth. Whatever else may be said, she was certainly "founded on a rock," like the rising nation, and though the rains might descend and the floods come, she would be a reliable type for the guidance of posterity.

If we now turn from the form of Virtue to that of

¹ It is to be noticed that none of the poets, from Hesiod to Milton, ever represented Virtue as toiling upward herself, but merely doing her exemplary best to urge others in that direction. As Milton says, —

"She can teach thee how to climb
Higher than the sphery chime."

PLEASURE IN ART

Pleasure, we again realize the indebtedness of high art to the philosophic inductions of Shaftesbury.

"That which makes the greatest difficulty in the Disposition or Ordonnance of this Figure Pleasure, is, that notwithstanding the supine Air and Character of Ease and Indolence which shou'd be given her, she must retain still so much life and Action as is sufficient to express her *persuasive Effort* and Manner of *Indication* towards her proper Paths ; those of the flowery kind and Vale below, whither she wou'd willingly guide our Hero's steps. Nor shou'd this Effort be over-strongly express'd ; not only the supine Character and Air of Indolence wou'd be lost in this Figure of Pleasure ; but, what is worse, the Figure wou'd seem to speak, or at least appear, so as to create a double Meaning, or equivocal Sense in Painting ; which wou'd destroy what we have establish'd as fundamental, concerning the absolute Reign of Silence thro' out the rest of the Piece in favour of Virtue, the sole speaking Party at this Instant, or third Period of our History.

"According to a Computation, which in this way of Reasoning might be made of the whole Motion or Action to be given to our Figure of Pleasure ; she shou'd have scarce one fifth reserv'd for that which we may properly call Active in her and have already her *persuasive* or *indicative Effort*. All besides shou'd be employ'd to express (if one may say so) her *Inaction*, her Supineness, Effeminacy and *indulgent Ease*."

Being thus shrewdly and judiciously laid out in sections by one pen, like Philadelphia by another, Inaction, Supineness, Effeminacy and indulgent Ease, one-fifth each, and another fifth, Action, we are hardly surprised to see "the lolling lazy Body" of the tempting Dame prone on the ground with hardly more drapery on her exuberant and alluring person than on that of Hercules, who looks aggravatingly towards Virtue in silent absorption of her eloquent lecture and pays no

HISTORIC SIDE-LIGHTS

attention to the "one-fifth Action" on which Pleasure has risked so much. Evidently in her case, as in that of Alice's watch, Hercules didn't "go," because even "the best butter did n't suit the works," nor did his Lordship intend that it should, for he had planned from the first to award the palm to Virtue, though he admits that Pleasure "is of a relish far more popular and ingaging than virtue," as his poetical admirers plainly showed.

Alas, poor Pleasure! If it had n't been for that ill-advised "one-fifth Action," all might have gone well with her and the issue might have been very different. Her business has always been simply to allure and that of Virtue to lecture, and so it will probably continue to the end with ever-increasing persistence.¹

¹ When the Deity sends Raphael, "the sociable spirit," to discourse at length to Adam and Eve, Milton styles him "the angelic Virtue," and he proceeds to assert his claim to the title to the extent of over 2500 lines of heroic verse, to the apparent satisfaction of Adam, who had hardly heard more than this at one time, even from Eve, and who thought "Virtue" still speaking after he had ended.

PART VII

Franklin and "Rebellion to Tyrants is Obedience to God." — Bradshaw's Epitaph. — Bradshaw and Hancock. — Bradshaw's Execution. — Franklin's Hand in the Epitaph. — Edwards's History of Jamaica. — Rev. George W. Bridges and his Letter. — Bradshaw's Family and Estate. — Memoir of Thomas Hollis. — Thomas Brand Hollis and his Fantastic Escapades. — The Idiosyncrasies of Thomas Hollis. — Franklin and Hollis. — John Adams and his Dissertation. — The various Tributes of Thomas Hollis to Human Worth. — Mr. and Mrs. Adams and Thomas Brand Hollis. — Style and Peculiarities of the Epitaph. — Jefferson and the Epitaph. — Great Seal of Virginia. — Prof. Girardin and the Epitaph. — Virginia Coat of Arms. — The Hauteur of Virginia. — Wythe and the Seal of that State. — Jefferson and the Emperor Augustus. — *Sic Semper Tyrannis*, the Great Seal of Virginia. — Wythe its Author. — Wythe and Adams. — Dr. Stiles and the Epitaph. — Franklin and Dr. Stiles. — The Doctor's Fandangoes, Historical and Other. — His "History of the Three Judges."

BEFORE proceeding farther with my subject, I wish to say a few words in regard to the origin, the history, and the marvellous popularity of the famous phrase, "Rebellion to tyrants is obedience to God," which was proposed by Franklin as the motto for our national seal, and which thus gained a still further hold upon the hearts of the people, — a hold, it may be well said, all the stronger and more impressive from the fact that it was the only motto offered by either of the committee. Never did any sentiment receive a more cordial welcome from those to whom it was addressed. From its very advent it seems to have awakened a prompt approval and a fervent amen, an "everlasting yea,"

HISTORIC SIDE-LIGHTS

from every heart throughout the land, and no aphorism connected with our history ever secured a wider or more lasting fame. It was the symbol and the herald of the Declaration of Independence and the very soul and embodied expression thereof. It was the compact creed and the clarion note of every son of liberty, and his inspiration and refreshment as well, since far and wide it was seen that the sentiment it expressed was based upon the solid foundation of eternal truth; that truth for which all the colonists were then preparing to fight, even unto death. The phrase first came to be generally known about two months after the burning of Portland in October, 1775, when the whole country was seething with indignation, like a boiling geyser. This had been done by the orders of General Gage "with savage cruelty and despotic barbarity." General Greene then said, "Fight or be slaves is the American motto," and this soon found its echo in "Rebellion to tyrants is obedience to God."

This was first printed in the "Pennsylvania Evening Post"¹ for Dec. 14, 1775, and formed the conclusion of

¹ The "Post" was a tri-weekly paper which was started in January, 1775. It was the property and the enterprise of Benjamin Towne, who up to the beginning of the Revolution had done nothing to excite suspicion of his fidelity to the popular cause. Subsequent events proved him to be a turn-coat and a trimmer, with no preference for anything but his own interest. He was ultimately proscribed and outlawed by the government of his State and ended his political gyrations, by signing and publishing his "humble confession, declaration, recantation and apology, hoping that it will assuage the wrath of my enemies and in some degree restore me to the favor and indulgence of the Public." This was dictated to Towne by the famous patriot, Dr. Witherspoon, and nothing more humorous or entertaining of its class was ever published before or since. The writer says, *inter alia*: "I hope the public will consider that I have been a timidous man, or, if you will, a coward, from my youth, so that I cannot fight — my belly is so big that I cannot run — and I am so great a lover of eating that I cannot starve." He also says in a practical,

BRADSHAW'S EPITAPH

a piece afterwards entitled "Bradshaw's Epitaph." This was undoubtedly the composition of Franklin, though it was printed anonymously and there was no mention of the writer's name in the "Post," nor was there any reference to the work in any subsequent number, as I can testify from a careful examination of the files of the paper now in the library of the Historical Society of Pennsylvania. Though the epitaph is old and has long been familiar to the world, I offer no apology for reprinting it here, as I wish to do my work thoroughly, and the copy is taken from the original imprint *verbatim et literatim*. There is no title or other heading than the ensuing paragraph: —

"The following inscription was made out three years ago on the cannon near which the ashes of President Bradshaw were lodged, on the top of a high hill near Martha Bray in Jamaica, to avoid the rage against the Regicides exhibited at the Restoration:

argumentative way: "Now pray what harm could incredible lies do? The only hurt, I conceive, that any lie can do is by obtaining belief as a truth; but an incredible lie can obtain no belief, and therefore at least must be perfectly harmless." That a truly grand and noble sentiment like this motto should have been first given to the world by such a man is very sad, but Towne probably thought the whole epitaph "an incredible lie" (which to an intelligent mind it clearly was, from an historical point of view, like the story of Polly Baker that had already appeared from Franklin's pen, a work written with good intent and from no sinister motives, so far as can now be judged). The editor seems to have attached no particular importance to the last sentence, nor could he have foreseen that the last was eventually to become the first, nor could he possibly have imagined what an infinite deal of good "an incredible lie" might accomplish under certain favorable conditions. This has already been hereinbefore shown in the case of Hercules and his successful exploitation by Prodicus. In this respect Franklin and Prodicus were a *par nobile fratrum* and so far as Hercules and Bradshaw were concerned, accomplished the same results and mounted to "the brightest heaven of human invention."

HISTORIC SIDE-LIGHTS

STRANGER,

Ere thou pass, contemplate this cannon,
Nor regardless be told
That near its base lies deposited
The Dust of
JOHN BRADSHAW,
Who, nobly superior to all selfish regard,
Despising alike the pageantry of courtly splendour,
The blast of calumny and the terrors of royal vengeance,
Presided in the illustrious band
of heroes and patriots
who fairly and openly adjudged
CHARLES STUART,
Tyrant of England,
To a public and exemplary death;
Thereby presenting to the amazed world,
And transmitting down, through applauding ages,
The most glorious example
Of unshaken virtue, love of freedom and impartial justice,
Ever exhibited on the blood-stained theatre of human action.
O, reader!
Pass not on till thou hast blessed his memory,
And never—never forget
**THAT REBELLION TO TYRANTS IS OBEDIENCE
TO GOD.”¹**

The writer of the above, whether Franklin or another, was evidently a man of rare shrewdness and penetration, with a spirit touched to fine issues and easily swaying level with the temper of his time and with those political principles that animated the very air the people breathed. The story he told was altogether improbable and impossible, and as fabulous as “The Choice of Hercules.” It was contradicted by historical facts and by all contemporary testimony; but what did it all

¹ The wide dissemination of this epitaph seems to be conclusively proved by the fact that all the copies, except that of Dr. Stiles, offer various decided differences from the original and from each other in the spelling, the punctuation, the language, and the arrangement of the lines, while that in the Hollis memoir has quite another heading.

JOHN BRADSHAW

matter? He knew his ground, his readers, and his own resources, and he had sufficient knowledge of human nature to foresee the effects that were sure to follow. What though poor old Bradshaw's body was well known to have been hung on the gibbet and then buried under it, while his head had been seen and recognized by thousands at the end of a pole in Westminster Hall? What though the transfer of his ashes to Jamaica was a simple and preposterous absurdity? What though the engraving on a cannon—a royal symbol—of an epitaph as long as a chapter from Isaiah was purely ridiculous? How insignificant were all these criticisms compared with the eloquent enunciation of glorious thoughts on a glorious theme to applausive and appreciative thousands who cared not a jot for facts, if they only got inspiring fiction based on undying truth! The effect was immediate and widespread. The epitaph was at once welcomed as a mighty aid to the cause of liberty and a noble tribute to a noble character,—a character that freedom, through the hard friction of adversity and oppression, had moulded for its own. Storied high with honorable records of manly achievement and rich with recognition of sterling worth, its final utterance crowned it like a dome; as it were, a republican Pantheon in air, which all succeeding ages might worship, but never desecrate or destroy.

The name selected for the subject of the epitaph and the source of its teachings was chosen with a rare felicity and an apt sense of the opinions prevalent among the colonists, who were at that time ripe for liberty and for any sacrifices in its behalf. To them John Bradshaw was a name of power and the embodiment of triumphant virtue, for he had been not only the stanchest republican of his age, but of a consistency that had enabled him to defy even his great leader,

HISTORIC SIDE-LIGHTS

Cromwell.¹ He was, in truth, the John Hancock of his generation in more senses than one. As President of the High Court of Justice that condemned Charles Stuart, he acted with stalwart courage, manliness, and a total disregard of personal consequences; pronounced sentence of execution upon him as a tyrant, murderer, and traitor; and finally signed his death-warrant, as the chief of the fifty-nine regicides, who, nobly daring, were glad to risk their all in a cause of the most desperate issue.

Like Bradshaw, Hancock, — two men “sent from God, whose name was John,” — with quite as much at stake, faced the future with no backward glance, and like him, presided over the fifty-six American regicides, who, equally confiding in the greatness of their cause, denounced George Guelph as a tyrant, murderer, and traitor, and sentenced him to the forfeiture of his sovereignty over this land; like him, he was the first to sign the mighty and crushing indictment which served as that monarch’s death-warrant, and he did it with a still more bold, defiant, and aggressive hand.

In 1775 Bradshaw was almost universally regarded by the fathers of the republic as a bright exemplar for heroes and patriots, and his name, to use the words of

¹ In the stanchness of his republicanism, his sense of personal independence, and the liberty of expressing his own opinions, Bradshaw reminds one strongly of John Adams, who called the Royal Martyr, “the booby Charles,” and Cromwell, “a canting dog.” (See letter to Thomas Brand-Hollis, April 9, 1788.)

“It seems probable, however, that the more the details of his life are investigated, the more conspicuous will the general integrity and honesty of his character appear, and it will become more and more apparent that throughout the whole of his life he was actuated by the most disinterested motives for what he considered the advantage of his native country.” (Vol. ii., p. 73, of “East Cheshire, Past and Present,” by J. P. Earwaker, 1880, an author of great repute for his learning and accuracy.)

MILTON'S PANEGYRIC

Milton's panegyric in his "Defensio Secunda," was "commended by Liberty herself for everlasting remembrance and celebrity wherever she is cherished," and "with it will be associated the praise of the great deeds of the Commonwealth among foreigners and posterity through all time to come."¹

The achievements of Bradshaw and his associate, as recorded by the pen of Milton, were fitly preceded by the eloquent prelude of that noble masterpiece, which was not only a well deserved tribute to the greatness of the Commonwealth, but seemed, as it were, prophetic of the work that was to be accomplished a century later by the founders of our own nation. As in Milton's day, so in 1776, "the eminent valor of the citizens, with a grandeur and constancy of mind surpassing all that can be praised in their forefathers, was able, after due invocation of God, and all the while following his most manifest guidance, to achieve, by a series of acts and examples, the bravest since the world was made, the deliverance of the State from a heavy thraldom, and of Religion from a most unworthy servitude."

It is thus that Truth to Truth and Liberty to Liberty speaks in trumpet tones across the hollow deeps of time, and it was thus that the career of John Bradshaw became a burning and a shining light to the age of John Hancock, so that the sons of Liberty, more than a century after his death, found a great and general refreshment in the perusal of his noble and well deserved epitaph.

No historical statement was ever more widely known, more universally admitted, or more fully confirmed by

¹ "Second Defence for the English People, by John Milton, Englishman, in reply to an Infamous Book entitled 'Cry of the King's Blood to Heaven against the English Parricides,' London, from Newcome's Press, 1654."

HISTORIC SIDE-LIGHTS

contemporary evidence of the most convincing description¹ than that relating to the barbarous treatment inflicted upon the bodies of Cromwell, Ireton, and Bradshaw, and their subsequent disposition, after the Restoration. It certainly offers a farther proof of the marvellous intelligence of Franklin and of his clear insight into the future and of his thorough grasp of the situation, that in the face of all this broadside of overpowering testimony he should have presumed to invent and to print that preposterous fable, that bare-faced imposition on the credulity of the people, relying solely on the plausible assumptions of a winning style and on the sympathetic temper of his readers, who, as his wisdom led him to foresee, would be only too glad to welcome any tale, however absurd, that agreed with their own hopes and inclinations. The whole scheme reveals the very audacity of genius and of that fertility of resource for which he was noted to the end.

¹ In the appendix to "The Life of Oliver Cromwell" by William Harris one finds the following contemporary records cited:—

"Jan. 30. o. s. 'The odious carcasses of O. Cromwell, H. Ireton, and J. Bradshaw drawn upon sledges to Tyburn, and being pulled out of their coffins, there hanged at the several angles of that triple tree till sunset. Then taken down, beheaded, and their loathsome trunks thrown into the deep hole under the gallows. Their heads were afterwards set upon poles on the top of Westminster Hall.' Gesta Britannorum, at the end of Wharton's Almanach for 1663."

To this is added a copy of the mason's receipt for his share in the disgraceful outrage:—

"May the 4th day, 1661, Reed then in full of the worshipful serjeant Norfolke, fifteen shillings, for taking up the corpses of Cromwell and Ireton and Bradshaw. Rec. by mee, John Lewis."

These are but two among hundreds of similar proofs that could not be refuted. It is probable that the infamous character of this whole business had its share in Franklin's choice of the subject for his fable, as, whether believed or not, it would inevitably call attention to the nature of royalty itself in general, when unrestrained, and to that of a predecessor of George III. in particular. See also the MS. Diary of Thos. Ruge in the British Museum, Jan. 30, 1660-61, and the Diary of Pepys for the same date and for Feb. 5th.

FRANKLIN'S STYLE

A more positive, creditable, and expressive illustration of Franklin's peculiarities as a writer than the Bradshaw epitaph, it would be hard to find. It seems the fit and natural outcome of his mental temperament and of the same features that had already characterized his work. One of his strongest points was his ready invention of plausible, ingenious, and edifying fictions, submitted to the world with a wonderful appreciation of human nature and with that quiet assurance which so often is the pioneer of success. Parables, poems, fables, stories, allegories, parodies, all flowed with genial fluency from his pen, and had the quickening effect of happy examples saved from the wreck of the past for the guidance and profit of the future. Richly set with specious incidents and amply suited to the needs of the hour, they were ever invigorated by a rich vitality like the revelations of Gulliver or Crusoe. Invariably based on sensible, useful, shrewd, or patriotic truths, they were thoroughly impregnated with soundness of judgment and a general sense of the claims, the aspirations, and the innate sympathies of mankind.

As to the epitaph, the spirit of a master pervaded it from the first line to the last. The undaunted public spirit it revealed, and the liberal tone of thought; the praise of virtue, freedom, and justice that enlightened it; the stern defiance of the final slogan flung in the face of royalty,—all pointed to one man as its author and the visible type of its sentiments. Surely no other at the time of its publication could have thus realized the feelings of his fellow-countrymen and have given them such forcible, apt, and far-reaching impetus. The last line has the genuine Franklin ring, sterling and true, and it must strike every unprejudiced mind as eminently worthy of its author and entitled to the highest rank among the myriad-shapes of condensed

HISTORIC SIDE-LIGHTS

wisdom which he was wont to give forth for the benefit of the world.

In confirmation of my claim that there is no evidence of the existence of the Bradshaw myth before the year 1775, and that Franklin wrote the epitaph and probably invented the story, I add here a paragraph from "The History of the British Colonies in the West Indies," book ii. chap. iii. note d. This work is well known to be one of authority and ability. It was first published in 1793, and the author, Bryan Edwards, had spent nearly thirty years in the Island of Jamaica, where he gained vast wealth, and after returning to England became a member of Parliament.

"It is reported, also, that the remains of President Bradshaw were interred in Jamaica; and I observe in a splendid book, entitled *Memoirs of Thomas Hollis*, an epitaph which is said to have been inscribed on a cannon that was placed on the President's grave; but it is, to my own knowledge, a modern composition. President Bradshaw died in London, in November, 1659, and had a magnificent funeral in Westminster Abbey."

This passage is mentioned by the Rev. George W. Bridges in his "Annals of Jamaica," published in 1826, vol. i. chap. vii. note lvii., and he offers this comment thereon: —

"But in Edwards's history of Jamaica another circumstance is reported, which distracts the question still more; for he mentions a prevailing report that President Bradshaw died in Jamaica and that a cannon was placed upon his grave, bearing an appropriate inscription.¹ This must be entirely without foundation," etc., etc.

¹ Where could the cannon for such a purpose have been obtained? How could it have been engraved in a rural community, like Jamaica, that had no competent artisans? How could the plan have been

BRYAN EDWARDS

After the above had been edited, Mr. Bridges changed his mind, for in his second volume, which appeared in 1828, chap. x. note iv., we find a long note contradicting his previous opinions. It is based on a letter supposed to have been written by Bryan Edwards, Jan. 13, 1775, the original of which Mr. Bridges claims to be in the possession of a branch of the Bradshaw family living in England in 1828. There is nothing to show where it was written or to whom. Both the note and the letter will be found in the supplement to this volume. They are not included in the text, partly because they are too prolix and circumstantial to be given here; partly because they are useless for my purpose, since the letter on which the author's remarks are chiefly founded is undoubtedly spurious. I have come to this conclusion for these reasons:—

1st. The statements in the letter are absurd and preposterous, and the incidents cited therein could never have taken place.

2d. Such a letter could never have been composed by one who eighteen years after its date wrote the para-

carried into execution without the discovery of the royal authorities, who would certainly have put an emphatic veto upon it? How could a cannon have been drawn to the top of a high hill through a roadless jungle or intricate forests, in a tropical country inhabited by indolent people? What could have been gained by placing a cannon and an inscription addressed to a "Stranger" where no stranger, nor any one else, would ever be likely to see either? and where they would inevitably be overgrown and covered up by the luxuriant vegetation of the spot within a year or two? What profit could come to the fame of Bradshaw, or to any one else, by the whole enterprise?

These are a few of the queries that will have to be satisfactorily answered before we cease to regard the scheme as utterly absurd in its origin, visionary in its details, and impossible of execution. This epitaph, under the form which I have given it on page 240 and evidently taken from the Hollis Memoirs, was printed in the "Gentleman's Magazine" for Nov., 1781, p. 884.

HISTORIC SIDE-LIGHTS

graph above quoted from the work of Mr. Edwards, and all the more that Mr. Edwards was a man of decided talent, with a clear head and a good command of facts as a historian.

3d. The very existence of such a letter is ignored by the writer of said paragraph.

4th. If it ever had been written, its statements are either directly or inferentially contradicted at a subsequent date by the presumed writer thereof.

5th. What could have been more absurd or impracticable than the idea of erecting a cenotaph, with such an inscription, to the memory of Bradshaw in Jamaica, or in any other part of the British dominions, during the reign of George III.?

6th. The additions to the proposed inscription, as compared with the original from which it was claimed to have been taken, and the changes in its language, prove either that the writer of the letter was not familiar with the original, or that if he were, he had no scruples as to altering it for his own purposes. In either case his word was not fit to be trusted without additional proof.

As asserted in the work of Bryan Edwards, the epitaph is to be found in the Appendix to the "Memoirs of Thomas Hollis." It is preceded, not by the original prefix, but by a statement that "it is often seen posted up in the houses in North America. It throws some light upon the principles of the people and may in some measure account for the asperity of the war carrying on against them." This must have been written between 1776 and the year 1780, when the volume was printed, and the allegations it contains show that the shade of the grand old regicide had been evoked to good purpose.

It is impossible at this remote period to discover the source from which came the copy of the epitaph in the

THOMAS HOLLIS

Hollis Memoirs, or, in truth, the exact reason why it was placed there at all. It could not have been found among the papers of Hollis himself, "from which the materials of the work were chiefly furnished," as is announced in the preface, since he had been in his grave — such as it was¹ — a year when the epitaph was first published, nor can we obtain any aid from writings left by the various authors of that ill-arranged, ill-written, and chaotic panegyric, — "monstrum, horrendum, informe, ingens," the Polyphemus of its race, — since their very names are now unknown to the world in general, which must be peculiarly gratifying to their descendants.² The memorial has always, for some inscrutable reason, been attributed to Archdeacon Francis Blackburne, a schismatic, like Hollis himself, and a Unitarian, and he is said to have received a thousand pounds for this inefficient service from Mr. Thomas Brand, who took the additional name of Hollis after

¹ Mrs. Adams in one of her letters (London, Sept. 27, 1786) writes that the remains of Thomas Hollis were buried "in Hollis pasture" and that their former tenant "left it as an order, which was faithfully executed, to be buried there, ten feet deep, the ground to be ploughed up over his grave." This was probably from fear that he should be exhumed and exhibited as a freak by the Jesuits, of whom he had a morbid and unfounded horror during his whole life.

² As to the style in which it was produced, the memoir was really a miracle of costly typography and of exquisite and artistic ornamentation. To use the words of Horace Walpole, it was "splendidly printed and decorated with cuts by Cipriani and Bartolozzi and with fine prints of our saints, Algernon Sydney, Milton, Locke, etc. In short, imagine the history of an old woman that goes to the mercer's to buy a bombazine with etchings of the deaths of Brutus and Cassius."

The work was not sold or published, but "distributed among the elect," as Walpole says, including the President and Fellows of Harvard College. It consists of one huge quarto volume of about five hundred pages and a second volume containing an appendix of over three hundred pages more.

HISTORIC SIDE-LIGHTS

having been made Mr. Thomas Hollis's heir. To judge from the book itself, however, the acceptance of this handsome *douceur* would seem to be all that the arch-deacon had to do with it. His name is not mentioned in any part thereof, and it is dedicated to Mr. Thomas Brand Hollis "by the compilers," who invariably describe themselves as "we" throughout the work. Moreover, in the preface the statement is made that "the materials of the work were, by certain accidents for which it is not necessary to account in this place, put together by different hands at a considerable distance from each other." To this another statement is added which every reader of this dull and heavy concoction of purchased adulation will surely find superfluous, that "in such a compilation uniformity and accurate arrangement are not to be expected, much less the more brilliant elegancies of composition."¹ Under these

¹ With his other liberal and enlightened donations, Hollis gave various handsome volumes to the library of Princeton College. He would certainly have felt sorely grieved and annoyed, if he had seen the passage on page 219 of the memoir in which the compilers seek to justify the burning of that library by the British soldiery.

"The troops of Britain had to do with their fellow subjects in rebellion, whom they were to subdue to absolute unconditional submission. The colonists contended that they were intituled to certain rights and privileges of free subjects of which they had been deprived, and which it was their duty to defend. Now, from whence had they these rebellious notions? From these libraries undoubtedly, and with such kinds of learning in those regions it was the business of the British troops to wage war to the uttermost."

Being a professional philanthropist and lover of his race, Mr. Hollis would have been treated to a second shock if he could have foreseen another disposition of the wealth he bequeathed in a fit of quixotic generosity to his friend, Thomas Brand. Mr. Hollis died in December, 1774, and shortly afterwards, his beneficiary, being anxious to secure a seat in the Parliament that had been summoned for November, 1775, did not hesitate to that end to bribe the venal electors of Hindon, by whom he was duly returned as their member. As it proved, however, the affair was arranged in such a scandalous,

THE HOLLIS MEMOIRS

circumstances it would, of course, be impossible to trace the responsibility for the insertion of the epitaph to any one of the various compilers of the memoir. The second volume, in which it is to be found, reminds one of a huge dump. It is crammed with a mass of documents and illustrations, for the most part irrelevant and useless, which seem to have no *raison d'être* but to increase its cost and ponderosity. The presence of the epitaph in such company is all the more a matter of conjecture, since the name of Bradshaw does not appear in either volume, nor is there any mention of his deeds. One may, however, infer from the tone of the prefix above quoted that the object was to justify, in a measure, the severity of the treatment to which the colonists were subjected by the soldiers of King George, this being undoubtedly what is meant by "the asperity of the war," as set forth therein. By this course the compilers may have thought they were giving expression to the opinions of Hollis himself, who "was intimately grieved," as he wrote, "at the prospect of the disunion of England from America," and who, also, "disapproved

unblushing fashion that it could not be overlooked even in that age of corruption, the result being that Mr. Brand Hollis was unseated, fined £1000, and sentenced to six months in the King's Bench prison. In addition to these expenses, he was also mulcted in others, like those imputed to Mr. Brooke, of Middlemarch, "for a seat outside Parliament, as delivered, five thousand pounds, seven shillings, and four pence." All this appeared very sad to the relations and friends of Mr. Thomas Hollis, who himself despised every taint of corruption and had refused to become an M. P. on account of the disreputable means necessary to attain the position. He once remarked, "I would almost give my right hand to be chosen into Parliament, but I cannot give a single crown for it by way of bribe." As his uncle, Mr. John Hollis, wrote, "When we look back and see the principles held most sacred by Mr. Thomas Hollis treated with the grossest outrage by his dearest friend, and this friend employing Mr. Thomas Hollis's fortune for that purpose—shall we laugh, or shall we weep?" See letter in the "Gentleman's Magazine," Feb. 1805, p. 117.

HISTORIC SIDE-LIGHTS

methods of outrage and violence in the Colonists and studiously avoided the company and correspondence of those among them whose imprudent heat and resentment could bring forth nothing but irritation." It was for these reasons that he ignored Jefferson, objected to the exchange of letters with Adams, — though he warmly praised some of his writings, — and called Franklin "a trimmer," and thought him "a doubtful character." Since the sender of the epitaph — who might have been possibly John Adams, or Dr. Ezra Stiles, or Dr. Andrew Eliot, of Boston, both of whom were correspondents of Hollis — undoubtedly thought it a truthful and important document and a powerful aid in the propagation of heroic resistance on this side of the ocean, the compilers would naturally be glad to include it in the memoir, and all the more so from the fact that Franklin, the admitted author, was generally regarded as the very nucleus of our whole revolution. As Adams wrote July 23, 1775, "The people of England have thought that all the opposition in America was wholly owing to Dr. Franklin."

In 1783, when Franklin was at Passy, Mr. Brand Hollis sent him a copy of the memoir. In his letter of thanks the former does not mention the epitaph, though he does take occasion to claim the authorship of a letter wrongly attributed to Adams. Whether the donor was aware of the derogatory epithet applied by his benefactor to Franklin, or had happened to overlook it, is not known, but Franklin noticed it and passed it by with the generous words, "I do not respect him the less for his error." He farther says, "He appeared shy of my acquaintance, though he often sent me valuable presents, which are now among the most precious ornaments of my library." He likewise praises him for "his benevolence and great beneficence towards

HOLLIS AND ADAMS

America." Here we behold a typical instance of Franklin's noble magnanimity and of his disdain of all resentment of any wrong.

The whole attitude of Thomas Hollis towards John Adams is so curious and so well illustrates the former's various droll idiosyncrasies in every phase of mental development, that I am tempted to add a few words on the subject.

Hollis's attention was drawn to a writing by Adams that had appeared in Boston in "Edes and Gill's Gazette" in 1765. It was called "A Dissertation on the Canon and the Feudal Law," and Hollis admired it so greatly that he had it reprinted at his own expense and took sixty copies for distribution. At that time he did not know the name of the writer, but in the introduction wrote, "The author of it is said to have been Jeremy Gridley, Esq., Attorney General of the Province of Massachusetts Bay." With it he also published another work which had attracted his fancy, though neither in that case did he know the writer's name. This had appeared anonymously in the "London Chronicle," Jan. 7, 1768, and afterwards proved to be Franklin's "American Discontents." With Franklin's usual fondness for quaint conceits, he had signed it "F. S.," which, being interpreted, meant F(ranklin's) S(eal). Thus, oddly enough, Hollis had paid for the printing of two essays by men neither of whom he ever saw, nor was he in sympathy with either, except in a vague, visionary fashion.

From one passage in the first-named work, Hollis derived peculiar gratification:—

"But the wisdom and benevolence of our fathers rested not here. They made an early provision of law, that every town, consisting of so many families, should be always furnished with a grammar-school. They made it a crime

HISTORIC SIDE-LIGHTS

for any town to be destitute of a grammar-school master for a few months and subjected it to a heavy penalty. So that the education of all ranks of people was made the care and expense of the public in a manner that, I believe, has been unknown to any other people, ancient or modern."

It was Mr. Hollis's whim to pay for the publication of the above, though without the author's name, in the "London Chronicle" for July 28, 1768, with the following extraordinary dedication:—

To Katherine Alexiona, Empress of all the Russias, ever magnanimous.

The following extract from a Dissertation on the Canon and the Feudal Law, written at Boston in New England, is with all respect tendered by

AN ENGLISHMAN.

LONDON, July 25, 1768.

Adams himself evidently thought much less of this work than did Hollis. In August, 1770, he writes with obvious candor to Mrs. Macaulay *apropos* of his "Dissertation":—

"It was rather a mortification to me to find that a few fugitive speculations in a newspaper had excited your curiosity to inquire after me. The production, which some person in England, I know not who, had been pleased to entitle 'A Dissertation on the Canon and the Feudal Law,' was written at Braintree, about eleven miles from Boston, in the year 1765; written at random, weekly, without any preconceived plan, printed in the newspapers without correction, and so little noticed or regarded here that the author never thought it worth his while to give it either a title or a signature. And, indeed, the editor in London might more properly have called it 'The — what d'ye call it,' or as the Critical Reviewers say, 'a flimsy, lively rhapsody,' than by the title he has given it. But it seems it happened to hit the taste of some one, who has given it a

ADAMS'S DISSERTATION

longer duration than a few weeks, by printing it in conjunction with letters of the House of Representatives of this province by ascribing it to a very venerable, learned name. I am very sorry that Mr. Gridley's name was affixed to it for many reasons. The mistakes, inaccuracies, and want of arrangement in it are utterly unworthy of Mr. Gridley's great and deserved character for learning, and the general spirit and sentiments of it are by no means reconcilable to his known opinions and principles in politics."

Adams seems always to have resented the publication of this work by Hollis without his consent. As late as March 3, 1804, he says in a letter to F. A. Vanderkemp: —

"Almost forty years ago — that is, in 1765 — I wrote a few thoughts in 'Edes and Gill's Gazette.' Mr. Hollis of London printed them in a pamphlet and imputed them to Mr. Gridley. He gave them the title of a 'Dissertation on the Canon and Feudal Law.' A lamentable bagatelle it is. I have no copy of it and know not where to get one."

Having relieved his brain of this eccentricity and discovered the author of the "Dissertation," Hollis afterwards wrote to Dr. Andrew Eliot, of Boston, one of his favorite correspondents, this extraordinary tribute to Mr. Adams: —

"In the minds of a few, *not in numbers*, doth the safety, felicity of states depend. Crown him with oak-leaves, especially ye men of Massachusetts, when festinating on a gaudy day, under the tree of liberty for having asserted, maintained the wisdom of your ancestors in their prime law the fixed settlement of a grammarian, that is of a man of approved character and virtue in all their townships."

If this does not betoken insanity, or inanity, or at the very least an abnormal congenital development of the

HISTORIC SIDE-LIGHTS

cerebellum, then appearances are far more deceitful than usual.

Fortunately for us, he wrote in July 29, 1768:—

“The people of Boston and of Massachusetts Bay, are, I suppose, taking them as a body, the soberest, most knowing, virtuous people, at this time, upon earth. All of them hold Revolution principles, and were, to a man, till disgusted by the stamp-act, the staunchest friends to the House of Hanover, and subjects of King George.”

As Hercules has been mentioned in these pages, I may as well state here that Hollis, who, like Franklin and Adams, had his own peculiar ideas as to that hero, in 1759 had a medal struck off, the design of which was by Cipriani, and represented Hercules destroying the Hydra. This was done in honor of Frederick the Great, “our valuable, meritorious ally,” as he termed that king, — who did for Silesia the same “valuable, meritorious” service that William the Conqueror did for England, — and was the natural tribute of one who belonged to that class described by Lord Shaftesbury as “the real fine Gentlemen, the lovers of Art and ingenuity; such as have seen the World.”

In spite of his radical limitations, Hollis was ever quick to discern and prompt to acknowledge that true merit in others, of whatever class, which had been revealed to his own perspicuity, though mercifully withheld from the obtuseness of the world at large.¹

¹ Horace Walpole describes Hollis, “as simple a poor soul as ever existed, *except his editor*, who has given extracts from the good creature’s diary that are very near as anile as Ashmole’s.”

On the 20th of April, 1781, there was a dinner at Mrs. Garrick’s, where a choice gathering of *beaux esprits* made the occasion eminently worthy of memory. Dr. Johnson, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Miss Hannah More, Dr. Burney, Mrs. Boscowen, and Boswell were present, “all in fine spirits and exhilarated with Lichfield ale.” Boozzy said to Mrs. Boscowen, “I believe this is as much as can be made of life.”

“One of the company mentioned Thomas Hollis, the strenuous

MRS. MACAULAY

Hence we are not surprised to notice that he complimented Mrs. Macaulay on her last contribution to the history of England, and wrote her in November, 1768: "The ingenuous throughout all ages will surely join to celebrate your praise as a very valuable, elegant historian."¹ In his diary, under date of Oct. 81, 1765, he eulogizes "His Royal Highness, William, Duke of Cumberland," just deceased ("the butcher of Culloden"), as "a worthy man whose memory will always be respected by the sons of liberty," while a few weeks later he started a subscription "towards an equestrian statue in his honor," with a contribution of five guineas. This tribute to worth and liberty, however, failed to materialize, as "after the subscription had been opened several weeks at the different bankers in this metropolis," it was discovered that the rest of the inappreciative and ungrateful British Empire had added but one guinea and a half to the fund. There are times when even the devotee of virtue and liberty must find it very hard to learn that he is "invisible to his contemporaries," as Emerson wisely puts it.²

Whig who used to send over Europe presents of democratical books with their boards stamped with daggers and caps of liberty. Dr. Johnson said he was a dull, poor creature as ever lived and added he might have become an atheist if he had time to ripen. He might have exuberated into an atheist."

¹ Poor Mrs. Macaulay, whom Dr. Johnson "stripped to her skin," in spite of Hollis's eulogy.

De Quincey was not content with merely stripping the luckless Mrs. Macaulay to her skin. He flayed her alive, and showed that she was a republican ignoramus, a superficial pretender, a false distinction, and various other things too numerous to mention.

² The Duke of Cumberland was a true "prince of the blood," of the blood shed at Culloden, which flowed in torrents from the mangled bodies of the hapless followers of the Young Pretender, who were shot and tortured and killed with remorseless barbarity after they had cried in vain for mercy.

About the only person in Christendom, with the exception of

HISTORIC SIDE-LIGHTS

As to Mr. Brand Hollis, since he had an income of £5000 per annum and was a radical and intractable Whig, tarred with a Unitarian brush; as he professed to be "a great admirer of Marcus Aurelius," Dr. Hutcheson, and other brilliant moral lights,— all his little peccadilloes were generously forgiven by Adams, who looked upon his fine and imprisonment as merely the natural thorns in a martyr's crown and as the inevitable result of being on the seamy side of politics. In the summer of 1786 and 1787, he, being then Minister from the United States, and Mrs. Adams were amply entertained by Hollis at his magnificent estate, "The Hyde," which he had inherited from Thomas Hollis; and so lavish was Mrs. Adams in the amplitude of her condonation that she describes him as "a neat, nice bachelor of about fifty years old," which was just seventeen years less than his actual age. This was written from London Sept. 27, 1786. As for Mr. Adams, he went still farther, and when his host was over seventy, he wrote to him from New York, June 1, 1790, and advised him to "come over and purchase a paradise here and marry one of our fine girls;" from all of which it is pretty clear that both Mr. and Mrs. Adams were in hot pursuit of the same game, and that the true patriot should stick at nothing to serve his country, but should be, like the prophet Habakkuk, "capable de tout," even to the extent of sacrificing somebody else's daughter to a rich old Minotaur three

Thomas Hollis, who thought the Duke of Cumberland a saint and a savior, was Barabbas Cave, the piratical publisher and proprietor of the "Gentleman's Magazine." The chief attraction of that periodical for the year 1746 was a big medallion of the Duke in his war-paint fresh from the bloodthirsty and murderous campaign of Culloden. This bore the simple legend "Ecce Homo." This was quite as far as blasphemy could go, and showed very conclusively the real character of its designer, who lacked even common decency, to say nothing of numberless other defects.

THE BRADSHAW EPITAPH

thousand miles away, and thus doing his part, as Pope says, towards "bearing another's misfortunes perfectly like a Christian."

I have stated above my belief that Franklin was the author of the Bradshaw Epitaph, and consequently of the noble motto that formed its crowning glory. Oddly enough, however, in spite of its popularity, no name was ever attached to this wide-blown waif of Revolutionary literature, nor was there, so far as one can judge at this remote period, any particular desire to learn who wrote it, the result being very naturally that the contemporary evidence in behalf of Franklin which has survived for our learning is both scanty and undemonstrative, though the various fragments, when carefully put together, leave little doubt as to his identity. This must seem inexplicable to the present generation, with whom dawning greatness speedily becomes a household word and a welcome and prolific inheritance. But we must seek to recall the fact that our Revolutionary era, though starred, like the firmament, with great deeds and glowing words, was in many other respects decidedly barren. The schoolmaster was abroad; general intelligence crept slowly about, and curiosity tiptoed languidly in its steps. The most satisfactory and popular reading was solid sermons, "Pilgrim's Progress," and the writings of Moses and the prophets. Newspapers were small and scantily equipped. Reporters were conspicuous by their absence. The mails, where any existed, were slow and not sure; and altogether the people, provided they eventually received in moderate quantities the mental pabulum they liked to chew upon, did not greatly hanker to learn from whose pen any interesting novelty came. Nevertheless, in regard to the one in question, they thought and thought, until the popular instinct gradually and inevitably

HISTORIC SIDE-LIGHTS

motto which we find on one of Mr. Jefferson's seals was taken from this epitaph, which, as we see from the note appended thereto, was supposed to be one of Franklin's spirit-stirring inspirations."

In 1816 Louis Hue Girardin, Professor of History in William and Mary College, published the fourth volume of a "History of Virginia," which had been begun by John Daly Burk and had been left incomplete by his death in 1808. On this work Professor Girardin had been engaged since that event, and had been favored during its preparation by free access to the valuable historical collections of Thomas Jefferson, including also the contents of the little trunk above mentioned, three of the letters from which he quoted. He was much favored by Jefferson, who even perused the results of his labors before publication and expressed his warm approval thereof.

In "Appendix No. 14" the professor writes:—

"Several schemes were proposed for a new seal. We find in our documents the following in Franklin's handwriting:—

Moses — standing on the shore and extending his hand over the sea, thereby causing the same to overwhelm Pharaoh, who is sitting in an open Chariot, a crown on his head and a sword in his hand. Rays, from a pillar of fire in the clouds, reaching to Moses, to express that he acts by the command of the Deity!

Motto. — Rebellion to tyrants is obedience to God."

This manuscript was likewise found in the trunk with the copy of the epitaph first mentioned and other valuables treasured by their owner. As there is no good ground for doubting the professor's assertion that it was in Franklin's hand, and as the description of the whole device agrees with that in Adams's letter (which,

FRANKLIN'S CLAIM

by the way, Girardin could never have seen), it seems likely that it was the identical writing offered to the committee by its author, and that it had been inspected by Adams and afterwards appropriated by Jefferson as a precious prize. The fact that the two manuscripts were thus filed away together at the same time is strong corroborative evidence in favor of Franklin, as well as significant of the importance attached to them by their owner. Whether Franklin ever acknowledged the authorship or not to Jefferson, the latter could have had little doubt on the subject, especially after Franklin had offered the motto to the committee and thereby tacitly admitted it to be the offspring of his pen. This was farther confirmed when Jefferson subsequently adopted it for the legend of his own private seal, a choice eminently appropriate for one who wrote that kings were "a class of human lions, tigers and mammoths," and that "our young republics ought to besiege the throne of Heaven with eternal prayers to extirpate them from creation."¹

¹ Letter to Col. David Humphreys, Paris, April 14, 1788.

There is a bare possibility that one, or both, of the above papers may be in existence at this time. The epitaph on Bradshaw was sent to France by the agency of La Fayette, who obtained it, as an example — an admirable and characteristic one — of Jefferson's handwriting for M. De Lyon, a young friend of his who accompanied him on his visit here in 1824. Mr. Trist says "it was a fine specimen, written on a narrow slip of thin paper." The Franklin document may possibly be still hidden away among some Jeffersonian débris, though it is more probable that it was burnt in the fire at the Library of Congress which destroyed so many of the great statesman's collections, Dec. 24, 1851.

Valuable manuscripts and interesting autographs have a sad way of mysteriously vanishing from time to time, and they rarely come to light again. For example, Franklin's famous epitaph on himself has mysteriously disappeared, and cannot be found in any library or museum, or in any of the large collections of autographs in private hands, like that of the late Mr. Morrison and others. An exact facsimile of the manuscript was published in 1840 by Bohn as one of

HISTORIC SIDE-LIGHTS

Among the various papers brought to light by Professor Girardin (though not mentioned by Mr. Trist in his Memoranda), was one that revealed the famous motto under a new aspect.

On the 5th of July, 1776, the General Assembly of Virginia voted to adopt a design for a seal, which Mr. Wythe and Mr. Page were requested to have drawn and engraved immediately. For some reason not now exactly understood, this was not done till three years later, and Du Simitiere meanwhile took advantage of the lapse to offer a sketch, which, as appears from the reference on page 157, was designed in August of that year and was probably submitted to Jefferson. It is given here in full, partly on account of its connection with our subject; partly in order to show the peculiarities and the limitations of its author's talents, such as they were, and partly to introduce another bit of evidence to prove that Jefferson was not the original writer of "Rebellion to tyrants is obedience to God," which is quoted in the last paragraph of the manuscript with an alternative motto, "Rex est qui regem non habet," which Du Simitiere, the designer, says was "suggested by Mr. Jefferson," the inevitable inference being that he did not offer the former.

Burk's History of Virginia, vol. iv. appendix 14.

"Another Coat of Arms for Virginia was designed by M. De Cimitiere of Philadelphia.

Field — a cross of St. George (as a remnant of the ancient Coat of Arms, shewing the origin of the Virginians to be

the "Historical and Literary Curiosities" selected by Charles John Smith. It was then the property of William Upcott, but it did not appear in the long and minute sale catalogue of his invaluable collection of autographs, when they were sold at auction in June, 1846, after his death, and all trace of it has since been lost. The original record of Franklin's famous examination in 1766 was burnt with the Houses of Parliament in 1834.

COAT OF ARMS

English), having in the center a sharp pointed knife, in pale, black argent, handle or, alluding to the name the Indians have given to that state.

In the first quarter argent, a tobacco plant, fleur, proper.

In the second quarter argent, two wheat-sheafs in saltoir, proper.

In the third quarter argent, a stalk of Indian corn, full ripe, proper.

In the fourth quarter vert, four fasces waved argent, alluding to the four great rivers of Virginia.

Supporters, Dexter, a figure dressed as in the time of Queen Elizabeth, representing Sir Walter Raleigh, planting with his right hand the standard of liberty, with the words Magna Charta written on it, and with his left supporting the escutcheon.

Sinister, A Virginia rifleman of the present times, completely accoutred.

Crest. The crest of the ancient arms of Virginia, the breast of a virgin, naked and crowned with an antique crown, alluding to Queen Elizabeth, in whose reign the country was discovered.

Motto. Rebellion to tyrants is obedience to God; or Rex est qui regem non habet (suggested by Mr. Jefferson.) ”

The artist's memorandum states that it was "in two sides," though the sketch describes but one, which was so elaborate that it might easily have been spread over a score. It was carefully preserved by its recipient, who, for various reasons, could never have offered it for the approval of the General Assembly, though the last half-dozen words prove that he did display sufficient interest therein to suggest a truly characteristic motto for his "country," which was more than he ever did for the United States. This was the third document found among Jefferson's papers that culminated in "Rebellion to tyrants is obedience to God" as its crowning glory, and the peculiar favor he thus evinced

HISTORIC SIDE-LIGHTS

in its behalf tends to show both that he knew the name of its author and that the name of the author was Franklin. His adoption of the aphorism as his own motto was, then, a whole-souled tribute of friendship, sympathy, and admiration from a fellow philosopher and patriot, and it may be added that it cordially agrees with the tone of the original draft in Jefferson's hand of the Declaration of Independence, where George III. is repeatedly called a tyrant and his reign a tyranny, — words which Adams thought too severe.

It was long the custom in many quarters, political and other, to attribute this phrase to Jefferson as its compiler, but no word in proof of this assertion has ever been found, either verbal or written. In fact, he never referred to it as his own in any shape, nor did Franklin, Adams, or any of his contemporaries claim this in his behalf. If it had come originally from Jefferson, Franklin would never have coolly assumed it as his own, nor would Jefferson himself, when it was suggested in committee, have stood idly by and seen it thus purloined. On the contrary, he would in all probability have laid claim to it at once and advocated its fitness for our new republic.

Jefferson, unfortunately, though sincerely sympathizing with the sentiment expressed in Franklin's motto, evinced but a passing interest therein as a public emblem, and none at all as a possible motto for the new seal, or in any other of its features. He was alienated from the whole matter by another more distant and all-absorbing loyalty, and there is nothing to show that he ever composed or suggested any motto whatever for any person or corporation, public or private, except for himself. His real concern at the time was for his own State of Virginia and for her seal and motto. To her he ever tendered an ample and devoted homage, and,

JEFFERSON AND VIRGINIA

as is evident from the letter printed below, to him she was always "my country." The signs of this feeling crop out everywhere in his writings, like underlying strata impelled to the surface by a deeply seated and irresistible force. This was the prevailing creed of each son of Virginia in that day, and one may truthfully say, has so continued to the present time.¹

¹ This fear that his "country" would be deprived of some of her inalienable rights, even by the Congress at which she was so well represented, is always perceptible in Jefferson's writings. In a letter to Adams, May 16, 1777, amidst all the agitation of that troublous period, he says: "The journals of Congress not being printed earlier, gives more uneasiness than I would wish ever to see produced by any act of that body from whom alone I know our salvation can proceed. In our Assembly even the best affected think it an indiginity to freemen to be voted away, life and fortune, in the dark."

Jefferson's idea was that "the States should be one as to everything connected with foreign nations, and several as to everything purely domestic;" in other words, each was to follow its own orbit and not to leave it.

It is very difficult for this generation to comprehend the proud assumption and the powerful influence of Virginia in 1776. This attitude is very plainly revealed by Adams in his account of the inception of the Declaration of Independence:—

"The committee met, discussed the subject, and then appointed Mr. Jefferson and me to make the draught, I suppose because we were the two first on the list.

"The sub-committee met. Jefferson proposed to me to make the draught. I said, 'I will not.' 'You should do it.' 'Oh! no.' 'Why will you not? You ought to do it.' 'I will not.' 'Why?' 'Reasons enough.' 'What can be your reasons?' 'Reason first — You are a Virginian, and a Virginian ought to appear at the head of this business. Reason second — I am obnoxious, suspected, and unpopular. You are very much otherwise. Reason third — You can write ten times better than I can.' 'Well,' said Jefferson, 'if you are decided, I will do as well as I can.' 'Very well. When you have drawn it up, we will have a meeting.' "

This haughty pretension was noticed by Sir Charles Lyell on his visit to this country in 1845, and he afterwards told me he was amazed to notice the patronage extended by the Senators and Representatives to their fellow-members, even to those of such talent, distinction, and culture as Webster and Winthrop, and he was also amazed at the toleration, to use the mildest word, with which it was endured, as a matter of course.

HISTORIC SIDE-LIGHTS

In a letter to his fellow-citizen, James Madison, written from Paris under date of Feb. 8, 1786, Jefferson submits an inscription from his own pen for the statue of Washington by Houdon, that had been voted by the General Assembly of Virginia nearly two years before. One line reads: "His country erects this monument: Houdon makes it." During the years 1785 and 1786 he refers often to this work, while there is no mention whatever of the medal that had been voted by Congress to Washington to commemorate his "wise and spirited conduct in the siege and acquisition of Boston," and this in spite of his agreement to take charge of its completion after Colonel Humphreys had left Paris. The reason, of course, was that one was voted by "his country" and "my country," and the other merely by Congress in behalf of everybody else's country.¹

On the 30th of July, 1776, — ten days after the committee on the seal brought in their report, — Jefferson sent a letter from Philadelphia to his intimate friend, "The Honorable John Page, Esq., " in which he does not so much as mention the seal of the United States, but finds much to say concerning that of Virginia. It was a reply to a letter from Page dated July 20,² beginning: "We are very much at a loss here for an engraver to make our seal, and Mr. Wythe and myself have

¹ *Apropos* of this subject, I am tempted to add a paragraph from the very learned and able work of Professor John Fiske, "Critical Periods of American History": —

"There never was a time when Massachusetts, or Virginia, was an absolutely sovereign state like Holland or France. . . . It is clear that until the connection with England was severed, the thirteen commonwealths were not united, nor were they sovereign. It is also clear that in the very act of severing their connection with England, those commonwealths entered into some sort of union which was incompatible with their absolute sovereignty taken severally."

² Early Proceedings of the American Philosophical Society by Henry Phillips, 1744-1888.

JEFFERSON'S LETTER

therefore thought it proper to apply to you to assist in this business. Can you get the work done in Philadelphia? If you can, we must get the favour of you to have it done immediately. The enclosed will be all the directions you will require. The engraver may want to know the size. This *you* may determine; unless Mr. Wythe should direct the dimensions. He may also be at a loss for a *Virtus* and *Libertas*; but you may refer him to *Spence's Polymetis*, which must be in some Library in Philadelphia."

July 20, 1776.

DEAR PAGE, — On the receipt of your letter we enquired into the probability of getting your seal done here. we find a drawer and an engraver here, both of whom we have reason to believe are excellent in their way. they did great seals for Jamaica and Barbadoes, both of which are said to have been well done, and a seal¹ for the Philosophical Society here, which we are told is excellent, but they are expensive and will require two months to complete it. the

¹ The seal in question must have been the final outcome of the vote of the American Philosophical Society on the 20th of April, 1770, when a committee, consisting of Messrs. Paschal, Thomson, Rush, and O. Biddle, was instructed to prepare a device. They seem to have taken their time in the matter, for no report was presented till March 4, 1773, when a design was offered and duly approved and the committee was requested to have it executed in the best and most expeditious manner. This design has been often attributed to Du Simitiere, but there is nothing to show that he had anything to do with it. Though a member of the society, he was not even one of the committee. The engraving was done by James Poupard, who was a really capable artist and a resident of Philadelphia. His name appears attached to several plates that were engraved for the early publications of the Society, especially the first two volumes. There is a facsimile of the seal in an article by Mr. Julius F. Sachse entitled "The Fatherland" and printed in the Proceedings of the Pennsylvania-German Society for November, 1797. From this it will be seen that both the design and the engraving are of very good quality, a fact which makes it hard to explain the action, or, more properly speaking, the inaction, of Mr. Wythe and his colleagues, the result of which was that the design was finally executed in Paris in 1779 under the care of William and Arthur Lee.

HISTORIC SIDE-LIGHTS

drawing the figures for the engraver will cost about 50 dollars, and the engraving will be still more, nevertheless as it would be long before we could consult you and receive an answer, as we think you have no such hands, and the expense is not to be incurred a second time we shall order it to be done. I like the device of the first side of the seal much. the second I think is too much crowded, nor is the design so striking, but for god's sake what is the "Deus nobis haec otia fecit"?¹ it puzzles every body here; if

¹ Jefferson, who was a good classical scholar, might have founded his criticism of these words on other grounds than their failure to represent the actual condition of his own "country." The "deus" — the god — they mentioned was the Emperor Augustus, an ambitious and unscrupulous tyrant, heartless and treacherous, cruel and sensual. The passage is taken from the First Eclogue, where Tityrus sings the praises of his ruler for the tranquillity he had vouchsafed to bestow upon his subjects. Such unworthy adulation would naturally be odious to a radical democrat, like Jefferson, whose estimate of sovereigns in general is so well known. The motto was finally discarded, though it is not clear by whose influence, in 1779, when the General Assembly, in October of that year, passed an act requiring the substitution of the unmeaning and inappropriate word "Perseverando," which still appears on the reverse of the great seal, though the "Deus nobis haec otia fecit" continued to be used on "the lesser seal," so called, until the year 1865, when both the great and the lesser seal disappeared at the time of the capture of Richmond.

The first George was named Augustus, and so was the second and likewise his son, Frederic, Prince of Wales, and the Duke of Cumberland. George IV. was christened Augustus, and so were his two brothers, the Duke of Sussex and the Duke of Kent, the father of Queen Victoria. The designation originally belonged to the Elector of Hanover, from whom they were all descended. As to George III. the appellation was not necessary, for his great rival, Wilkes, soon dubbed him "Augustulus," which amply supplied the deficiency and suited the sovereign exactly. Augustulus was the last of the Roman Emperors of the West, and in him sovereignty dwindled down to its most insignificant aspect and the least semblance of dignity or intellectual calibre.

There is this to be said, however, in behalf of the author of the motto, that though Virgil did profess to worship his master and did flatter him for favors received, he was at heart a good republican, and ever retained the veneration of the true poet for liberty and the patriot senators, while he abhorred the venality, slavery, and corruption of the empire.

SEAL OF VIRGINIA

my country really enjoys that *otium*, it is singular, as every other colony seems to be hard struggling. I think it was agreed on before Dunmore's flight from Gwyn's island [July 9, 1776], so that it can hardly be referred to the temporary *holiday* that has given you. this device is too *enigmatical*, since it puzzles now, it will be absolutely insoluble fifty years hence.¹

The history and elaboration of the Great Seal of Virginia is interesting in itself, and all the more so from the fact that it bears as one of its mottoes, "Sic semper tyrannis," famous from its first advent, and now notorious from its connection with the death of Lincoln on that direful night when his assassin flung it, like a blazing firebrand, in the face of the nation. On the 1st of July, 1776, the Constitutional Convention of Virginia, which had met at Williamsburg on the 6th of the preceding May, chose a committee of four "to devise a proper seal for this Commonwealth." These were Richard Henry Lee, George Mason, Robert Carter Nichols, and George Wythe. As Mr. Lee was not in the Convention, Mr. Mason took his place as chairman and presented their report. This was done on the 5th of July and the report was promptly adopted, being the last act of the Convention before its adjournment, George Wythe and John Page having been "desired to superintend the engraving the said seal and to take care that the same be properly executed." The details of the seal as offered by the committee and printed in the Proceedings of the Convention are as follows:—

"Virtue, the genius of the Commonwealth, dressed like an Amazon, resting on a spear with one hand and holding a sword with the other and treading on Tyranny represented by a man prostrate, a crown fallen from his head, a broken chain in his left hand and a scourge in his right.

¹ This letter was first printed on page 68 of vol. xx., A. D. 1866, of "N. E. Hist. and Gen. Register."

HISTORIC SIDE-LIGHTS

"In the exergon the word Virginia over the head of Virtue, and underneath, the words Sic Semper Tyrannis.

"On the reverse a group, Libertas, with her wand and *pileus*, on one side of her Ceres, with the cornucopia in one hand, and an ear of wheat in the other. On the other side *Aeternitas*, with the globe and phoenix. In the exergon these words *Deus Nobis Haec Otia Fecit.*"

The above description is printed *verbatim et literatim* in Burk's "History of Virginia," vol. iv., appendix 14, where it is preceded by these words: "Mr. Wythe proposed the annexed — The figures from Spence's *Polymetis*." Undoubtedly, Professor Girardin had before him the very manuscript describing the "directions" for the seal that was sent to Jefferson by his friend Page, and it was probably in Wythe's handwriting, for the professor would not otherwise have attributed the origin of the seal to him.

All the elements of probability point to Wythe as its author, and there is not one word of reliable or contemporary evidence in favor of any other. It was Mr. Wythe and Mr. Page that were appointed to look after the engraving of the seal, the latter having had nothing to do with it up to that time. It was Mr. Wythe who was to "direct the dimensions," and it was very natural that Mr. Wythe's description should be kept by Jefferson and afterwards be seen by Professor Girardin.

From the above facts it seems very plain, almost amounting to demonstration, that Wythe was the original author of the phrase "Sic semper tyrannis." It certainly could not have come from Jefferson, as he was in Washington during the whole period of the evolution of the seal, and he certainly would never have expressed his warm approval thereof, as a part of the obverse of the seal, as he did in his letter to his friend Page. In the "William and Mary College Quarterly" for October,

GEORGE WYTHE

1894, p. 91, the editor, Mr. Lyon S. Tyler, President of that College, takes this view, and with decided success, claiming that Wythe was responsible for the whole design of the seal. Wythe was quite equal to any such commission. He was a many-sided genius in his way, the most accomplished Greek and Latin scholar in the land, and of widespread, general learning. To the close of his eighty years he was an indefatigable student, his character was essentially noble, and he was noted for the most scrupulous truth and integrity. If the motto had not been the offspring of his own brain, he would not have seemed to acknowledge it to be such by thirty years of reticence, when there was so much discussion as to its origin. Had it proceeded first from Jefferson, Wythe would have been one of the very first to seize the chance to pay deserved and graceful tribute to his friend and fellow-countryman.¹ President Tyler² remarks: —

¹ Col. Sherman McRae, in the "Old Dominion Magazine" for December, 1871, ascribed the honor of preparing the great seal of Virginia to George Mason, and says, "It is not the least of the monuments on which his fame rests;" and the same writer, in his "Report of the Great Seal of Virginia," in the House Journal for 1883-84, Doc. 11, terms it "an essential part of George Mason's plan of government. The first is his declaration of rights, then the constitution, and then the great seal — a Corinthian column with its base, shaft, and capital." Kate Mason Rowland, in "The Life of George Mason," 1892, remarks that "the conclusion that Mason designed the seal is irresistible." In behalf of all these statements, there is not one solitary jot or tittle of evidence nor even of inference, except the fact that Mason presented the report of his committee.

² Wythe seems to have had a cordial and enduring friendship for Adams, based on mutual esteem and many common interests and sympathies. In the third volume of the Life of John Adams by his son is the facsimile of an interesting and warm-hearted letter from Wythe to Adams, dated Dec. 5, 1783. In this the writer laments the great distance that lies between them, and which forms so complete a bar to the daily intimacy, that would otherwise ensue. He finds a certain solace from aptly quoting in the original Greek three verses of the *Odyssey*, in which the auburn-haired Menelaus portrays his

HISTORIC SIDE-LIGHTS

"In Girardin's continuation of Burk's 'History of Virginia,' it is said that Wythe proposed the device adopted by the Convention; and as Girardin wrote under the supervision of Mr. Jefferson, who was keenly alive to all such matters, there can be no reason to doubt the fact. George Wythe and John Page were appointed to superintend the engraving of the seal. In the absence of Lee, Mason, as next on the committee, had reported the seal to the Convention, but Wythe was entrusted with its execution, and must have penned the words that describe the seal, which have been admired for clearness and precision."

It was long the custom in some quarters to assert that the motto in question came first from Brutus, as he thrust his dagger into the body of Cæsar and thus "paid ambition's debt;" but though it sounds like the fierce slogan of a desperate conspirator, there is no reason for attributing it to that spirit-starting patriot, nor can it be found in any Latin author, ancient or modern. Surely, if there had been any record of such a picturesque detail of Cæsar's death, the omniscient genius of Shakespeare would have used it with telling effect, and it could never have been hidden from that all-embracing research which even discovered that the left ear of Cæsar was deaf.

Dr. Ezra Stiles, President of Yale College and a prominent man in his day, yielded without resistance to the delusive assumptions of the epitaph, and accepted it without criticism as an historical fact. This seems all the more remarkable in view of his professed interest in antiquarian research and of his life-long friendship for

amiable, though futile, intentions towards the wandering Ulysses. "And we being here, would frequently have associated together; nor would anything else have separated us twain, being kind to and delighting one another, before at least the time when the black cloud of death had enveloped us."

PRESIDENT STILES

Franklin.¹ In his "History of the Three Judges of King Charles I.," published in 1785, a month before his death, he writes (p. 106): "It is to this day problematical and can never be ascertained whether the bodies of Bradshaw and Cromwell were actually taken up and dishonored at the Restoration. It is in secret tradition that Bradshaw was conveyed to Jamaica. His epitaph is descriptive of him and full of spirit. In a public print of 1775, it was said, "The following inscription," etc., etc. After this comes the prefix to the epitaph, and then the epitaph itself, copied almost precisely from the paper in which it first appeared, and proving that

¹ In the winter of 1755 Franklin, fresh from the glamour of his electrical discoveries, paid a visit to Yale and received an enthusiastic welcome, which culminated in the College Hall, where Mr. Stiles, then tutor, delivered a spirited Latin oration, in honor of "Ille immortalis Franklinus, Philosophus noster Americanus," ending with "Nunc autem viri adstamus in te gloriantes, o Philosophiae princeps!" It was on this occasion, I believe, that Franklin was first publicly favored with the title of philosopher.

In the matter of scholarship the oration can hardly be said to rank very high, and it does not confirm the statement of Professor Meigs in his funeral oration, that President Stiles "wrote this language with a surprising facility and with a purity and elegance that would have honored the age of Augustus," but anything, of course, can be said, especially in a dead language, of a man who is dead and unable to contradict it. At best, it seems but a fair type of American Latin, and there are several sentences that would have given Cicero a profound fit of indigestion and "made Quintilian stare and gasp." Even his prosy biographer and son-in-law, Rev. Abiel Holmes, is fain to apologize for his unclassical expressions, and to add that "it is, perhaps, impossible for the Moderns to adhere perfectly to the excellent models furnished by the Ancients." So we should think. In view of the above facts it is quite easy to account for the failure of his biographer to discover any replies whatever to the Latin letters which his hero was wont to send to every part of the world to the most distinguished savants and literati of the day, as he artlessly writes, "Whether those letters, or their answers, miscarried; or, whether the persons addressed were not sufficiently inquisitive, or had not leisure, or abilities, to make the desired researches; or to whatever cause it is to be ascribed; no replies have been discovered."

The reason is sufficiently patent.

HISTORIC SIDE-LIGHTS

the Doctor must have had it before him, as he could not have written it so exactly from mere memory.

It is hard to decide what explanation to offer of this cloistered disdain of that universal public opinion which must have been borne in upon him, as upon every one else; this indifference to the admitted truths of history, this credulous and easy-going reliance upon flighty tradition. As to the friendly and secretive Franklin, it is very plain that he never revealed his share in the epitaph to Dr. Stiles, or if he did, that the latter preferred to remain in the genial atmosphere of plausible circumstance that both enveloped and quickened it. But whatever may have been the source of his attitude towards the epitaph, it matters little to this generation, for his influence belongs entirely to the past. Though President Stiles had a weakness for omniscience and was thought to be the greatest pundit of his age by our forefathers, who contemplated his fame as nothing less than pyramidal; though he ranged freely over the whole domain of science from astronomy to electricity, from Greek and Latin to Hebrew and Arabic, from sacred history to profane; though he was accounted the most learned and accomplished divine in this country, but few vestiges remain of all this splendor, which is now but a dim reminiscence, as insubstantial as the morning mist. His writings possessed neither strength, originality, nor staying force, and now, like "coffined thoughts of coffined men," they only cumber the shelves on which they are deferentially suffered to remain. This remark applies with peculiar truth to the work above mentioned, for nothing could reveal more clearly the inherent weaknesses of its author or his utter inability to infuse a lasting vitality into anything. Dr. Stiles called it a "History," but surely no writing was ever published so entirely void of every quality that

THE THREE JUDGES

History should display. Two-thirds of it, at least, are an incongruous quagmire of uncertain statements and delusive inferences, as ill arranged and as ill digested as the contents of an ostrich's stomach, with no discrimination or judgment, no faculty of description, no powers of narration and no delineation of character. Chancellor Kent, in his very eulogistic tribute to President Stiles, observes: "Towards the conclusion of his life, President Stiles wrote and published his 'History of Three of the Judges of King Charles I.,' and this work contains proof that the author's devotion to civil and religious liberty carried him forward to some hasty conclusions, in like manner as his fondness for antiquarian researches tended to lead his mind to credulous excesses." He might have said a great deal more without passing the bounds of truth, and probably would have done so, but for the presence of the *genius loci* and the glamour of mild phosphorescence that still pervaded its sacred precincts.

Some amusing examples of President Stiles's happy faculty for assimilating traditional incongruities and converting them into organic historical tissue are given by Mr. Franklin B. Dexter in a most intelligent and discriminating paper on Edward Whalley and William Goffe, read before the New Haven Colony Historical Society, Nov. 14, 1870. Certainly, no one ever surpassed the enthusiastic divine when once mounted on his favorite hobby and in far-darting pursuit of some fugitive and evanescent myth. The boldness with which he leaped over the broadest and deepest crevasse; the dexterity with which he seized his prey, bore it, *invito numine*, to his study, thrust a pin through it and fastened it down forever, must have been worth going many miles to see. As Mr. Dexter facetiously observes, "the process by which one regicide's grave became

HISTORIC SIDE-LIGHTS

three evolved itself as regularly as the story of the three black crows." The Doctor's ingenious location of the grave of Goffe was almost as miraculous as the translation of Elijah, and came perilously near to spontaneous generation. Passing one day through the New Haven burial-ground, his head big, like that of Jupiter with Minerva, with the throes of his "History of the Three Judges," Dr. Stiles stumbled upon a stone marked "M. G. 80." Instantly, as by a flash of inspiration, the whole truth mounted to his teeming brain. He had but to invert the "M" and it became a W; add a 16 to the "80," and presto! the whole mystery was revealed! "William Goffe, obt. 1680" stood forth in letters of living light, as clear as Shakespeare's autograph. Nothing could be more obviously obvious, more "doocid lucid," as the English say. And yet, notwithstanding the grandeur of his discovery, the good Doctor was very modest in the assertion of his claims, and merely says, "I have not found the least tradition or surmise of Goffe being buried there till I myself conjectured it." Of course, no one could doubt his word, and, fortunately for him, he could not have foreseen the advent of the irreverent Mr. Dexter and his envious efforts to explain everything away, like Mr. Blotton and his exposure of Mr. Pickwick's famous discovery.

On the whole, it is just as well that President Stiles did not attempt to elucidate "Rebellion to tyrants is obedience to God," since he might have proved that it was written by George III.

In the light of the above examples, the statement of his biographer that "Dr. Stiles took considerable liberty in the use of words, in his vernacular tongue, as well as in the learned languages," will strike the reader as quite superfluous. This elasticity evidently extended to letters as well as to words.

PART VIII

Committee on Great Seal of the United States.—Vestige of Debate.—Report of Committee.—Coat of Arms devised by Du Simitiere.—Mr. Lossing's Vagaries.—Handwriting of Du Simitiere.—The "Gentleman's Journal."—Motteux.—*E Pluribus Unum*.—Mrs. Priscilla Sherman.—Mrs. Charles Spencer Cowper.—Cave and the "Gentleman's Magazine."—His Peculiar Management.—Rev. J. Sackette.—Barabbas Cave.—Résumé of his Labors.—Disreputable Character.—Prophecy about the new Republic.—Washington in the "Gentleman's Magazine."—True Character of our Motto.—Louis XIV.—Mottoes of other Nations.—Motto of Massachusetts.

It is not my intention to embark at length upon a detailed narrative of the evolution of our Great Seal, but merely to give some account of our national motto and the source from which it came.

The earliest record now to be found of the labors of the committee charged with the preparation of the Great Seal of the United States is on file in the archives of the Department of State at Washington. It is indorsed: "No. 1. Copy of a Report made Aug. 10, 1776,"¹ and is one of the Continental Congress Papers, No. 23, Reports of Committees," p. 143. A photographic copy thereof, of the same size as the original, appears on the opposite page. It is written on each side of the same sheet, without either comment, preamble, or appendix, without signature or other means of verification, though bearing undeniable marks of its

¹ This statement is an error. The report was actually made on the 20th of that month, a fact which may account for the lack of any reference thereto in the letter from Adams of August 14, before quoted.

HISTORIC SIDE-LIGHTS

genuineness. It is not in the handwriting of any one of the committee, nor in that of Charles Thomson, the "perpetual Secretary of Congress," nor in that of any other person whose penmanship can be traced by very careful investigation, but seems the work of some clerk done in careless haste and at the dictation of one of the members.

To tell the truth, such vestiges of their labors as have come down to us tend to show that they were all carried on in an informal, desultory, unsystematic fashion, which would naturally leave but few traces. As, according to the contents of Adams's letter, neither Du Simitiere, nor any other artist, had sent in any sketch previous to August 14; as the committee had reached no decision up to that date, and as they presented their report on the 20th of that month, the obvious inference is that the really vital and material discussion of the whole subject began and ended within four or five days at the outside. It is very likely that much less time was devoted to it. And, after all, the melancholy fact remains, perhaps as a just result of this imperfect service, that not one feature of the various devices proposed by Adams, Jefferson, and Franklin now forms a part of our seal, while of those offered for their approval in 1776, the only ones retained are two that came from the alien Du Simitiere, one being our motto and the other the radiating eye of Deity, which still appears on the reverse of the Great Seal.

On the opposite page the reader will find a copy, from the original at the Department of State, of the solitary record now remaining of the colloquies of the committee in regard to their coming report. It consists of four lines disfigured with erasures and loosely scribbled at one of their meetings; a crude and cursory fragment in the hand of the writer of the report, as finally



The Friends of Liberty and
of Progress in a
Meeting at New Haven,
Conn. the 1st of August, 1844.
and the Friends of Progress, (conventional
and Anti-slavery) in New Haven
on the 1st of August, 1844.



DEBATE ON THE GREAT SEAL

adopted. It shows that a debate had evidently taken place as to the propriety of exchanging Liberty's "corselet of armour" for the more feminine and peaceful garb of "a flowing dress," and of exalting her upon a pedestal, on which were to be sculptured various emblems.

Stripped of its externals and resolved into plain English, it read thus: originally, "The Figure of Liberty in standing attitude and flowing Dress, leaning on a Column, on which are to be engraved the Emblems of Navigation, Commerce, Agriculture and Arms."

Finally, "The Figure of Liberty standing on a Pedestal in a flowing Dress, leaning on a Column on which are to be the Emblems Commerce, Agriculture and Arms in Sculpture."

I now give the report in print:—

"The great Seal Sh^d on one side have the arms of the United States of America which arms should be as follows. The Shield has six quarters, parti one, coupé two. The 1st Or, a Rose enamelled gules and argent for England: the 2d Argent, a Thistle proper, for Scotland: the 3d Verd, a Harp Or, for Ireland: the 4th Azure a Flower de Luce Or for France: the 5th Or the Imperial Eagle Sable for Germany: and the 6th Or the Belgic Lion Gules for Holland, pointing out the countries from which these States have been peopled. The Shield within a Border Gules entoile¹ of thirteen Scutcheons Argent linked together by a Chain Or, each charged with initial Letters Sable as follows 1st

¹ "Entoile" was used some centuries ago in heraldry, but it was obsolete long before 1776 and is now never seen. It is very old French, and is really the equivalent of "entouré," bordered. As used above, it is quite superfluous.

The order of the States, as arranged by Du Simitiere, was not original with him, but was that invariably adopted by the Continental Congress from the first mention of the thirteen Colonies on its records. It was based simply on their latitude and geographical position.

HISTORIC SIDE-LIGHTS

N. H. 2nd M. B. 3d R. I. 4th C. 5th N. Y. 6th N. J. 7th P.
8th D. C. 9th M. 10th N. C. 12th S. C. 13th G. for each of
the thirteen independent States of America.

“Supporters, dexter the Goddess Liberty in a Corselet of armour alluding to the present Times, holding in her right Hand the Spear and Cap and with her left supporting the Shield of the States ; sinister, the Goddess Justice bearing a Sword in her right hand, and in her left a Balance.

“Crest the Eye of Providence in a radiant Triangle, whose Glory extends over the Shield and beyond the Figures.

“Motto E PLURIBUS UNUM.

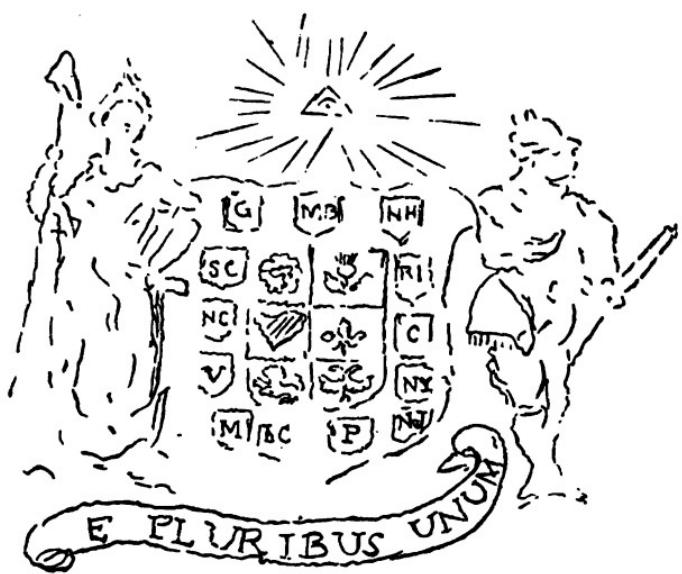
“Legend, round the whole achievement. Seal of the United States of America MDCCLXXVI.

“On the other side of the Great Seal should be the following Device. Pharaoh sitting in an open Chariot a Crown on his head and a Sword in his hand passing through the divided Waters of the Red Sea in pursuit of the Israelites : Rays from a Pillow of Fire in the Cloud, expressive of the divine Presence and Command, beaming on Moses who stands on the Shore and extending his hand over the Sea causes it to overwhelm Pharaoh.¹

“Motto. Rebellion to Tyrants is Obedience to God.”

In the archives of the Department of State we find still another manuscript connected with the evolution of the Great Seal of the United States. It is labelled “The Coat of Arms of the States of America,” and is bound up with the “Jefferson Papers,” 5th series, vol. viii. p. 3, though it is not in Jefferson’s handwriting, nor is there any proof that it was especially connected with his name. With it is a sketch embodying the details of the description set forth therein. A photo-

¹ A sketch of the Great Seal based on the above description is given in Mr. Lossing’s article before mentioned, and is from his pencil. The same also appears in a pamphlet by Gaillard-Hunt, of Washington, published in 1892, and entitled “The Seal of the United States: How it was developed and adopted.”



DESIGN FOR SEAL, BY DU SIMITIERE

DU SIMITIERE

graphic copy of each of these is given on the opposite page, and they both were undoubtedly offered to the committee and formed a part of their report and should be placed among their papers. There is abundant testimony to show that both sketch and manuscript were the work of Du Simitiere, the Frenchman mentioned by Adams in his letter of August 14, and there is every reason to believe that the sketch, and, doubtless the manuscript, was seen by Adams when he visited the artist's studio on the day before that date. It is to be noticed that Adams makes no mention of the motto in his letter; but this omission might have arisen from various causes, such as hasty inadvertence, or forgetfulness.

In "Harper's Magazine" for July, 1856, p. 180, is an article entitled "The Great Seal of the United States." It was from the pen of Mr. Lossing, the well-known historical writer, and is copiously bespangled with many specious and pleasing delusions of his vivid imagination. He states that "Franklin and Adams requested Jefferson to combine their ideas in a compact description of a proper device for a great seal. He did so, and that paper in his handwriting is now in the office of the Secretary of State in Washington City." He then quotes the whole of the document above described. As to the source of this paper, there is no foundation whatever for his assertion; and certainly, as any one can see, nothing could well be more unlike the easy flow of the manuscript in question than Jefferson's clear, careful, and distinctive penmanship, which his relation and secretary, Mr. Trist, says "was at that period the most beautiful, to my taste, I have ever seen."

Mr. Lossing farther informs us that "all the illustrations of this article are correct copies of rude sketches

HISTORIC SIDE-LIGHTS

now in the archives of the State Department at Washington City, except the representation of the seal prepared by Jefferson. This was drawn by the writer of this article from the description of Mr. Jefferson, in his own handwriting now among other records of the proceedings of the several committees in the State Department." It may be well here to state that the first of these "illustrations" was the creation of Mr. Lossing's own fancy. It is labelled "Du Simitiere's design and has 'bello vel pace' for a motto." I submitted it to Mr. Andrew H. Allen, the very intelligent and learned Chief of the Bureau of Rolls and Library in the Department of State at Washington, and he informed me, "It is not to be found in this Department, upon a thorough and careful search just finished." Mr. Allen also farther wrote me, under date of July 19, 1897, in regard to Mr. Lossing's mention of the document in Jefferson's hand: "That statement is incorrect; there is not such description in Mr. Jefferson's handwriting possessed by the State Department, and there probably never was."

A transcript of Du Simitiere's device is here given in legible print: —

"The Coat of Arms of the States of America. The Shield has six quarters, parti one, coupé two; to the first it bears Or, a rose enamelled Gules and argent, for England; to the Second, Argent a thistle proper, for Scotland; to the third part, a harp or, for Ireland; to the fourth azure, a flower de luce or, for France; to the fifth or, the Imperial Eagle Sable, for Germany; and to the Sixth or, the belgic Lyon, Gules, for Holland. (these being the six principal nations of Europe from which the Americans originated.) this Shield within a border gules entoile of thirteen Escutcheons argent linked together by a chain Or, each charg'd with initial letters Sable, as follows. 1st N. H. 2d M. B.

J.

The shield has a
square
proper,
azur.
for four
being the
granted)
linked by
the NH.
the NC..

Supported. Beavers,
nothing is
of hope.
and bears
hand his
crest the eye
shield in

Motto. E PLURIBUS UNUM

Legend round the





COAT OF ARMS

3d R. I. 4th C. 5th N. Y. 6th N. J. 7th P. 8th D. C. 9th M.
10th V. 11th N. C. 12th S. C. 13th G. for each of the thirteen independent States of America !

“Supporters, dexter, the Goddess Liberty, in a corselet of armour (alluding to the present times) holding in right hand the Spear and Cap, resting with her left on an anchor, emblem of Hope. Sinister, an American Soldier, completely accoutred in his hunting shirt and trowsers, with his tomahawk, powder horn, pouch, &c. holding with his left hand his rifle gun rested, and the Shield of the States with his right.

“Crest, the eye of Providence in a radiant Triangle whose Glory extend over the Shield and beyond the Supporters.

“Motto. E PLURIBUS UNUM.

“Legend round the whole Atcheevement. Seal of the United States of America. MDCCLXXVI.”

By comparing the two documents above given, it will be seen that the committee adopted all the features of Du Simitiere’s design except the “anchor, emblem of hope,” and the American soldier and his accoutrements, for which they substituted “the Goddess Justice” with her sword and balance.

For the obverse they recommended, in compliment to Franklin, his device of Moses and Pharaoh and the portentous and gloomy tragedy of the Red Sea, with the avenging and protecting Deity “lightning through the storm.”

The testimony on behalf of Du Simitiere comes from three sources, which I shall now proceed to set forth.

Firstly. The first half of the description agrees in all its details with that contained in Adams’s letter, written within twenty-four hours after it had been imparted to him, as a member of the said committee, by Du Simitiere.

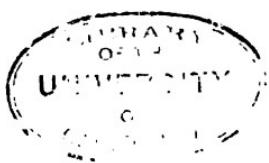
Secondly. The first twelve lines of the manuscript,

HISTORIC SIDE-LIGHTS

as photographed, are identical as to their contents with the first nineteen lines of the committee's report, which proves conclusively that the manuscript was used by them in its preparation. As the motto, "E pluribus unum," is the same in each, this also proves that it was originally suggested by Du Simitiere and afterwards adopted by the committee.

Thirdly. The whole document is in the handwriting of Du Simitiere. In support of this assertion I give herewith photographic copies of two portions of his script, written at different times and under different circumstances. One is taken from his note-book, before mentioned, and the other from a copy he made of a part of Robertson's "History of America," which is now preserved among his papers in the Ridgway Library at Philadelphia.

The original of this copy is to be found in a manuscript bound up with a volume entitled "Papers relating to Pennsylvania and Carolina," No. 965, folio, and it is of the same size as the page from which it is taken. It offers a characteristic specimen of the neat and legible hand of Du Simitiere at its best, which was decidedly original and quite unlike any other customary script of that day, whether English or French. The length of the extract in question is infinitesimal compared with the great mass of additional manuscript that accompanies it, which bears ample testimony to the wonderful industry of Du Simitiere and to his patient devotion to his work. No one, however incredulous, can compare these two examples with the description of the United States seal without being convinced that all three came from the same hand. The points of resemblance and of identity are so numerous that they are revealed to the most casual glance, to say nothing of the general style that stamps the whole trio. The only real difference



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E PLURIBUS UNUM

seems to be that one of the papers is written with considerably less care than the other two. The habit of lifting the pen in forming words is the same in each. The peculiar shape of the capital P is very marked, and the same is true of the capital E, and they both display the same identity throughout. The I closely resembles J. The word "the" always presents a typical form, and the same characteristic features are invariably impressed upon the letters, *a, b, f, h, m, p, t, y, and z.* In fact, there is hardly a letter in one document that has not its counterpart in each of the others, while various words with the same formation are to be noticed in them all. These peculiarities, to say nothing of some others that might be mentioned, are certainly enough to prove most conclusively a common origin for the three manuscripts.

To these facts I beg to add that the initials of the States in "The Coat of Arms," as well as those in the sketch, and the letters composing "E PLURIBUS UNUM," are all obviously the work of the same pen.¹

I trust I have produced sufficient evidence to prove conclusively that the choice of "E pluribus unum" as our

¹ Those who are hypercritical enough to bring forward some few seeming incongruities, or apparent variations from the general style of Du Simitiere, may as well be reminded that such instances can occasionally be found in the writings of every person, however particular. As an example in point, one can refer to the manuscript of Washington, who was generally the most careful and methodical of men in the use of his pen, and yet in the following line, "I am, Sir, Y^r Most Obed^t H^{ble} Serv^t. G.^o Washington. Fort Loudoun, 10th Sept. 1757," where the letter *s* is used five times, in each case it has a different form, though the note is written with Washington's usual neatness and accuracy. See his Life by Sparks, p. 495, ed. of 1839, where facsimiles of Washington's hand are given. So in Shakespeare's few crude and scanty contortions with the pen, the same letter takes almost as many contradictory shapes. It is quite needless, however, to multiply examples of such an obvious truth.

HISTORIC SIDE-LIGHTS

national motto is owing entirely to Du Simitiere, who most certainly offered it to the committee that finally adopted it. This conclusion is all the more reliable from the fact that there is not the shadow of a claim on the part of any other competitor.

I now propose to say a few more words in regard to the actual origin of our national motto and its history previous to its adoption by the Congressional committee. As I have taken considerable pains to get at the truth of this matter, I desire to call the attention of my readers to the fact that much of the evidence I have gathered comes from original documents, some of which have never before been published.

The first appearance of the phrase "E pluribus unum" in print, so far as I have been able to discover, after laborious, persistent, and exhaustive search by myself and others on both sides of the Atlantic, was on the titlepage for January, 1692, of "The Gentleman's Journal, or The Monthly Miscellany," which was then published in London and had just entered upon the second year of its existence. Its sole editor and proprietor was Pierre Antoine, otherwise Peter Anthony, Motteux, a Huguenot refugee from Rouen, who wrote the greater part of the prose contents of each issue, and who was undoubtedly the author and originator of our national motto. I give herewith a photographic copy of this titlepage, taken from the only one now existing, which is in the British Museum, and of the same size as that, and I also add a page of the letter-press, from both of which the reader will get an exact idea of the dimensions of the work, its typographical aspect and of the literary aims of its proprietor. From the earliest advent of the motto, it was printed on the title-page of each monthly number, and so continued till the appearance of the last one in November, 1694. I may

THE
Gentleman's Journal :
OR THE MONTHLY
MISCELLANY.

In a Letter to a Gentleman in the Country.
Consisting of News, History, Philosophy,
Poetry, Musick, Translations, &c.

JANUARY, 1693.

Imprimatur,

CHARNOCK HERON.

Vol.

II.



LONDON Printed, and sold by R. Parker at the *Unicorn* under the
Piazza at the Royal Exchange in Cornhill; And R. Baldwin, near the
Oxford Arms in Warwick-lane, and at the Black Lyon in Fleet-street,
between the Two Temple-Gates. 1693.

Where are to be had Compleat Sets, or single ones, for the last Year.

taken to bring it to perfection. Those several Academies that have been founded in several Cities of that Kingdom, in imitation of that at *Paris*, which are all compos'd of the most learned and polite Wits there, are an undeniable Instance of this. Every one knows that Cardinal *Richelieu* having been told by the ingenious *Boisrobert* his Secretary, that several ingenious Men used to meet to improve themselves and the Language, made that a famous Academy, which was at first a private Society. I have wih'd many times that some of the best Masters of the *English Tongue* would imitate that good Example, and by such Conferences about the Language; give an opportunity to some noble Patron of Learning, to lay the Foundation of such an Academy, whose authentic Authority might decide all doubts concerning the Tongue, and giving us a good *English Grammar* and Dictionary, make it perfect and lasting.

It was not till the Year 1672, that the French King was pleas'd to be the Protector of the French Academy; so that it was above thirty Years before it could boast of a Royal Patronage, and the Apartment in the *Louvre*. Their Devise is a Laurel, with these words, *A l'Immortalité*; which, among the rest, may be apply'd to their endeavors to immortalize their Language. In 1669, in the City of *Arles* was establish'd an Academy with the same design, their Devise being a little Bay Tree near a greater, with a Sun over both, and these words, *Foventur eodem*. *Soissans* follow'd the Example in 1675, and took an Eagle, flying with its young one towards the Sun, for its Devise with this Motto, *Maternis ausibus audax*. *Nismes* in 1682, its Devise a Palm-Tree, *Emula Lauri*. *Ville-franche* in 1687, its Devise several precious Stones surrounding a greater, *Mutuo clarescimus igne*. *Angers* in 1685, also establish'd an Academy, which, if I am not mistaken, hath not yet chosen its Devise. Which Devises (by the way) are a kind of Poetry which we do not derive from the Ancients, for the Hiéroglyphics of the Egyptians were at best only half or imperfect Devises, and Bodies without Souls; whereas regular Devises sometimes express more in one word, than doth a Volume. But there is a great deal of Wit requir'd to find out Subjects proper for the Body of a Devise, and Words or a Soul suitable to it. But of these I hope to treat in some of my next.

That which is prefix'd to this *Miscellany*, among other things, implies, that tho' only one of the many Pieces in it were acceptable, it might gratify every Reader. So I may venture to croud in what follows, as a Cowslip and a Dazy among the Lillies and the Roses.



PIERRE ANTOINE MOTTEUX

also state that Motteux was the designer of the bouquet as well as of the motto.¹

Motteux was a Huguenot *émigré*, who was obliged to leave France in 1685 in consequence of the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. Many of his family and friends took refuge in England with him at the same time. He was then in his twenty-third year² and an accomplished scholar. As a linguist, he possessed peculiar ability, and his knowledge of English was really marvellous. Being a man of natural energy and capacity, in addition to his various accomplishments, he soon acquired a good position in London and became well known to all the best writers of his day. His life was not by any means a reputable one, and seems to have been quite on a par with the general looseness of that age. On the 24th of May he alleged his intention to marry "Mrs. Priscilla

¹ I am perfectly aware of the efforts that have long been made to trace our national motto to "Ex pluribus unum," as used by Saint Augustine in his "Confessions," and to "E pluribus unus" in Virgil's "Moretum," but neither of these is "E pluribus unum," and if it were, there is not one tittle of evidence to show any connection between it and them. "Constare animos et ex pluribus unum facere." — *Confess.* lib. 4, cap. 8. "Color est e pluribus unus." — *Moretum*, v. 103.

It is a fact that the whole range of Latin literature, including even the Humanist writers, does not reveal a single example of the use of the expression "E pluribus unum."

² As this is not the age generally assigned to Motteux, even in Mr. Leslie Stephens' wonderfully able and accurate "New Biographical Dictionary," I give the following proof thereof from the Registry at Rouen, a copy of which is now in my possession.

"Extrait de l'un des Registres de l'État Civil des Protestants tenus en la commune de Petit Querville, près Rouen, déposés au Greffe du Tribunal civil de l'Arrondissement de Rouen.

Février, 1668.

Le dimanche 25 decembre fût baptisé par M. Le Moyne, le fils d'Anthoine le Motteux et d'Isabeau Le Nud, né le jour susdit, dont est parrain Pierre Le Nud et marraine Judith Fourgon, Veuve du defunct Jean Le Motteux, et nommé Pierre Anthoine."

HISTORIC SIDE-LIGHTS

Sherman, of St. Sepulchre, London,"¹ but a thorough ransacking of all the parish records fails to show that he did anything more than that. Probably this was done chiefly to satisfy the scruples of the lady, and not from any sense of propriety, present or to come, on his own part.

Priscilla Sherman is said to have been a great beauty, but Motteux, even as a pseudo, semi-detached husband, was faithless. The upshot of his whole scandalous life was his sudden death in a bagnio in the parish of St. Clement Danes on the 18th of February, 1718. The inmates had got up for the general amusement a mock execution, in which Motteux was the principal performer. Unhappily, just as the climax was reached, a procession hove in sight, the jovial crew ran to see it, and stayed so long that on their return their guest was found to be hung beyond resuscitation and the melodrama changed into a tragedy.²

¹ Extracted from the Principal Registry of the Archiepiscopal See of Canterbury.

VICAR GENERAL'S OFFICE, 24th May, 1700.

Which day appeared personally Peter Anthony Motteux of London, aged 36 years, and alleaged y^e he intendeth to marry w^t Mrs. Priscilla Sherman of St. Sepulchre, London, aged 26 years at her own dispose not knowing nor believing any Impediment by reason of any precontract, Consanguinity, Affinity or any other lawful means w^t soever to hinder y^e intended marriage of y^e truth of y^e premises he made Oath and prayed License for them to be married in y^e parish Church of Bromley in y^e County of Middlesex.

Jurat.

PETER ANTH. MOTTEUX.

The records of the parish Church of Bromley contain no mention of any such marriage for three years after the above date.

² The name of Motteux suggests a little tale which may not be void of interest, tintured with tragedy, to New Yorkers of a generation ago. Pierre Antoine Motteux had a brother Jean, or John, who came to England in 1693. His great-grandson, of the same name, lived to be the last of his race in England, and probably in the world, though the family was once numerous, and died in 1843, a bachelor, leaving enormous wealth, including two mansions in Lon-

MRS. CHARLES SPENCER COWPER

As to the sense of the motto, as understood by Motteux, I find but one reference to it in all the numbers of his periodical, and there are no means of discovering the precise reason that led him to adopt it and thus to abruptly substitute it in place of the classic quotations that had previously adorned the titlepage of each monthly issue. That to him "E pluribus unum" implied "One chosen from many," is plain from the language used in his *Essay on "French Devises."* In the issue for January, 1692-3, the reader will find at the foot of the page given in facsimile this paragraph:—

"But there is a great deal of Wit required to find out Subjects proper for the Body of a Devise, and Words or a Soul suitable to it. But of these I hope to treat in some of

don, large estates in the counties of Norfolk and Surrey and much personal property. All these he bequeathed to Hon. Charles Spencer Cowper, son of the fifth Earl Cowper and uncle of the present earl. One of the above estates was Sandringham, of 7000 acres, which Mr. Cowper in 1861 sold to Prince Albert for £220,000 to provide a country-seat for the Prince of Wales. In 1852 Mr. Cowper married the Countess D'Orsay, who died in 1869. On the 21st of April, 1871, he married, at Florence in Italy, Jessie Mary, only child of Col. Alexander Clinton McLean, of Newburgh, N. Y. She was a great beauty, and had a most distinguished social success in New York, until she went to Europe. March 30, 1879, Mr. Cowper died at Albano, and by his will, dated August 9, 1878, bequeathed all his vast property, both real and personal, including not only his English estates, but the Blessington estates in Dublin and in Tyrone County, Ireland, to his widow, absolutely in fee simple with the exception of an annuity of £300 per annum to her mother. Such devotion had seldom or never been heard of before in England, where the financial results of matrimony generally assume a very different shape, and where, also, the bare possibility of a change of British gold into dollars and cents has always been discountenanced and obstructed in every available way. Of course, the action of Hon. Charles Cowper was bitterly resented by the late Earl and his family, and they soon contrived, for very obvious reasons, to transfer Mrs. Cowper to the well-known asylum for the insane at —— near London, where she is now, with no more prospect of release than the hapless Mrs. Maybrick.

HISTORIC SIDE-LIGHTS

my next. That which is prefixed to this *Miscellany*, among other things, implies, that tho' only one of the many Pieces in it were acceptable, it might gratify every Reader, so I may venture to crowd in what follows, as a Cowslip and a Dazy among the Lillies and the Roses."

This language is farther confirmed by the punctuation of the phrase, where a very legible comma is inserted before the word "unum," with the object of making the sense more definite.

From the facts I have stated it seems clear that we are really, though indirectly, indebted for our motto to the cruel intolerance and bigotry of Louis XIV., — of accursed memory, — for there is no reason whatever to infer that Motteux would have left France but for the revocation of the Edict of Nantes — that bigoted, brutal, and bloody blunder — and "E pluribus unum" would have never been heard of but for his agency. There is, when one comes to think of it, a certain verbal, though merely nominal, resemblance between our motto and that of Louis, which was "Nec pluribus impar," — "Not unequal to many" — with the rising sun in his splendor for a device. This sentiment would be far more appropriate for our nation than its present "sounding brass and tinkling cymbal," especially at the present moment, when we have an expansive and boundless future, while France not only has no future, but is barely able to hold its own.

This vainglorious assumption of the French "son of the sun" and "Lord of the universe" is translated into "Égal à plusieurs" — "Able to cope with several" — by Larousse in his admirable and mostly unimpeachable encyclopaedia. It seems, however, equally unsatisfactory, on the score of Latin, patriotism, or historic accuracy. The king himself, who may naturally be supposed to have known what he meant when he chose his motto,

T H E

Gentleman's Magazine,

O R,

Monthly Intelligencer.

VOLUME I.

For the YEAR M. DCC. XXXI.

CONTAINING,

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|--|---|
| I ESSAYS Controversial, Humorous, and Satirical; Religious, Moral, and Political: Collected chiefly from the Publick Papers. | IV. Births, Marriages, Deaths, Promotions, and Bankrupts. |
| II. Select Pieces of POETRY. | V. The Prices of Goods and Stocks, and Bill of Mortality. |
| III. A succinct Account of the most remarkable Transactions and Events, Foreign and Domestick. | VI. A Register of Books. |
| | VII. Observations in Gardening. |

With proper INDEXES.

By SYLVANUS URBAN, Gent.

PRODESSE & DELECTARE

E PLURIBUS UNUM.



L O N D O N:

Printed by EDW. CAVE, jun. at ST. JOHN'S GATE.



LOUIS XIV

says in his "Mémoires Historiques" that it signified that "I should doubtless suffice to govern other empires than my own, as the sun would enlighten other worlds, if they were exposed to its rays." He admits, however, that some obscurity had been found in the phrase, and also states that "it was suggested to him by those who had observed the ease with which he ruled his kingdom." Henri Martin says, "cette légende est bien fastueuse et surtout obscure et embarrassée." *Histoire de France*, livre lxxxi. p. 167, note. He also relates that Louis delighted to be constantly en évidence as the head-centre and focus of interest, — "le centre et le principe de toutes choses," — and that he was even wont to take a part "in mythological ballets, with attributes borrowed from the sun-god." *Ibid.*

As there is every reason to believe and no reason to doubt that Cave, the founder of the "Gentleman's Magazine," took its title, its first motto, and its bouquet directly from Motteux's "Journal," and that Du Simitiere transferred it thence to our national seal, I desire to devote a few pages to Cave and his production. The first number bore the date Jan. 1, 1731, and during the first seven months of its existence had no motto on the first page, and there was little to remind its readers of its predecessor but the title. In the month of August, 1731, Cave chose the words "Prodesse et delectare," — "To profit and amuse," — adapted from Horace. These continued to appear till the ensuing January, after which neither that nor any other motto adorned any monthly issue. The first annual volume appeared in January, 1732, and some hundreds thereof bore on the titlepage as its only ornaments the motto "E pluribus unum" and the bouquet that accompanied it on the "Journal" of Motteux, both of which he originated. Of this very first edition there are copies in the State

HISTORIC SIDE-LIGHTS

Library of Massachusetts and in the Public Library of Boston.¹ They are of somewhat better workmanship generally than their successors, and the type especially is more clear and legible than in the other editions, showing that they came from an early impression. In a few days the proprietor changed the plan of his title-page in several ways, and transferred the "Prodesse et delectare" from the monthly numbers to the position by the side of "E pluribus unum," which it kept ever after. There was no pretence of acknowledgment to Motteux, or any intimation that Cave did not design the title-page himself, he probably thinking that after the lapse of forty years the former's project had been entirely forgotten, as it probably had been.²

As to the meaning Cave attached to his motto, he nowhere makes any sign, or gives any evidence that he cared, though he was a good Latinist and may naturally be supposed to have had some idea on the subject. At any rate, there seems some reason to infer that he understood it as we in this country generally understand it now, all the more that he would be likely to have given it a different interpretation from that held by the man from whom he appropriated it, and who was a much better scholar in every way than himself, since he could thus lessen his own chances of detection and also add insult to injury. To Cave's new venture it

¹ On the opposite page will be found a photo-copy of the first and of the second annual titlepage of the "Gentleman's Magazine," taken from originals now in the British Museum.

² A similar instance of plagiarism is noticeable in the case of the "Atlantic Monthly," the title to which Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes claimed to have originated, but which was evidently taken from the "Atlantic Magazine," a monthly periodical well known in its day and first published in New York in 1824.

"His usefulness began at once, for he christened the unborn babe, and the name of '*The Atlantic*,' since so famous, was his suggestion." This was in 1857. "Life and Letters of Oliver Wendell Holmes, by John T. Morse, Jr."

T H E

Gentleman's Magazine: OR, TRADE R'S Monthly Intelligencer.

VOLUME the FIRST, for the YEAR 1731.

CONTAINING

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|---|--|
| I. An impartial VIEW of the various <i>Weekly ESSAYS, Controversial, Humorous and Political; Religious, Moral, and Satirical.</i> | IV. The Prices of Goods and Stocks, Bill of Mortality, Bankrupts declar'd, &c. |
| II. Select Pieces of <i>POETRY.</i> | V. A Catalogue of Books and Pamphlets published. |
| III. A concise Relation of the most <i>remarkable Transactions and Events, Domestick and Foreign.</i> | VI. Observations in <i>Gardening,</i> and a List of the Fairs. |
| | VII. A Table of CONTENTS to each Month. |

Together with

An ALPHABETICAL INDEX of the NAMES mentioned throughout the WHOLE, for the easier finding any Occurrence, Death, Marriage, Birth, Promotion, Accident, Adventure, Date, or other Circumstance relating to them.

Collected chiefly from the Public Papers, by SYLVANUS URBAN.

E PLURIBUS

UNUM



LONDON: Printed, and Sold at St John's Gate, by F. Jefferies in Leadenhall Street, and by the Booksellers in Town and Country.

M D C C X X I I .



BARABBAS CAVE

served as a piratical symbol flaunted in the face of his readers to indicate the nature of his freight and the source from which it came. Each number was "one composed of many," *i. e.*, a true buccaneer's cargo plundered from every quarter where any treasure was to be had, and of course without the consent of his numerous victims. Its title must have struck them as the most eminently appropriate that the imagination could conceive, when they thought of the way its contents were collected, and none the less that Cave made no bones of altering and mutilating the various writings he stole, and meanwhile paying not the least attention to the indignant outcries and frantic abuse of those whom he had robbed.

Jan. 18, 1738, we find the following in "Common Sense," one of Cave's chief marauding grounds:—

"We can't help bestowing a Word or two upon the editor of the Gentleman's Magazine, of whom we may truly say he has not only robbed but murdered 'Common Sense.' Not content with stealing every thing he can lay his hands on, he so mangles and defaces what he steals that it is impossible their natural parents should know them. This Butcher bears a most barbarous hatred against every thing that looks like spirit in writing, — an ingenious sentiment has something in it he cannot bear. Wherever he meets a thought of wit, he cuts it off without mercy; he is determined no such thing shall be seen in his Magazine."

This is but a single instance of many similar protests, but Cave was not one to suffer any squeamish sensitiveness to interfere with what he thought the best interests of his publication; and the only practical notice he took of this display of puny spleen was to increase the number of his stolen articles. In 1738 he purloined from "Common Sense" twenty-five of these, — long ones,

HISTORIC SIDE-LIGHTS

too, — and during 1739 these had increased to thirty-five. In this way he punished his helpless victims and brought their impotence more forcibly home to them, while proving that he harbored no ill will for their attacks.

In January, 1738, Cave calls the Grubstreet Journal “that enemy to all works of merit,” though in the course of three years he had appropriated exactly forty-four articles from its columns and used them for his own purposes. The obvious inference is that he thought works of no merit quite good enough for his readers.

Cave cared nothing for abuse and was as thick-skinned as a saddle.

In December, 1737, he coolly offers this reply to those who had complained of his unscrupulous robberies and disfigurations: —

“The Essays, Letters, Verses, etc. sent us are the off-springs of their several Authors’ Brains; if we sometimes take the Liberty to cloath them better, to give them a freer Air, an easier Turn, a more polite Address, that they may be agreeable to the many Persons eminent for their Learning, Wit and Quality, who are our Readers, how can their authors justly blame us? This may serve as an answer to the numerous Clamours of our having curtailed, altered, abridged, etc., etc., some Pieces.”

I have made a careful perusal of every number of the “Gentleman’s Magazine” that was published during the first eighty years of its existence, and the phrase “E pluribus unum” appears but twice in its columns in any connection.¹ The first example is in the prelude to the volume for 1734, which is signed “Lucius” and dedicated “To the author of the Gentleman’s Magazine,

¹ Even when the motto of the “Gentleman’s Magazine” was chosen by the United States, no notice thereof appeared in its columns.

J. SACKETTE

Occasioned by his Motto E Pluribus Unum." The writer of these sixty lines of monotonous doggerel begins with

"Great chymical author! unequal'd in merit,
From their mass you extract all their oyl and their spirit,"

and careers triumphantly onward from this brilliant overture to his final climax,—

"Let the whole make amends, where the charms of the Nine
With the beauties and graces distinguishedly shine;
To your motto most true, for our monthly inspection,
You mix various rich sweets in ONE fragrant collection."

Here the poet leaves his readers, like Timotheus, "placed on high," and to get down again as they best can. He evidently took it for granted that both Cave and his readers understood "E Pluribus Unum" to mean "One composed of many."

The second of these examples of "E pluribus unum" occurs in February, 1747, where an epigram is printed with that phrase for a title. It is in obscure, commonplace, eighteenth-century Latin, and one of the worst epigrams ever written in any tongue. It is signed "J. Sackette,"¹ and reads thus:—

E PLURIBUS UNUM

Plurima sunt numerus; mihi cum sit distichon unum,
Paxim laudatum, mille perire sinam.

The meaning seems to be, —

"The majority are mere ciphers; let one distich of mine be generally praised, I will allow a thousand to perish."

¹ Wishing to obtain a disinterested opinion as to this "elegiac couplet," I submitted it to an eminent Latin scholar at the British Museum and to another equally eminent at Harvard. The former characterized it as "Dog Latin of the unmuzzled order;" the latter wrote: "The sense, if there is any (which I doubt), is obscure. The verses read like some of the nonsense-verses written by school boys as metrical exercises."

HISTORIC SIDE-LIGHTS

Here the sense plainly requires that "E pluribus unum" should signify "One chosen out of many."

J. Sackette was curate of Folkestone, Rector of Hawkinge, and Master of East-bridge Hospital. In 1747 he was seventy years of age. He was a frequent contributor of epigrams, both English and Latin, to Cave's periodical. They were always dull and pointless and often indecent. In spite of his age and his position, his fellow-poetasters were not moved to treat him with much respect. In the Magazine for 1747, vol. xvii., we find a translation of a silly epigram of his entitled "Ad Uxorem," which appeared in April of that year in company with the first advent on the English stage of Miss Polly Baker and her pitiful appeal to the sympathies of the New England Judiciary:—

"Make of our house a bee-hive, spouse!
Be *waspish!* Drones attack!
But be to me a busy bee;
Be *honey to old Sack.*"

Two other glittering brilliants had burst forth from Sackette's pen in the year preceding, which tend to show how much drivelling imbecility can be condensed into a narrow space:—

"One Swallow makes no summer.
Exceeding cold; in frost and snow,
I set my nose to th' rummer;
Till swallow after swallow made
Me almost think 't was summer." (July, 1746.)

EPIGRAM

The pope of Rome has got a maggot,
He must submit to fire and faggot;
But with his holiness's grace,
We 'll have a brush in the first place. (August, 1746.)

THE GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE

It seems sad that the two authors of all this senile verbiage should be the only persons connected with the source of our national motto to refer to it in Cave's columns.¹

It is also still more sad that our motto should have come to us, even indirectly, as a part of the stolen goods of such a notorious character as Edward Cave, and from such a disreputable publication as the "Gentleman's Magazine." The truth is that, what with its unscrupulous and mutilated piracies, its pretended reports of parliamentary debates,² its absurd stories and general vulgarity, its knavish tricks and falsehoods, its silly poetry and ridiculous epigrams, with its numberless other abnormities, embedded like coprolites in its pages, the "Gentleman's Magazine" was a perfect cesspool of vile and unwholesome mediocrity; and there is no exaggeration in saying that it did more to degrade and demoralize its readers than any other publication that was ever issued. From its stolen titlepage, to the dirty doggerel at its end, every number, and every page of every number, took an active part towards debasing the British Philistine and making him worse than he naturally was. As was said by the "London Magazine," *apropos* of some of its vilest features, —

¹ Cave prided himself greatly on his choice collection of epigrams, and his magazine is profusely freckled with them. He was wont to offer substantial inducements that he might secure the very cream of this kind of literature. In January, 1735, we find "Prize Epigram No. 11 on a Gentleman whose Thigh was put out of joint by a Young Lady whom he attempted to kiss, as she was playing on her Spinet."

² Nichols, in his "Literary Anecdotes," states that he saw Dr. Johnson only six days before his death, and it is a satisfaction to know that he said "the only part of his writings which then gave him any compunction was his account of the Debates in the 'Gentleman's Magazine.'" This was much to the great Moralist's credit. Undoubtedly the spectre of Cave haunted him on his death-bed.

HISTORIC SIDE-LIGHTS

"Thy title-page the gilded stool explains,
Where all within is excrement, not brains."¹

These were some of the reasons, undoubtedly, why no copy of the "Gentleman's Magazine" can be traced to the libraries of either Franklin, Jefferson, or Adams. They would not have a copy of it on their premises. And Franklin, familiar as he must have been with "*E pluribus unum*" on its cover, in all probability ignored it as a feature of our seal for the same reasons, and not merely because he had a better one at hand.² He was accustomed to write for the magazine, though very rarely, and he did not take the trouble to see Cave when in England, in spite of his being a fellow-printer. He, also, did praise the work highly, after Cave's death, in his letter to William Strahan, as "in my opinion by far the best," and he did promise to advertise and recommend it "in the papers here at New York, New Haven and Boston," but I can find no proof whatever that he ever did anything to bring it before the people. Certainly, the papers up to 1760 do not contain a single advertisement or mention of the "Gentleman's Magazine," with the single exception of the one I have before mentioned on page 64, not even Franklin's own "Pennsylvania Gazette." The letter to Strahan must

¹ Allibone, in his wonderfully thorough and accurate *Encyclopaedia*, says: "Edmund Burke entitled it [the "Gentleman's Magazine"] 'one of the most chaste and instructive miscellanies of the age.'" I can find no authority for this statement, after a long and careful examination of all the writings of Burke, including his correspondence.

² After the publication in Cave's magazine of the electrical discoveries of Franklin, one of his poets offered some scores of laudatory verses, ending with

"Urban, we own the picture just,
To thee the learn'd their treasures trust,
From every clime to thee consign'd,
For thee they busy ev'ry wind;
Thy rich museum's sacred store
Shall last when Sloan's shall be no more."

THE GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE

have been nothing more than an act of affable and irresponsible conciliation, at which the writer was always an adept.¹

As in the course of time Cave changed his plan from the plunder of other periodicals to the publication of original contributions in his own, the magazine gradually overflowed from year to year with acres upon acres of silly, pretentious trash, the effervescence of mediocre intellects. Whoever had brought forth an indecent epigram or a dirty riddle that could find a refuge nowhere else; whoever had invented a quack medicine, like "the opening pill," or a panacea, like "tar-water;" whoever had unearthed an inscription of dubious meaning and had sought to elucidate it by an explanation based on senseless conjecture that would have driven an intelligent archaeologist into convulsions; whoever had a promising humbug to foist upon the community, like the Centaur, of which there is a most disgusting

¹ If any reader should feel disposed to doubt the truth of my statements in regard to the quality of the "Gentleman's Magazine," he has only to consult the number for June, 1734, p. 328, where he will find "A Riddle," signed "Silvius," that would not be published in any paper of this day and is too obscene even for the pen of Walt Whitman, and if he cares to look farther, he will discover many other effusions, both in prose and verse, equally objectionable and on the same grounds.

This riddle was too much even for one of Cave's scatterbrained, sycophantic poets, and he actually ventured to caution his patron in regard to that and similar contributions. This hint appears in the effusion I have already quoted as illustrating the meaning of our motto, and thus furnishes a second degrading point of contact and suggestion.

"In enigmas lo! some their deep meaning close shut,
Or with artful expressions gild scandal and smut,
With due caution attend to such dissolute pleaders
Nor to humor the worst, pique the best of your readers."

As my readers may easily imagine, the riddle must have been very bad indeed to extort a criticism from such a source. It is not often that Cloacina feels impelled to admonish Cloaca.

HISTORIC SIDE-LIGHTS

picture and a still more disgusting description in the number for April, 1751,—all these charlatans and impostors rushed as with one accord to the “Gentleman’s Magazine,” where they were sure of a cordial and sympathetic welcome from Cave, who gladly added their contributions to his limbo of

“Things without head or tail, or form or grace,
A wild, forced, glaring, unconnected mass.”

Here they were sure to meet another host of hacks and quacks, who had done their part towards cramming the magazine with every product of ambitious incapacity; criticisms silly and absurd, beyond the power of words to describe, and which revealed nothing so much as an utter lack of learning and common sense; translations entirely void of spirit or accuracy; metrical effusions that seemed to be poetry merely because each first line was accentuated with a capital; until each volume was a vast Tom Tiddler’s ground piled high with the refuse of all those who had sought and found full liberty to indulge their weakness for seeing themselves in print and to publish any nonsense that might have come into their heads. By the middle of the century and at the time of Cave’s death, the era of original contributions had reached its zenith, and a cataclysm was rushing on of folly and humbug, that represented every form of pretension that ignorance could incubate, or dulness set forth, or assurance let loose upon the credulity of readers less amply supplied with shallow sciolism than the writers,—descriptions of Noah’s ark, as lucid as mud, “Mr. Whitehurst’s Pyrometer,” “The Plagiarisms of Milton,” “A Map of the Garden of Eden before God destroyed it,” “A receipt for the bloody flux,” “Ode on Daffey’s Elixir,” “The Pig,” “To a Flea,” “To Gin,”—

“Hail, mighty Gin, thou life-preserving dram!”

THE LONDON MAGAZINE

In the issue for February, 1748, p. 86, we find a precious tidbit of ten lines "On the Ladies chewing Tobacco," ending with,—

"For well she knows, she owes to this
The balmy breath, th' ambrosial kiss."

Poems, long and dreary, in Latin and in English, on "Life, Death, Judgment, Heaven and Hell;" pictures of sea-calves, ridiculous in the extreme, with still more ridiculous accounts of their nature and habits; treatises of earthquakes and certain cures for the bite of a mad dog and for cancer; articles on "the advantages of a convent for penitent prostitutes" and

"Old pagan figures, scraps of broken stone,
Strange beasts and monsters that might puzzle Sloan,
And screws and levers, water-works and stuff,"

as one of his admirers candidly admits in the Introduction to the first volume for 1749.

The "London Magazine" of April, 1738, p. 169, thus pays its aromatic compliments to Cave:—

"Confiding in his darts of lead,
And huge reserve of lies,
He vainly trusts his barren head,
And safer science flies:
Industrious to display his puny parts,
He falls by nothing, like his own *best arts*.

"His rivals laugh to see him strain,
Flound'ring thro' thick and thin,
While *Grubstreet* garrets strive in vain
To save him, brib'd with ale and gin:
Unhappy Urban, thou must surely fail,
Whom Grubstreet cannot save *with gin and ale!*

"Collecting, as he used to do,
He may protract his fate,
— Old almanacs and ballads too—
And he can steal debate:
Still will his mangling Magazine be known
By trifles, useful to himself alone."

HISTORIC SIDE-LIGHTS

In June, 1732, we find "The Lady's Dressing-Room" by Dr. Swift, of which the less said the better. This is followed in the next number by "A Panegyric on Cowardice," which ends with an anecdote of the true Cave-ine quality:—

"Fear is really Medicinal. King James First being in great Danger and the medicines prescrib'd him not operating, a Philosopher, reflecting on the wonderous Efficacy of Fear, order'd a Pistol to be fired in his Majesty's Chamber; which answer'd Expectation and saved the King's Life at the small Expense of new Linings to his Breeches."

In 1748 Cave was favored with a new contributor, and it is easy to comprehend the glowing enthusiasm of his welcome when we perceive the quality of the wares he brought; for though a mere youth, he appears to have been a precocious Don Juan. In the month of May we find a poem "On Joseph and Potiphar's Wife by a young Lad at Oakham School. Set him by his master." A few lines out of the fifty are here given as a specimen:—

"Such once was Joseph, when the wily dame,
By lust embolden'd, and by want of shame,
Seiz'd his chaste robe: her eyes that darted fire,
Spoke the fierce impulse of inflam'd desire.
Loose flow'd her tresses, while her open vest
Betray'd the panting beauties of her breast;
Her eager lip and glowing cheek were spread
With unavailing warmth, and conscious red," etc., etc.

Verily the "young Lads" of Oakham School must have been a promising lot, and their master, Rev. John Adcock, M.A., a burning and a shining light, the Eddystone of his profession! One is prompted to exclaim with the poet,—

"Quanta Schola, et magister!
Quis est peior, hic an ista?"

CAGLIOSTRO AND BARNUM

One of his pupils was Dr. Dodd,¹ who was finally executed for forgery. This divine was always a favorite of the fair sex, and liked to comfort the weaker vessel. In spite of his educational advantages, he was not in the least like Joseph. Probably the "Gentleman's Magazine" formed a part of the curriculum of that institution of varied learning, "pour encourager les autres."

To cap the climax of the monstrosities between those pale blue covers came the monthly obituaries that added fresh pangs to those readers who were constrained, like the guilty barrators and peculators in the "Inferno," to look upon the lake of boiling pitch into which they were ere long to be hurled.

All the attractions above cited, and a myriad more, proved that while Cave began his worthless and nefarious career as the Barabbas of his trade, he ended by becoming a mixture of Cagliostro and Barnum, and by unscrupulously pandering to every possible phase of human credulity and ignorance, of vice and weakness.² Void of all natural honor, taste, or decency; hardened by the friction of a rough and vulgar youth, this "dull, oily printer," as Carlyle terms him, had no reluctance to fill his pockets by appealing to every ignoble motive or base temptation that might augment his subscription list. And yet in one of his early numbers he complacently observes, "In the opinion of some booksellers, we give too much for sixpence," and in the issue for August,

¹ Dr. Dodd, as Carlyle describes him in Paris, "in English curricle-and-four, wafted glorious among the principalities and rascals," but too soon, alas! to be drawn on a hurdle to Tyburn.

² In his magazine for April, 1748, p. 184, Cave did not hesitate even to give a base stab to Shakespeare in a distich too dirty for quotation or even perusal.

A similar tribute to "Boston in New England" is to be found in the number for July, 1738, p. 380. It is not quotable.

HISTORIC SIDE-LIGHTS

1731, he says, "Without presuming too much on our own merit, we may venture to affirm that the 'Gentleman's Magazine,' when collected into volumes, will be read by Posterity with equal pleasure, as the best test of the writings of the present age." Cave's vanity was equal to that of Voltaire and Victor Hugo united.¹

In the midst of all this chaotic darkness, I find one solitary gleam of light, for which the "Gentleman's Magazine" deserves due credit and which I desire to perpetuate, so far as it is possible for my pen to do so. It appears in vol. xlv. for the year 1775, when Cave had been dead over twenty years and had been succeeded by David Henry. In the customary poetical address to "Mr. Urban," with which every volume was prefaced, and which in this case was not printed till after Jan. 1, 1776, are the following verses in reference to our Revolutionary War, then so well advanced. They are full of foreboding for the British cause and of enthusiastic augury for our future:—

" Grieved at the past, yet more we fear
The horrors of the coming year.
Ships sunk or plundered, slaughtered hosts,
Towns burnt and desolated coasts.
Yet, sever'd by th' Atlantic main,
Though great, our efforts must be vain :
Resources so remote must fail,
Nor skill, nor valour can prevail :

¹ In the preface of vol. ii., 1741, Cave egotistically refers to the reprinting of his periodical in America, and says: "The 'Gentleman's Magazine' is read as far as the English language extends, and we see it reprinted from several presses in Great Britain, Ireland, and the Plantations."

Mr. George R. Fortescue, the assistant keeper of printed books at the British Museum, who is a most learned and reliable authority on all such subjects, informs me that he is "quite certain that no printed edition of the 'Gentleman's Magazine' was ever brought out in the colonies."

AN INSPIRED POET

When winds, waves, elements and foes,
In vain all human means oppose.
At length, when all these contests cease.
And Britain weary'd rests in peace,
Our sons, beneath yon western skies,
Shall see one vast republic rise.
Another Athens, Sparta, Rome,
Shall there unbounded sway assume ;
Thither her ball shall Empire roll
And Europe's pampered states control,
Though Xerxes ruled and lashed the sea,
The Greeks of old still would be free;
Nor could the power and wealth of Spain
Th' United Netherlands regain."

The writer of these lines seems to have been inspired by a marvellous prophetic foresight and a spirit and acumen that one seeks in vain elsewhere among the contributors to the "Gentleman's Magazine." His name I have been unable to discover. The only wonder is that his verses were allowed to be printed.

They serve to illustrate the truth of what Gibbon calls "the tolerating maxim of the elder Pliny: ' Nullum esse librum, tam malum, ut non ex aliqua parte prodesset,'" — that no book is so bad that profit may not be got from part of it.

The only really great name connected with the "Gentleman's Magazine," during Cave's *régime* was that of Samuel Johnson, whose reports of Parliamentary debates that never took place served to give it a certain life and strength which saved it from putrefaction. Dr. Johnson was "the last of the tories," and in 1778 Boswell informs us that "He said I am willing to love all mankind except Americans, and his inflammable corruption bursting into horrid fire, he breathed out threatenings and slaughter, calling them rascals, robbers and pirates, and exclaiming he'd burn and destroy them."

HISTORIC SIDE-LIGHTS

"Sir, they are a race of convicts and ought to be thankful for anything we allow them short of hanging."

In vol. xlviii. p. 369, the same year with this pulverizing explosion, the "Gentleman's Magazine" printed some "Particulars of the Life and Character of General Washington," signed "An Old Soldier," in which the writer essayed "to damn him with faint praise" and ended with a sneer that was so pungent and amusing as to fix it forever in the memory, like a rankling barb :

"It should not be denied, however, that, all things considered, he really has performed wonders. That he is alive to command an army, or that an army is left him to command, might be sufficient to ensure him the reputation of a great General, if British Generals were any longer what British Generals used to be. In short, I am of the opinion of the Marquis de la Fayette, that any other general in the world than General Howe would have beaten General Washington and any other general in the world than General Washington would have beaten General Howe."

It must be admitted that there is a germ of truth in this criticism, and that many things besides the admitted greatness of Washington must be taken into account in summing up the real sources of our final success.

Baron de Kalb, in a letter to the Count de Broglie dated Nov. 7, 1778 (printed in vol. xxiii. of B. F. Stevens's "Facsimiles of Manuscripts") says: "I do not wish to decry his merit, nor the many good qualities which he possesses, but he is a poor general: his reputation is due to good fortune, to the misconduct, to the blindness of his adversaries, and especially to Providence."

After making every allowance for the wonderful nobility of our great Chief's character — "the best time's best" — for his marvellous endurance, devotion,

WASHINGTON

judgment, common-sense, and bravery, for all those manly qualities, in short, which made him the very backbone of our triumph,¹ we can hardly attribute to him true military genius. And as for the part taken by Providence, if we come to that, we must allow that if it had not been for the death of Braddock and that of Wolfe, Saratoga and Yorktown would never have been heard of, and our independence would have been postponed to the Greek Kalends, for Braddock would most certainly have secured Washington's promotion in the British army, and, waiving that supposition, had Wolfe survived Quebec, he would surely have brought the Burgoyne campaign to a very different issue and probably have ended with the capture of Washington and his forces.

Thus it is pretty clear that we received far more effective aid from Providence *via* Fort Duquesne and Quebec, that is, with some little additional help from

¹ As Mr. Goldwin Smith has written of Washington with such truth and acumen,—

"History has hardly a stronger case of an indispensable man. His form, like all other forms of the Revolution, has no doubt been seen through a golden haze of panegyric. We can hardly number among the greatest captains a general who acted on so small a scale, and who, though he was the soul of the war, never won a battle. In that respect Carlyle, who threatened to take George down a peg or two, might have made good his threat. But he could not have stripped Washington of any part of his credit for patriotism, wisdom, and courage; for the union of enterprise with prudence; for integrity and truthfulness; for simple dignity of character; for tact and forbearance in dealing with men; above all, for serene fortitude in the darkest hour of his cause and under trials from the perversity, insubordination, jealousy, and perfidy of those around him severer than any defeat.

"An English gentleman sees in Washington his idea as surely as he does not see it in Franklin, Samuel Adams, or Patrick Henry. It has been truly said that Washington and Wellington have much in common." — *The United States, an Outline of Political History*, 1898, p. 96.

HISTORIC SIDE-LIGHTS

the French, than we got at a later date from Louis XVI. and all his ministry and his troops. Queerly enough, in 1755 and 1759, the Colonists imagined that the French were fighting against them. Verily the great things of Providence, as Job says, "are past finding out." When Adams wrote in October, 1755, about "removing the turbulent Gallics," he was far from foreseeing the future, and evidently knew as little about Providence and his plans as Warburton did about Moses. This merely proves that nothing can be safely predicted in this world but death and taxes. It is a great encouragement in various ways to poor humanity. As Cowper says,

"Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take,
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercies, and shall break
In blessings on your head."

And so it came to pass that the clouds, both of death in defeat and of death in victory, were but the lowering mists that obscured for a time the far-off brightness of a glorious dawn.

Some time after Cave's death a portrait, printed by Kyte in 1740, was engraved by C. Grignion. See Gent. Mag. Aug. 1856. It was thought a good likeness, and it bore the following inscription: —

"Edward Cave, ob. 10 Jan., 1754, aetat. 62.
The first Projector of the Monthly Magazines.

"Th' invention all admired, and each how he
To be th' Inventor miss'd.'"

The quotation was most felicitous. The lines are from the sixth book of "Paradise Lost," which narrates the defeat of the rebel angels. "Th' Inventor" was Satan, and "th' invention" that "hollow engine, pregnant with

OUR NATIONAL MOTTO

infernal flame," which "disgorged its devilish glut, chained thunderbolts and hail," to the discomfiture of Michael and his heavenly host. It was from Satan's "magazine" that its ammunition came. As a fitting climax to Cave's unsavory career, one may well quote the epitaph of Baron Zaehdarm in "Sartor Resartus,"

"Si monumentum quaeris,
Finetum adspice."

We have been singularly unfortunate in our choice of a motto, and it would be difficult to find one more infelicitous or more inappropriate for a great nation than "E pluribus unum." Surely nothing could be more unbecoming or more insignificant, more prosaic or uninteresting; a motto of modern, plebeian, and non-classic origin, with no literary or historic associations, and which is no older than the last decade of the seventeenth century; a motto utterly void of all religious or moral tone, or of any patriotic or inspiring sentiment; a motto that may mean either union or disunion, according to one's sympathies, and which, unhappily, meant the latter in the mind of its originator; a motto that might have well served for the use of Jefferson's seceding "country" during the War of the Rebellion; a motto that was compiled by one French refugee of dubious character, who was finally killed in a brothel, and that was bestowed upon the United States by another French refugee, who denied all allegiance to the nation that sheltered and protected him, and who "conveyed" it from the titlepage of the "Gentleman's Magazine," the publisher of which (who was the literary robber of his day and had stolen the motto from another periodical) lived by the plunder and maiming of other helpless publications, and by the printing of original stories and poetry so filthy that they would not at the present

HISTORIC SIDE-LIGHTS

day be tolerated in any house in Christendom above the rank of a bagnio.¹

The facts I have presented show clearly how little value the congressional fathers of '76 attached to a national motto, in spite of its natural import and of the prolific vigor that might well have been infused into it by those who so pre-eminently

“Knew the seasons when to take
Occasion by the hand and make
The bounds of freedom wider yet.”

In truth, the whole matter seems to have been discussed, if it were discussed at all, in a hasty, perfunctory way and then dismissed and forgotten. “*E pluribus unum*” was finally adopted as an easy solution of the question, and simply because it happened to accompany a plausible and taking sketch of a coat of arms. Franklin was the only member of the committee, or of Congress, who offered any suggestion at all, and this partly owing, as I have said, to the fact that he had an eminently fit and characteristic motto at hand. As to his colleagues, their silent indifference to that part of their duties proved that, whatever significance they might attach to the seal itself, the motto they regarded merely as a necessary but trivial appendix. It is impossible to avoid a feeling of regret at this lack of interest when

¹ Our national flag has every claim upon the pride of our people, as an original, beautiful, and picturesque creation. It is worthy in every way of the graphic and noble lines in which the poet Drake has glorified and idealized it. But it will be a long time ere any poet will try to portray the beauties of *E pluribus unum*.

To the rest of the unseemly discrepancies of our motto may be added the fact that it may also signify “One of the dead,” or “One composed of the dead.” This is apparent from the works of Plautus, a master of the Latin tongue, who uses it in this sense. In the “Trinummus,” act ii. sc. 2, v. 29, Philito says to his son: “Quin me ad plures penetravi prius?” — “Why have I not rather descended to the dead ere this?”

GREAT POSSIBILITIES

one reflects on what they might have done, and on the greatness of their opportunity to aid a young and struggling nation by adding to its insignia one at least of "those thoughts that breathe and words that burn" which had been bequeathed by the past for their learning, and, like "that large utterance of the early gods," were still the inspiration of those who know. To say nothing of the offering from Franklin's pen, think of the many ennobling sentiments that must have been present in their minds, and especially at a time when the treasures of the past were so freely drawn upon for the adornment of a new future, and the noble dead were invoked for the enrichment of the noble living; golden maxims from the lips of Euripides, Cato, Marcus Aurelius, Bacon, Shakespeare, Milton, Sydney, and the long bead-roll of heroic souls with a capacity for great thoughts; thoughts "that on the stretched foresinger of all time sparkle forever;" thoughts that had been mighty incentives to glorious sacrifices; that had nerved heroes to deeds of high emprise; that had been the reminders of a stately past and the rallying cries of those who had worthily died for Liberty, and thus consecrated themselves in their final moments to mankind, as an abiding destiny and the embodiment of great ideas.

Even the humble Canton of Uri, exalted by an honorable and lofty ambition and confiding in the merits of a righteous cause, assumed for its motto, "Pro Deo, fide et libertate facere et ferre"—"To do and to endure for God, faith and liberty." How true to his own motto was the greatly daring Bradshaw! "Non nobis solum nati sumus,"—"We are not made for ourselves alone." How grand was the "Manus haec inimica tyrannis,"¹ that Algernon Sydney audaciously wrote in the

¹ "Manus haec inimica tyrannis" ought to have been the motto of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, instead of "Ense petit placidam sub libertate quietem."

HISTORIC SIDE-LIGHTS

album at Copenhagen, and thereby offered abundant proof of the intrepidity inspired by his own motto, "Sanctus amor patriae dat animum,"— "The sacred love of country gives courage." Who can read the motto of Wellington without recalling the mutual lustre, as "with interchange of gift," that glorified both him and it? "Virtutis fortuna comes,"— "Fortune the companion of manly valor,"— or that with which Nelson was similarly endowed, "Palmam qui meruit ferat,"— "Let him who has earned the prize bear it away;" both mottoes eminently befitting the sons of that nation to which Edward I. bequeathed his famous "Dieu et mon droit."

But when we come to "E pluribus unum" as the symbolic badge of a mighty nation, what have we to offer? Is there any "large utterance" in that? Is there any suggestion of a great ideal or of a national destiny that urges us from better up to best? Was any one ever stimulated to heroic deeds by this "imperfect speaker"? Did any one ever fight for this *nullius filius*, this bastard issue of dubious antecedents? Did any one ever die, or is any one likely to do so, with these words on his lips? Did any one ever derive aid or comfort from their stale and lifeless forms? To all these questions there is but one inevitable answer, and

dam sub libertate quietem." The former was admitted by Algernon Sydney himself to have come from his pen, while the latter was not, and it was, moreover, a most appropriate sentiment for a young republic founded on a hatred of tyrants. The latter phrase, on the contrary, is a mere unmeaning appendix in its present position, and its attendant emblems make it particularly absurd. Who seeks a tranquil repose? The Indian, of course, which is ridiculous. An Indian would be much more likely to make a solitude with his tomahawk and scalping-knife and call it peace. Who ever heard of an Indian with a sword? The whole design is a silly incongruity, almost as much so as the missing link with a curiously curved tail on some of our colonial notes.

OUR NATIONAL MOTTO

every citizen who has the best interests of his country at his heart must regret that our present motto was so unfortunately chosen and is so utterly unfit for a great republic. Its sentiment is contradicted by the very eagle that bears it aloft in lurid triumph towards the eternal stars, the unworthy nucleus of a glory bestowed upon it merely by the force of inauspicious and irresponsible happenings.

HISTORIC SIDE-LIGHTS

SUPPLEMENT

IN the fifty-seventh note of the first volume of this work I have noticed a prevalent report that President Bradshaw was buried in Jamaica. The exertions of a valued relative in England have since furnished me with the following letter from the pen of Bryan Edwards, the historian, which throws some light upon the obscurity of that transaction. It appears from the inquiries I have made, that there are still extant two patents of land, situated near the town of Martha Brae, in the name of James Bradshaw, and which were surveyed June 4th, 1688, one for 250 acres, the other for 650. Within their confines is a high hill which is marked and still known by the name of Gun Hill. On that hill three estates are now united and possessed by George Cunningham and Edward Atherton, Esqrs., namely Green Park, Greenside, and Maxfield. On the plat of the late William Campbell the gun itself is laid down; and the old negroes affirm that they have seen it; but the industry of the Crown surveyors who went over the land a few years since did not discover it. Nor is it extraordinary that the luxuriant growth of vegetation and its rapid decomposition around the spot should have long since concealed even so imperishable an object from the eye of a superficial observer.

The original of the following letter is in the possession of a branch of the ancient and respectable family of the Bradshaws, who possess property at Chipping Sodbury in Gloucestershire, and in whose hands are deposited the documents which ordained the execution of the first Charles.

JANUARY 13, 1775.

MY DEAR SIR,—I have great pleasure in obeying your commands in regard to the epitaph I told you of on John Bradshaw.

SUPPLEMENT

The circumstances of his burial in Jamaica are said to be these : The President died in England a year before Cromwell. His son,¹ James Bradshaw, seeing from the general spirit which began to prevail, that the restoration of the royal line would probably take place on the Protector's death, and being well assured on that event that such of the late king's judges as should be then living could have little hopes of safety, was apprehensive that even the grave would not protect his father's ashes from insult ; and having many friends and relatives among Cromwell's soldiers who had lately settled in Jamaica on the conquest of that island from the Spaniards, he embarked thither with his father's corpse, which the soldiery on his arrival interred with great honor on a very high hill near a harbor now called Martha Brae, and placed a cannon on the grave by way of memorial. James' apprehensions were well grounded, for the parliament, on the restoration, ordered the bodies of Cromwell, Ireton, and Bradshaw to be dug up and hung up at Tyburn,— a foolish and impotent mark of vengeance, which

¹ Bradshaw had no legitimate children. He bequeathed the most of his property, which had nearly all been given to him by Parliament for his services, to his wife for her life, and afterwards to his nephew Henry, the eldest son of his brother of the same name. Mrs. Bradshaw died before her husband, but his nephew did not enjoy his estates more than a few months, for the Restoration quickly deprived him of them. Hasted, in his "History of Kent," 1782, vol. II. p. 340, states that Bradshaw owned "the estate of Somerhill, alias Tunbridge," and that "he was succeeded in it by his natural son," but he gives no authority for this assertion, though generally exact and painstaking. Bradshaw's will, which is published *verbatim* by Earwaker, contains no mention whatever of any natural son, or of any James Bradshaw, and Hasted fails to suggest in what way an illegitimate child could acquire a title to any landed property without the aid of some such instrument. Undoubtedly the "natural son" was as mythical as the epitaph, and was the invention of the Royalists, who started many similar malicious fables after Bradshaw's death, not only about him, but concerning Cromwell and other prominent leaders. See "Life of Mr. Cleveland, a Natural Son of Oliver Cromwell." Five volumes, and all pure invention.

"The chief mourner at his funeral was Henry Bradshaw, Esq., Nephew of the deceased." From "East Cheshire, Past and Present," by J. P. Earwaker, 1880. This writer is highly commended in the "Academy," vol. xviii., p. 259, for "his earnest and conscientious carefulness." "His statements or conclusions should be accepted without reserve or hesitation."

HISTORIC SIDE-LIGHTS

however, the remains of Bradshaw, through the pious care of his son, fortunately escaped. Certain it is that the body of Bradshaw could not be found in Westminster Abbey, where it was supposed to be buried.

Such is the tradition which prevails in Jamaica; but, though I always entertained a great respect for the memory of this distinguished person, as well from the firmness and ability which he displayed on the king's trial as from his uniform conduct and steady virtue in his opposition afterwards to the tyranny of Cromwell, yet I should have treated the tradition as wholly fabulous, had not a gentleman, of strict honor and veracity, now living in Jamaica, assured me that in consequence of it he had caused a search to be made for the cannon said to be placed on the grave, which *he actually found on the reputed spot*. The place is now so entirely covered with wood that he believes no human footstep has trod there for a century past, and it is clear that a great exertion of human strength, which is seldom bestowed (voluntarily at least) in such a climate on trivial occasions, must necessarily have been employed in placing the cannon where it lies. This gentleman found also, by searching the public records, that the land was afterwards patented in the name of James Bradshaw.

On this concurrent testimony it was proposed to erect a cenotaph to the President's memory; and the lines which I repeated to you were intended by way of inscription, a copy of which you have herewith. I wish this account may give you satisfaction, being with great regard, etc., etc.,

BRYAN EDWARDS.

Stranger,
Ere thou pass, contemplate this marble;

Nor regardless be told
that near its base lies deposited
the dust of

JOHN BRADSHAW,

who nobly superior to all selfish regards,
despising alike what the world calls greatness
the blast of calumny and the terrors of returning vengeance,

presided in that illustrious band

of Heroes and Patriots,

who openly, and fairly, adjudged
Charles Stuart, King of England,
to a public and exemplary death;

thereby presenting to the astonished world,
and transmitting down through applauding ages,

SUPPLEMENT

the most glorious instance of unshaken virtue,
love of freedom and impartial justice,
ever exhibited
on the blood-stained theatre of human action.
Oh! Reader!
pass not on till thou hast blessed his memory;
and never forget
that rebellion to Tyrants is obedience to God.

INDEX

- ACTA Sanctorum, 78.
Adams, C. F., 34 n.; on Gibbon, 107.
Adams, John, seconds resolution, 1; on the committee for designing a seal, 2; on expansion, 33 n.; dissertation on the Canon and Feudal Law, 34 n.; on the Canon Law, 73 n.; his veracity, 119; attitude towards Franklin, 120-121; Charles I., 121; Cromwell, 121; the Pentateuch, 134; Franklin, 134; the great seal, 153-154; Moses, 163; Rev. Mr. Duffield, 165; New York politics, 173; Hercules, 184-185, 188, 216; teaching at Worcester, 199; Virtue, 234; Bradshaw, 242 n.; Jeremy Gridley, 253-255; on the publication by Hollis of his Dissertation, 254; Jefferson and the Declaration of Independence, 267 n.; Wythe, 272; Wythe's friendship, 273 n.; sketch seen by, 283; the turbulent Gallics, 310; Providence, 310.
Adams, John Quincy, and Moses, 166; the Pentateuch, 171; Old Testament, 171-172; philology, 173.
Adams, Mrs., on Shakespeare, 21 n.; in England, 23 n.; grave of Thomas Hollis, 249 n.
Adcock, Rev. John, and Oakham School, 304.
Adeimantus and the gods, 197 n.
Aguinaldo, 33 n.
Allen, Andrew H., librarian, 157 n.; Lossing's sketch, 284.
Amberly, Viscount, and Ananias and Sapphira, 129 n.
America, prophecy about, in "Gentleman's Magazine," 308.
American Antiquarian Society, 63-64.
American Philosophical Society, seal of, 269 n.
American poets and their deference, 18.
Anabasis, the, 193-194.
- Ananias and Sapphira, 128 n., 129 n.
Anderson, J. M., librarian of St. Andrews, 54.
Annet, Peter, and Polly Baker, 150.
Apocalypse and Daniel, 87.
Argyle, Duke of, and the Scotch, 45.
Arnold, Matthew, and sweet reasonableness, 135.
Astor library, 80.
"Atlantic Magazine" and "Atlantic Monthly," 294 n.
Atwater, W. O., and pork and beans, 182 n.
Augustus, Virgil, and Dante, 23 n.; Jefferson, 270 n.; royal family of England, 270 n.
Aurora, the, and Professor Draper, 47.
BAGPIPE, 35-38; versus dulcimer, 36.
Baird, Dr. Patrick, and Franklin, 55, 56 and n.
Baker, W. S., and Boston medal, 156 and n.
Bancroft and Declaration of Independence, 2.
Barlow, Mr., and the camel, 31 n.; Boston, 32.
Barlow, Joel, and Franklin, 161 n.
Barr, Mrs., and "A Sister to Esau," 44 n.
Barton, E. M., librarian, 64.
Baskerville's Virgil to Harvard, 67 and n.; Dr. Johnson, 68 n.
Bass Rock and the Scotch, 43.
Bayne, T. Vere, and the Oxford records, 93 and n.
Bay Psalm Book, 27-31.
Beacon Street and Bacon Street, 182 n.
Beans, and pork, 179 and n.; Saint Chrysostom, 179; Professor Putnam, 180 n.; Excelsior, 181 and n.; the Church, 181 n.; the New England clergy, 182; Pliny, 183; the camel, 234.

INDEX

- Beattie and Hume, 116.
 Beatty, Rev. Mr., and Franklin, 140-141.
 Beethoven and Voltaire and Theodore Parker, 124.
 Belly, the source of all military operations, 6.
 Benedict XIII., founder of St. Andrews, 3.
 Berkeley, Mrs. E. T., 7.
 Berkeley, George M., and his poems, 7.
 Bever, Thomas, and Franklin at Oxford, 97.
 Bigelow, John, and Franklin's works, 60.
 Birch, Thomas, and Franklin, 104 and n., 105.
 Birnam Wood and Shakespeare, 12.
 Blackburne, Rev. Mr., and Hollis Memoirs, 249.
 Bodleian Library, book given by Franklin, 4 n.; annals by Macray, 22 n.; its deserted halls, 81 and n.; book given by Franklin, 100 and n.
 Bollandist Fathers and the Acta Sanctorum, 78.
 Bona, Cardinal, and the bean, 181 n.
 Boston, and its self-amplification, 32; Emerson, 83 n.; motto, 23 n.; doctors of its past, 87; Dr. Spence, 55; Public Library, 107 and n.; its bawdry, 182 n.; Cave's insult, 305 n.
 Boswell and Xenophon, 193.
 Boucicault, Mme., and her soul of goodness, 204 n.
 Bowdoin, James, to Franklin, 59.
 Bowring, Sir John, and the Scotch, 43, 44.
 Boozzy in Edinburgh, 11.
 Braddock and Washington, 309.
 Bradley, Henry, and "publisher," 103; meaning of "sincerity," 119; the Bradshaw epitaph, 260.
 Bradshaw and Cromwell, bodies of, 244 n.
 Bradshaw and Hancock, 242, 243 and n.; Adams, 242 n.; Milton, 243; Franklin, 245.
 Bradshaw's epitaph, 238 and n.; President Stiles, 274-278.
 Brandis and Xenophon, 193.
 Breeches, Boswell on, 35; Johnson, 35.
- Bridges, Rev. George, and the epitaph, 246.
 Brinley, George, and Bay Psalm Book, 29 n.
 British Museum, 14; Franklin's works, 19; "Historical Review," 104; Franklin's gift, 104; bust of Hercules, 211.
 Broderick, History of Oxford, 81 n.
 Brooks, Bishop, at court, 17.
 Bunker Hill and the Scotch, 12 and n.
 Bunyan and Moes, 161 and n.; Pilgrim and the Slough of Despond, 31; the hog, 178 n.
 Burk, History of Virginia, and epitaph, 262.
 Burke, and George III., 14; Gibbon, 109, 111; "Gentleman's Magazine," 300 n.
 Burleigh, Lord, in "The Critic," 229.
 Burney, Miss, and George III., 21; the royal bath, 34 n.
 Burns, and Bunker Hill, 12; Franklin, 12.
 Butler, Mrs. Fanny Kemble, and Ruskin, 42 n.
- CAMBRIDGE in Indianese, 30 n.
 Cambridge, University of, and LL.D., 72-76.
 Camel, the, 31 and n.; Mr. Barlow, 32; Virtue, 234.
 Canning, George, and fee, 82 n.
 Canon Law and Henry VIII., 73; Adams on, 73 n.
 Canton, Mr., and Franklin, 104.
 Carlyle, Dr. Alexander, 5; Franklin, 46 and n.
 Carlyle, Thomas, and the Queen, 18 n.; Scotch thirst, 39 n.; lawyers, 79 n.; Gibbon, 112 n.; the human face, 113; Newman, 125; the Jews, 132; Disraeli, 132; King John and Rothschild, 133; at Edinburgh, 163; Ruskin, 171 n.; talk, 204 n.; Prodigus, 205 n.
 Cato and Franklin, 68 n.; Logan's translation, 68 n.
 Cave, Edward, and "New England Magazine," 65-66; Louisburg, 140 n.; Polly Baker, 143-148; William Smith, 145; Annet, 150-151; insult to Shakespeare and Boston, 305 n.; portrait and epitaph, 258 n.

INDEX

- Characteristicks, new edition, 225.
 Chase, Samuel, letter from Adams, 154.
 Chatham, Lord, and Continental Congress, 1; bust at Harvard College, 67.
 Chauncey, Rev. Charles, and Louisburg, 139, 140 *n.*; Moses and his laws, 163.
 Chauvelin, Abbé, and Mme. de Genlis, 112.
 Chicago and the hog, 176.
 Churchill and Oxford degrees, 85 *n.*
 Circourt, M. de, and the Scotch, 41.
 Claret and Dr. Johnson in Scotland, 38.
 Clarke, Prof. E. C., and LL.D., 4 *n.*; legal studies, 76 *n.*
 Clive's degree from Oxford, 84 *n.*; at court, 89.
 Colenso and Moses, Stanley and the Archbishop of Canterbury, 165 *n.*
 Colonial intelligence, 259.
 Committee on Great Seal, debates of, 279, 280.
 Compass, and Duke of Sussex, 19 and *n.*; Lablache, 20 *n.*
 Continental Congress, and Lord Chatham, 1; resolution, 1; Declaration of Independence, 2; Franklin, 2.
 Copley medal to Franklin, 57 *n.*
 Coste, Pierre, 219, 220.
 Court, the English, 17.
 Cowper, the Hon. Charles Spencer, his marriage, 291 *n.*
 Cox, Memoirs of Oxford, 82 *n.*
 Cromwell and Bradshaw, their bodies disinterred, 244 and *n.*
 Crowninshield, Edward A., and the Bay Psalm Book, 29 *n.*
 Culloden and Duke of Cumberland, 257.
 Cumberland, Duke of, detested, 24; the Scotch, 26; Thomas Hollis, 257 and *n.*; Cave, 258 and *n.*
 Cushing, Judge William, and his A.M., 71.

 DANIEL, and the bagpipe, 36, 38; Father Pusey and Newton, 37 and *n.*; as explained by the Apocalypse, 37; his cornucopia, 37 *n.*; a legend, 172.
 Dante, and Augustus, 23 *n.*; the Inferno, 123.
 David and Goliath, 172.
 D.C.L. among the saints, 78.

 Deane, Silas, and Polly Baker, 149.
 Declaration of Independence, 2; the Scotch, 11; Jefferson and Adams, 267 *n.*
 "Decline and Fall," in Massachusetts, 107 and *n.*; Ruskin's view, 108.
 Deffand, Mme. du, and Gibbon, 113 *n.*
 Degrees in general at the present day, 78.
 Delany, Mrs., life and correspondence, 15.
 Delaval, Mr., and Franklin, 104.
 Depew, Hon. C. M., and the American hog, 174, 175.
 Deuteronomy and Moses, 164.
 Dexter, Franklin B., librarian of Yale, 50; essay on Goffe and Whalley, 277.
 Dido and Franklin, 105.
 Disraeli, Benjamin, and Dr. Birch, 104 *n.*; on Shenstone's poem, 189.
 Disraeli, Lord Beaconsfield, and Carlyle, 132; as a Jew, 113 *n.*; Sir Robert Peel, 134 *n.*
 Dodd, Dr. William, in Paris, 305 and *n.*
 Dominus, meaning of, 96 and *n.*
 Dooley, Mr., on kings, 16 *n.*
 Dorsetshire, English, 16 *n.*
 Draper, Professor, and electricity, 47.
 Dryden and his seraphs, 125.
 Dubourg, Franklin's letter to, 34.
 Dudley, Paul, and Polly Baker, 148–148.
 Duff, Grant, and the Scotch, 43.
 Duffield, Rev. Mr., and Adams, 165.
 Dumpling, and Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, 20 *n.*; George III., 20, 22 and *n.*; Queen Victoria, 20 *n.*
 Dunciad and Oxford students, 80 *n.*, 83.
 Duncombe, William, and Prodigus, 188.
 Du Simitière, the Boston medal and other sketches, 155–158; seal of Virginia, 264; seal of U. S., first sketch, 282; second sketch, 283.
 Dyer, Major, and statue of George III., 25 *n.*

 EARL, Alice M., and baked beans, 179 *n.*
 Earwaker, East Cheshire, 242 *n.*
 Edinburgh, in the eighteenth century, 11; Franklin at, 45–48, 91; University of, and its degrees, 84, 85; Gibbon, 91.

INDEX

- Edwards, Bryan, and the Bradshaw epitaph, 246; letter, 247.
 Eldon, Lord, and the speech of George III, 16 and n.
 Electricity at St. Andrews and in Scotland, 55.
 Eliot, John, and Bay Psalm Book, 30; Indian Bible, 30 n.
 Elizabeth, Princess, on going to church, 7; her marriage, 7 n.
 Emerson and Boston, 38 n.; Satan, 202 n.
 Epitaph, Bradshaw's, 238-240; H. Bradley on, 261.
 "E pluribus unum," 63-65.
 Erskine at St. Andrews, 64.
 Examinations at Oxford, 85 n.
 Expansion, Adams and others on, 170.
 "Experiments and Observations," gift to Harvard, 67.
- FAITHFUL** and Moses, 161 and n.
 Farebrother, Rev. Mr., and Prodigus, 206.
 Fees at Oxford, 82.
 Figaro and mendacity, 128.
 Fiske, Professor John, and union, 268 n.
 Flag of our union, 312 n.
 Forbes, President, and tea in Scotland, 39.
 Ford, Paul L., and Franklin Bibliography, 60 and n.
 Foster's "Alumni Oxon." and LL.D., 76 n.
 Fothergill, Dr., and his preface to "New Experiments," 180.
 Fox, and "The Decline and Fall," 108, 109; poem, 110.
 Franklin, and the Declaration of Independence, 2; in the Continental Congress, 2; the great seal, 2; his LL.D., 3; meaning of LL.D. and J.U.D., 3 and 4 n., 72, 73 and n.; fame in Scotland in 1797, 9; liking for Wilkes, 12, 13; George III., 13; his two charmers, 14 n.; Mrs., and her spelling, 14 n.; works, ed. of 1818, 19; Duke of Sussex, 19 n.; his air-bath and his soap, 27; aerated nudity, 33, 34; St. Andrews and its poverty, 39; Edinburgh, 45; Glasgow and St. Andrews, 45-48; Hume, 47; Adam Smith, 49; Dr. Baird, 55, 56; St. Andrews, 56 and n.; his "New Experiments," 57, 59-61; list of LL.D.'s, 57; Copley medal, 57 n.; gift to St. Andrews, 57, 58; "The Interest of Great Britain Considered," 62, 63; letter to William Strahan, 64 n.; "Gentleman's Magazine," 64 n.; degree from Harvard, 66; Baskerville's Virgil, 67; Cicero, 68 n.; Logan's Cato on Old Age, 68 n.; vote of Harvard, 68; diploma, 68-71; his LL.D. and Mr. Sibley, 72; at Oxford, 80, 82, 92-100; works, 99, 102 n.; letter to Dr. Birch, 104; Gilpin and Dido, 105; Adam Smith and Robertson, 106; Gibbon, 106; as an author, 106 n.; "le Sieur" and Gibbon, 116; truth, 117, 128; Poor Richard, 117; Polly Baker, 118; Horace Walpole, 118; the Virtues, 128; Job, 120 n.; Swedenborg and his angels, 121; truth in Old Testament, 128; his religion, 134-136; the devil, 135 and n.; Renan, 137; prayer, 137-141; the great seal, 153, 154, 158; Moses, 162; the hog, 183 n.; Hercules, 184-185; Prodigus, 187, 189, 191, 192; his style and the epitaph, 245; Thomas B. Hollis, 252; in England, 252; memoirs, 252; anonymous authorship, 260 n.; Polly Baker, 260 n.; epitaph on himself, 263 n.; examination in 1766, 263 n.; philosopher, 275; praised in the "Gentleman's Magazine," 300 n.; praises "Gentleman's Magazine," 300.
- Franklin, William, and his degree at Oxford, 93, 94, 98 n.
 Frederick the Great, and the belly, 6; Thomas Hollis, 266.
 Frederick, son of George II., 24.
 Freeman and Xenophon, 194.
 French language and the Duke of Wellington, 22 n.
 Froude and his apothegm, 6.
 Furtwängler and Hercules, 209.
- GAGE**, General, and the burning of Portlund, 238.
 Gallio and the Scotch, 44 n.
 Garrick, Mrs., dinner, 256 n.

INDEX

- Genlis, Mme. de, and Gibbon, 112;
 Mémoires, 112.
 Gensano Hercules, 211.
 "Gentleman's Magazine," and the
 "New England Magazine," 64, 65;
 Franklin, 64 n.; "E pluribus unum,"
 293; character of, 294; Dr. Johnson,
 299 n., 307; Edmund Burke, 300 n.;
 praises Franklin, 300 n.; contents and
 dirty poetry, 301; never republished
 in America, 306 n.; inspired prophecy
 about America, 306; Washington,
 308.
 George II., and Dr. Young, 14; Dr.
 Young's sermons, 21; Pope, 23; his
 father's will and his son Frederick,
 24.
 George III., and Franklin, 13; Wilkes,
 13; "Gentleman's Magazine," 13 n.;
 his characteristics, 13; spelling, 14;
 Scotch subjects, 14; note-book, 14, 15;
 Walt Whitman, 15 n.; Lord Eldon,
 16; Miss Port, 15; St. Paul's, 16;
 Duke of Sussex, 18; dumpling, 20;
 lightning-rods, 20 n.; Shakespeare,
 21; statue and epitaph by Landor, 25
 and n.; his bath, 34 n.; London
 society, 91.
 Georges, Thé, en masse, 24; Landor's
 epitaph, 24.
 Gibbon, at Oxford, 80 n., 83 n.; the
 United States, 83 n.; letter, 90;
 Franklin, 106, 110, 141; Mémoires,
 106 n.; Paris, 106, 107; Charles F.
 Adams, 107; Ruskin, 108; his fame,
 108; his "place," 109; Burke, 109;
 Fox, 109; Lord North, 110 and n.;
 gestation, 111; fatness, 111; at Lau-
 sanne, 111 n.; Mme. de Crouzas, 112;
 Raynal, 112 n.; Carlyle, 112 n.; on
 horseback, 112; Reynolds' portrait,
 113; features, 113; Mme. du Deffand,
 113 n.; silhouette, 114; pamphlet,
 115; America, 115; Wilkes, 116; the
 Virgin Mary, 208 n.
 Gilpin, John, and Franklin, 105.
 Girardin, Professor, epitaph, 282; Wythe
 and the seal of Virginia, 274.
 Gladstone and Homer, 194 n.; Hercu-
 les, 196.
 Glasgow, Franklin at, 45, 48.
- God of the Jews, 130, 131.
 Goffe, William, and President Stiles, 278.
 Gookin, Daniel, and the Indians, 180 n.
 Gray, F. C., and the sow, 177 n.
 Gray, Sir James, LL.D., 57.
 Great Seal of the United States, 279;
 report of committee, 281; second
 description, 282; in "Harper's Mag-
 azine," 283; Du Simitiere, 284.
 Gribelin and Shaftesbury, 225-227.
 Gridley, Jeremy, and Adams, 253, 255.
 Guizot and Acta Sanctorum, 78.
- HANCOCK and Bradshaw, 242.
 Harcourt, Lady, and Princess Elizabeth,
 17 n.
 "Harper's Magazine," article by
 Lossing, 283.
 Harrison, Frederic, and Gibbon, 83 n.
 Harvard College, Veritas, 33 n.; St.
 Andrews degree, 62 n.; its A.M. to
 Franklin, 66; Franklin's gifts, 67;
 LL.D., 77; Oxford, 80 n.
 Hawaii and the hog, 183 n.
 Hebe and Hercules, 197.
 Heidelberg and its J.U.D., 77.
 Helvetius, Mme., and her spelling, 14.
 Hemans, Mrs., and the Pilgrim Fathers,
 28.
 Hengist and Horsa, 158 n., 159 n.
 Henry V. and the "soul of goodness,"
 204 and n.
 Henry VIII., and the two universities,
 3 n.; the Canon Law, 78 and n.
 Herbert, George, and the Bible, 37.
 Hercules, Moses, and Bunyan, 161 n.;
 Adams, Lord Shaftesbury, Franklin,
 Xenophon, Horace, and Prodicus, 184-
 187; Hesiod, 195 n.; character, 195;
 Homer, Gladstone, 196, 197; with the
 gods, 197; Robert le Diable, 199 n.;
 Linus, 199 n.; Max Muller, 200, 201;
 Mark Twain, 200 n.; Dr. Johnson,
 201; according to the artists, 207-215;
 Furtwängler, 209; Lanadowne House
 and Skopas, 212; the painters, 214,
 216; Poussin, 214; figure of, 228, 232;
 Thomas Hollis, 256.
 Hesiod, and Hercules, 195 n.; Virtue,
 233 n.
 Hesse-Hombourg, Landgrave of, 17 n.

INDEX

- Higginson, Thomas W., and the Pilgrim diarists, 176 n.
 Highlanders, 28.
 Hill, Dr. George B., and Boswell's Johnson, 68 n.; Hume's letters, 101 n.
 "Historical Review," Franklin's, 100-106, 117.
 Hoar, Senator, and Hengist and Horsa, 159 n.; Kent, 159 n.; Deuteronomy, 164 n.
 Hog, in New England, 173-183; the Pilgrims, 173, 174; dear to the ministry, 178, 179; Bunyan, 178 n.; Franklin, 183 n.
 Hogreeves, 177.
 Hollis, Thomas, "Franklin a trimmer," 136; memoirs and epitaph, 248-250; his peculiarities, 249-256; his grave, 249 n.; Thomas Brand, 251 n.; Dr. Andrew Eliot, 252, 255; Canon and Feudal Law, 252; Adams, 253; "American Discontents," 253; Empress of Russia, 254; Hercules, Frederick the Great, Duke of Cumberland, 256.
 Hollis, Thomas Brand, and memoirs, 249-252; seat in Parliament, 250 n.; the Adamses, 258.
 Holmes, Dr. Oliver Wendell, and plagiarism, 294 n.
 Holroyd, J. (Lord Sheffield), letter from Gibbon, 107.
 Homer and Gladstone, 194 n., 195 n.; Hercules, 196.
 Hooker, Thomas, and Franklin, 134.
 Hopkins, Stephen, and Washington medal, 155.
 Hopkinson, Thomas, and his experiments, 59.
 Horace and Hercules, 188.
 Hotspur and the Scotch, 40 n.
 Houdon and Saint Bruno, 209.
 Howe, General, at Bunker Hill, 12.
 Howell, James, and the Scotch, 40 n.
 Hume, in London, 11 n.; Franklin, 47, 101, 106; letters to Strahan, 101; character, 101 n.; "Tristram Shandy," 106 n.
 ILLINOIS and the hog, 176.
 Indian Bible, 30 n.; Quaritch, 30 n.
 Indians and beans, 180 and n.
- Ingersoll, Colonel Robert, and Hell, 123; "Paradise Lost," 124 n.
 "Interest of Great Britain considered," 100.
 Israel, death of, 129.
- JACKSON and Landor, 25.
 Jamaica and the epitaph, 246, 247.
 Jefferson, Thomas, and the Declaration of Independence, 2; great seal, 2, 153, 154, 158; Presidential dinners, 86 n.; epitaph, 261-266; kings, 263; loyalty to Virginia, 266-268; letter to J. Page, 268; Augustus, 270 n.
 Jewish God, 180, 181.
 Jews, and the truth, 128-130; Zola, 132; Carlyle, 132, 133.
 Job and Ruskin, 171 n.
 Johnson, Dr., in Edinburgh, 11; Boswell, Wilkes, and Arthur Lee, 12; Scotch claret, 38; Baskerville's Virgil, 67 n.; LL.D., 77; Oxford degree, 77, 82, 91, 92; bow to an archbishop, 77; a dinner with the canons, 86; "The Idler," 87; Oxford, 88, 89; Lord's Prayer, 88; Vestris, 88; seraglio, 89; anonymity, 102; Hercules, 201; "Gentleman's Magazine," 299.
 Johnson, Samuel, President of King's College, 69.
 Johnson, Rev. William, and his degree, 69.
 Jonah and the whale, 86; Franklin, 120; Lord Shaftesbury, 120 n.
 Jones, Sir William, and Oxford, 83; motto, 186.
 Josselyn, the hog in New England, 176, 177; the bean, 179 n.
 Jucundus and the hog, 175.
 J.U.D., 3, 77.
- KARNAK, 80.
 Karnes, Lord, and Franklin, 45.
 Katisha and Franklin, 135.
 Kent, 158 n.
 Kings and Mr. Dooley, 16 n.
 Kinnersley, Ebenezer, and his experiments, 59-62.
- LABLACHE's compass, 20 n.
 Landor and his epitaph on the Georges, 24; Jackson and Washington, 25.

INDEX

- Langdon, President of Harvard, and Franklin's degree, 63 n.
 Lansdowne, Hercules, 212, 213.
 Lawyer, beatified, 78.
 Lawyers, 79 and n.
 Layng, Rev. Peter, and Prodigus, 190.
 Lee, Arthur, dining at Boswell's, 12.
 Lee, Richard Henry, and his resolution, 1.
 Lenox, James, and Mr. Stevens, 29 n.
 Leslie and the hog, 175.
 Liberty, the forests and the poets, 23.
 Liddon, Canon, and the Jews, 131 n.
 Lincoln and the hog, 175, 176.
 Linus and Hercules, 199 and n.
 Litchfield, Earl of, Chancellor, 97.
 Livingston, and the Declaration of Independence, 2.
 LL.D. at Oxford and Cambridge, 3 n.; Professor Clarke, 4 n.
 Logan, Chief Justice, and his Cato, 68 n.
 London, and its air, 34 and n.; society, 90, 91; lords, 91.
 Longfellow at court, 17, 18 n.
 Lossing, sketch of great seal, 283; article on great seal, 283.
 Louis XIV. and "E pluribus unum," 292; his motto, 293.
 Louisburg and Franklin, 137, 138; prayer, 137-140.
 Lowell and the Jews, 133.
 Lowth, Bishop, and Prodigus, 188, 190.
 Luther's Psalm on the bagpipe, 36.
 Lyell, Sir Charles, and Virginia arrogance, 267 n.

 MACAULAY, Mrs., and letter from Adams, 254; Dr. Johnson and De Quincey, 257 n.
 Macclesfield, Earl of, and his oration, 57 n.
 Malone, anecdote of Gibbon, 113 n.
 Mandeville on Shaftesbury, 232 n.
 "Manus hec inimica tyrannis," 313 n.
 Mark Twain and Hercules, 200 n.
 Marshall, Judge, and expansion, 170.
 Martineau, Miss, anecdote, 19 n., 20 n.
 Mason, George, and seal of Virginia, 278 n.
 Massachusetts, motto of, 313 n.
 Mather, Cotton, 163.

 Matthaeis, Paolo de, his painting, 227.
 McDowell, Thomas, LL.D., 57.
 McLean, Jessie, 290 n.
 McRae, Col. Sherman, and seal of Virginia, 273 n.
 Mecom, Benjamin, and Franklin's pamphlet, 62; "New England Magazine," 63; "E pluribus unum," 64; "Gentleman's Magazine," 65; "Historical Review," 101.
 Mecom, Mrs., and the family soap, 27, 102.
 Menzies, Archibald, LL.D., 57.
 Michelet and Raynal, 143.
 Micklethwaite, letters, 219-224.
 Milo, 228, 230.
 Milton, and Thurlow, 124 n.; Ingersoll, 124 n.; Wadsworth, 191; Virtue, 234 n., 236; Raphael, 236 n.; Bradshaw, 243 and n.
 Miracle of the loaves and fishes, 127 n.
 Miracles in general, 127 n.
 Mivart, Professor, the truth, 122; hell, 123, 124; Newman, 125.
 Monarchs to-day, 23.
 Monboddo, Lord, and his air-bath, 28.
 Monk, Lord, bon-mot, 40 n.
 Montagu, Mrs., 91.
 Moses, dispute over his body, 36; saint, 79; Jehovah, 131 n.; the great seal, 159-169; Warburton, 160 n.; Shaftesbury, 160 n.; Bunyan, 161 and n.; Joel Barlow, 161 n.; Franklin, 162; in New England, 162-164; Deuteronomy, 164; Adams, 165, 166; Newman, 166; J. Q. Adams, 166; Polly Baker, 168 n.; Robert le Diable, 199 n.; Hercules, 200.
 Motteux, Jean, 290 n.
 Motteux, Pierre A., and "E pluribus unum," 288-293; intention of marriage, 290 n.; birth, registry of, and death, 290.
 Müller, Professor, and Xenophon, 193.
 Müller, Professor Max, and Hercules, 200.

 NAPOLEON and Raynal, 143.
 Nebuchadnezzar and his orchestra, 36; his cud, 225.
 New England, rum, 27, 132; Polly Baker, 118; enterprise, 174.

INDEX

- "New England Magazine," 63-66.
 New experiments and observations, 57-61.
 Newman and untruthfulness, 122; Mivart, 124, 125; Carlyle, 125; St. Walburga, 127; Moses, 166; the hog, 175; the Trinity, 203 n.; the Virgin Mary, 203 n.
 Newton and Daniel, 37.
 North, Lord, at Oxford, 70; Johnson's degree, 91, 92; Gibbon, 110.
 Nowell, Thomas, public orator, 96.
- OAKHAM School and its scholars, 304.
 Old Testament, and its anonymous writers, 102 n.; truth, 128-130; Adams, 171, 172; Ruskin, 171, 172.
 Oregon debate, 166-169.
 Origen and truth, 128.
 Oxford, in 1762, 80; its condition and influence, 80, 81, 86-88; number of students, 80 n.; Gibbon at Oxford, 80 n., 83 n.; Pope in the "Dunciad," 80 n., 83 n.; Bodleian Library, 81 n., 100 n.; its D.C.L., 82 n., 85 n., 90; neglect of England's greatest sons, 83, 84; Rodney, 84 and n.; Clive, 84 n.; Churchill on its degrees, 85 n.; Adam Smith a student, 86; Professor Warton's revelations, 87, 88; Dr. Johnson's loyalty, 88, 89; Lord North as Chancellor, 90; Thrale's degree, 90; Dr. Johnson's degree, 91; Franklin's degree, 92, 93 n., 94-96, 98, 100; Hebdomadal Board, 92; Archives, 93; Parton, 93 n.; Acta Convocationis, 94; Convocations, 96; Dominus, 96; William Franklin, 96, 98, 99; Degrees in 1762, 97; the Public Orator, 98; gift of "Historical Review," from Franklin, 100-103.
- PALFREY, Dr., and his LL.D., 72.
 Paolo de Mattheis and his work, 218.
 Paris and its society, Gibbon, 90.
 Parker, Theodore, Beethoven and Satan, 124; his fourth God, 202 n.
 Parton, and Franklin's A.M., 71 n.; Franklin's Oxford degree, 93.
 Pattison, Mark, and Oxford, 86.
 Payn, James, anecdote, 20 n.
- Pears' Soap and Liberty, 28.
 Peel and Diaristi, 184 n.
 "Pennsylvania Gazette," 62 n., 64 n.
 Penn, William, 68 n.
 Pentateuch and Adams, 171.
 Pepperell and Louisburg, 139.
 Philadelphia, and Dr. Baird, 56 n.; "the seat of the Muses," 68 n.; Pleasure, 235.
 Philip, King, 33 n.
 Philippines and the Pilgrims, 33 n.
 Phillips, Claude, and Gibbon's portrait, 113.
 Philol, 222, 228.
 Pilgrim and the Slough of Despond, 31.
 Pilgrim Fathers, and Mrs. Hemans, 28; Bay Psalm Book, 31; the beg., 173, 174; diaries, 176 and n.
 Pindar and Virtue, 238.
 Pius IX. and the *littérateur*, 18.
 Plato, and Prodicus, 192, 193; the gods, 197 n.
 Pleasure à la Shaftesbury, 225, 236.
 Pliny and the bean, 188.
 Poet Pye and George III., 22.
 Poets and royalty, 25.
 Polly Baker, 118; publication, 141; Raynal, 141; Cave, 143; the "Gentleman's Magazine," Franklin, 144; Judge Dudley, 146-148; Jefferson, 149-150; American Museum, 151; Moses, 168 n.; J. Sackett, 298.
 Polykleitos and Hercules, 208-210.
 Pope, and George II., 23; "Doctor of Oxford," 77; the number of students at Oxford, 80 n.; "Apollo's Mayor and Aldermen," 83 n.; Warburton, 83 n.
 Pork and beans, 179-183; in England and Swift, 181 n.; as a national diet, 182 n.
 Port, Miss, and George III., 15.
 "Post, The Pennsylvania Evening," and the epitaph, 238 and n.
 Poupart, engraver, 269 n.
 Poussin and the "Judgment of Hercules," 189, 214, 215, 218.
 Prayer, and Louisburg, 137-140; rum, 140.
 Priestley and his "History of Electricity," 60.

INDEX

- Prince of Wales and Queen Elizabeth, 23.
Prince, Rev. Mr., and Louisburg, 139.
Princeton College and Hollis Memoirs, 250 n.
Prodicus, and Hercules, 187-215; Shenstone, 188, 189; the Sophist, 192, 193; Socrates and Plato, 192; Carlyle, 205 n.; Rev. Mr. Farebrother, 206; the artists, 207, 208; Franklin, 238 n.
Providence and the French, 209.
Public Library of Boston, and its twins, 33 n.; Franklin's works, 97 n.
Public Orator of Oxford, 98 n.
"Publisher" and Franklin, 103, 104.
Puritans and Moses, 182-184.
Pusey and Daniel, 37; credulity, 128 n.
Putnam, Professor, and Indian beans, 180 n.

QUARITCH, and Indian Bible, 30 n.; Franklin's Cato, 68 n.
Queen Charlotte and her etiquette, 18.
Queen Elizabeth, and her pomp, 22; the Prince of Wales, 23.
Queen Victoria, and Bishop Brooks, 17; Longfellow and other poets, 17, 18; the dumpling, 20 n.; in Scotland, 45.
Quincy, Josiah, and his eyes, 170 n.

RAHAB and truth, 128.
"Raisonnement sur le Jugement d'Hercole," 219, 220, 224, 236.
Randolph and the Bible, 167.
Raphael, "the angelic Virtue," 236 n.
Rawlinson, Richard, epitaph, 24.
Raynal, Abbé, and Gibbon, 112 n.; his great work, 141-143; Polly Baker, 148-152.
"Rebellion to tyrants," etc., 237-248.
Renan, and his "Vie des Saints," 78; St. Francis of Assisi, 123; St. Luke, 129 n.; Franklin, 137.
Reynolds and his portrait of Gibbon, 112-115.
Robert le Diable and Hercules and Moses, 199 n.
Robertson and Franklin, 106.
Robinson, Rev. Mr., and the Calvinists, 135.
Rodney and Oxford, 84 and n.
Rogers, J. K., 7; and Oxford, 86.
Roland minister and his shoe-strings, 17.
Roman Catholic Church and truth, 125 126.
Roscher and Prodicus, 211.
Royalty and the poets, 25.
Rum, and prayer, 140 and n.; New England, 174.
Rush, Richard, at court, 17; Duke of Sussex, 19 n.
Ruskin, and Voltaire, 42 n.; Mrs. Butler, 42 n.; Gibbon, 108; political economy, 171 n.; Old Testament, 171 n.; Job, Carlyle, and Dr. Furnivall, 171 n.; natural history, 172 n.; the hog, 175; Russia, Empress of, and Thomas Hollis, 254.

SACHSE, Julius F., and seal of American Philosophical Society, 269 n.
Sackette, Rev. J., and "E pluribus unum," 268.
Saint Alfonso, and falsehood, 126; Cardinal Newman, 127; life of, 151 n.; Father Faber, 151 n.
Saint Andrew, his miracle and his rivals, 39-42; savings banks, 41.
Saint Andrews, University of, and Mr. Lang, 3 n.; foundation of, 3 and n.; its LL.D., 3 n.; Franklin's degree, 8; students, 3-9; their savagery and window-breaking, 6-9; their food and their poverty, 5, 6; John Wesley at, 7; George Monck Berkeley, 7; bathing, 26, 35; thrift, 39 and n.; diploma, 50-54; Professors, 53-55; Erskine at, 54; Alumni, 54; electricity at, 55; its degrees, 56; Franklin's visit, 56 n.; Dr. Baird, 56; "New Observations and Experiments," gift of Franklin, 105.
Saint Augustine and the various creeds, 135.
Saint Bruno and Houdon's statue, 209.
Saint Chrysostom and the angels, 179.
Saint Clement, and the truth, 125, 128; and Saint Peter, 129 n.
Saint Cyril and the Virgin Mary and Newman and Kingsley, 203 n.
Saint Jerome and the truth, 128.

INDEX

- Saint John's College, 99.
 Saint Luke and Auanias, 129 n.
 Saint Moses, 79.
 Saint Paul, Franklin, and others, 19 n.;
 truth, 128.
 Saint Peter and truth, 128 n., 129 n.
 Saint Walburga, 127 n.
 Saint Yvo, the lawyer, 79.
 Samson and the foxes, 118.
 Samuel, Bunford, librarian, 155.
 Sandford and Merton, the camel, 22 n.
 Sandringham, sale of, 291 n.
 Satan, Lord Thurlow, 124 n.; Emerson,
 202 n.; Theodore Parker, 202 n.
 Sauerteig, Carlyle, 79 n.
 Savage, James, on the word "publish,"
 104 n.
 Scotch English, 10 n.
 Scotch, the, fricassee by Dr. Johnson
 and Wilkes, 12; "Scotus est, piper
 in naso," 36; their miracle, 39;
 James Howell, 40 n.; M. de Circourt,
 41; Voltaire, 41; the Yankees of
 Europe, 42; Bass Rock and Grant
 Duff, 43; Bowring, 43; Gallio, 44 n.;
 the Queen, 45.
 Scotland in the eighteenth century, 10-
 12; water in, 35, 38; tea, 38.
 Seal, great, of the United States, 2,
 153-160.
 Seal of Virginia, by Du Simitiere, 157.
 Sears, David, and his fourth God, the
 Trinity, etc., 201 n.
 Sewall, Samuel, and his diary, 176.
 Seward, William, and Franklin, 96, 97,
 100.
 Shaftesbury, and Jonah, 120 n.; Moses:
 Old Testament, 160 n.; Hercules, 184,
 187, 191; Prodigy, 216-219; his
 "Notion," 220; letter to M. Coete,
 220; Philol, tablature, 223; portrait
 by Closterman, 229; engagement, 230,
 231; Lady S. as Virtue, 230; Mandeville,
 232 n.; Pleasure, 235.
 Shakespeare, and Mrs. Adams and
 George III., 21 and n.; Scotland,
 12.
 Shaw, Judge Lemuel, and his song,
 170 n.
 Sheffield, Lord, and Gibbon, 107, 111;
 Gibbon's portrait, 114, 115.
 Shelley, and Washington, 25; truth,
 120 n.
 Shenstone and Prodigy, 188, 189.
 Sheridan, Thomas, teaching English,
 11 n.
 Sherman, Priscilla, and Motteux, 290.
 Sibley, Rev. John, and Franklin's de-
 gree, 72.
 "Sic semper tyrannis," and George
 Wythe, 274.
 Skopas and Hercules, 212, 213 n.
 Smiles, Samuel, and Scotland, 10.
 Smith, Adam, to William Strahan, 44;
 Life of, 45; Franklin, 49, 106; at
 Oxford, 83 and n., 86.
 Smith, Goldwin, and Washington, 309 n.
 Smith, Sydney, in Scotland, 10 n.
 Smith, William, and Polly Baker, 146.
 Socrates and Prodigy, 192.
 Sodom and Gomorrah and their "soul
 of goodness," 204 n.
 Solomon and the poor, 6.
 Somers, Lord, letter from Shaftesbury,
 217.
 "Sow business," 104 n.
 Spence, Dr., and electricity, 55.
 Stanley and Colenso, 165 n.
 Stevens, Recollections, 29 n.
 Stewart, George, Professor, LL.D., 57.
 Stiles, President, and Franklin's di-
 ploma, 50; the Bradshaw epitaph,
 274; his Latin, 275 n.; history of the
 Three Judges, 276; William Goffe,
 277; his historical discoveries, 278.
 Stockdale, Rev. Percival, at St. An-
 drews, 4 n.
 Story and Marshall, anecdote, 170 and n.
 Stowell, Lord, exercise, 88.
 Strahan, and Franklin, 106 and n.;
 Hume, 101.
 Stubbs, Bishop, and his lectures, 78.
 Stuber, life of Franklin, 60 n.
 Sussex, Duke of, and his margin, 18, 19
 and n.; library, 21.
 Swedenborg and his angels, 121.
 Swift and pork and beans, 181 n.
 Swine, New England, 174-179.
 Syng, Philip, and his experiments, 59.
 TABLATURRE, 223.
 Taine, and Pé de Puyanne, 199 n.

INDEX

- Tea in Scotland, 33.
Tennyson and the Queen, 18 n.
Thrale and his degree, 90.
Thrift at St. Andrews, 35.
Thucydides and Xenophon, 194.
Thurlow and Satan, 124 n.
Towne, Benjamin, and the Post, 238 n.
Townsend, Lady, 91.
Trelawney's records of Shelley, etc., 26 n.
Trilby and Franklin, 135 n.
Trinity, the, and David Sears, 201, 202, 203.
Trist, Nicholas P., and epitaph, 201; Jefferson's writing, 203 n.
"Tristram Shandy" and Franklin's Hume, 106 n.
Truth, and Shelley, 120 n.; in Old Testament, 128-133.
Tullideph, Rev. Thomas, President of St. Andrews, 5.
Turner, portraits of, 115.
"Tutissimus ibis," 167.
- UNICORN, the, and Ruskin, 171 n., 172 n.
- VANDERBILT, Cornelius, and Bay Psalm Book, 29 n.
Vaughan, Benjamin, and Franklin's works, 99 n.
Vernon, Admiral, and Oxford, 83.
Vespasian died standing, 22.
Vestris and Dr. Johnson, 89.
Virgil and Augustus, 23.
Virgin Mary, the Trinity, and Newman, 203 n.
Virginia, seal of, 157; "Sic semper tyrannis," 268-268; letter to Madison, 268; Jefferson and seal of, and loyalty, 268; Professor Fiske as to her assumptions, 268 n.
Virtue, figure of, 229, 232, 233 and n.; her hill, 233, 234; the Greek poets, 233 n.; Milton, 234 n.
Voltaire, and St. Andrew's miracle, 42; the Scotch, 42; Ruskin, 42 n.; Beethoven, 124.
Von Holst and Adams, 169 n.
- WALHALLA of Boston, 107.
Walpole, Horace, and Hollis Memoirs, 249 n.; Thomas Hollis, 256 n.; Franklin, 118.
Walt Whitman and George III., 15 n.
Warburton, and Oxford, 83 n.; Moses, 160 n.
Ward, Rev. William G., on truth, 128.
Warton, Rev. Thomas, letter from Johnson, 87 n.; life at Oxford, 87.
Washington, wine-glass of, 5; his common sense, 12; dumpling of George III., 20 n.; Shelley, 25; crossing the Delaware, 83 n.; his writing, 287 n.; "Gentleman's Magazine," 308; character and talents, 309; Braddock and Wolfe, 309; Goldwin Smith on Washington, 309 n.
Water in Scotland, 38.
Webster, Daniel, and his notes, 19.
Wellhausen and the Jews of Jehovah, 131 n., 133 n.
Wellington and his French, 22 n.
Wesley, Rev. John, at St. Andrews, 7; Edinburgh, 11.
Wilkes, and Johnson, 12; liked by Franklin, 12; George III., 13 and n.; the "Observer," 116.
Windsor and royalty, 17 and n.
Winthrop, Prof. John, friend of Franklin, 68.
Winthrop, Governor, History of New England, 104; the hog, 176, 177.
Witherspoon, Dr., and Benjamin Towne, 238 n.
Wolcott at Louisburg, 139.
Wordsworth at Milton's rooms, 191.
Wythe, George, and "Sic semper tyrannis," 274; his scholarship, 273; friendship for Adams, 273 n.
- YALE, and the St. Andrews diploma, 50; its A.M., 71; its LL.D., 77.
Young, Dr., and his eulogy of George II., 14; sermons, 21.
Young, John, librarian of St. Andrews, 57.
- XENOPHON, and the hog, 183; Hercules, 184; Prodicus, 192; Boswell, 193.



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